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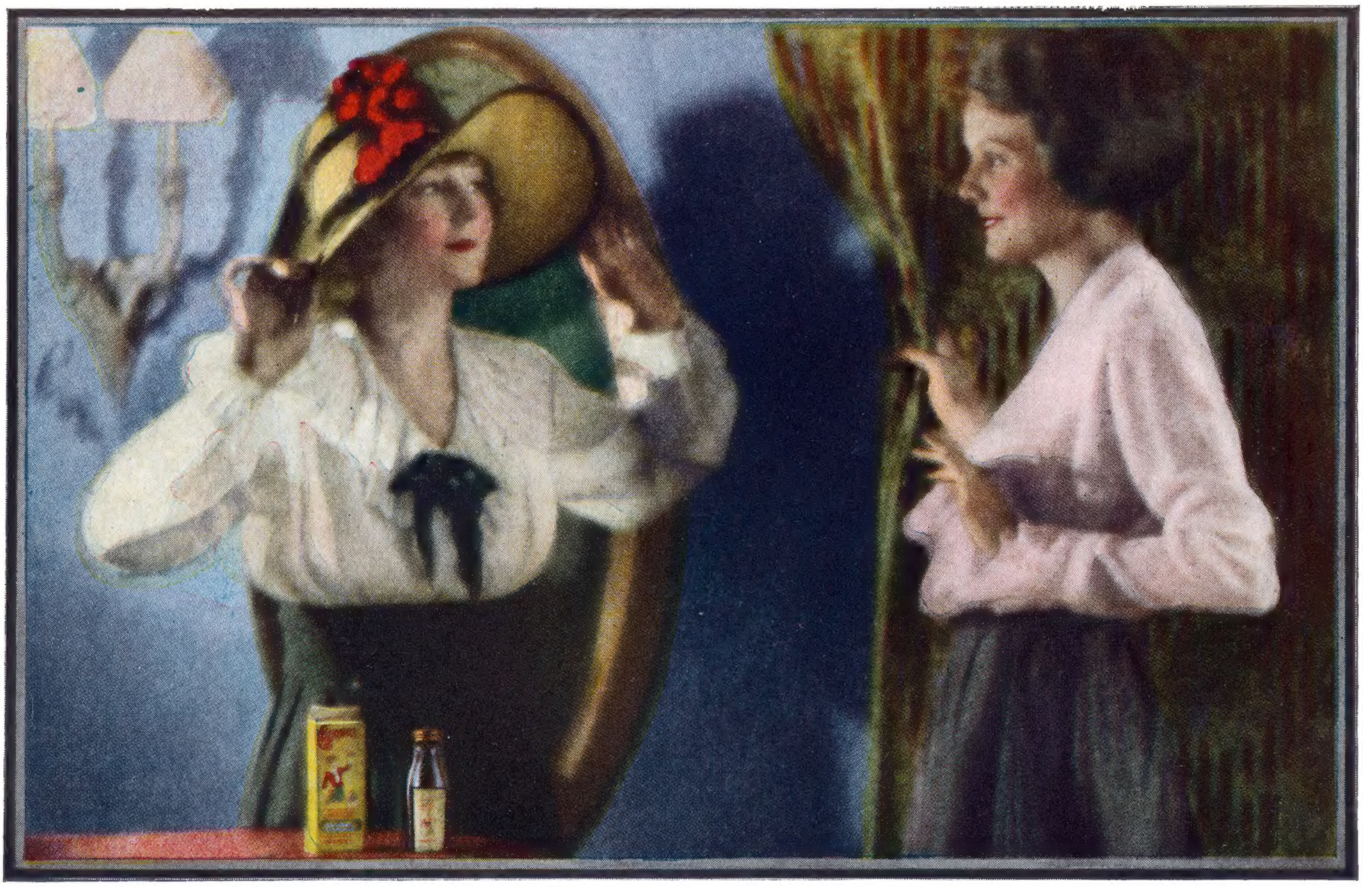
Everybody's Magazine

February
1919
20¢



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The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet, and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help *you*.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A.B., A.M. and Ph.D.

Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school textbooks. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, Head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for The Independent.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now $7500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

****

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dullest season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Division of Business Education

Dept. L-422 119 West 40th Street, New York

Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly)

Please send me Dr. Frederick Houk Law's "Mastery of Speech," a Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking in eight lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $5.

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Issued monthly.

Yearly subscription, $2.00 in advance.

Single copy, twenty cents.

Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada.

Copyright, 1919, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain.

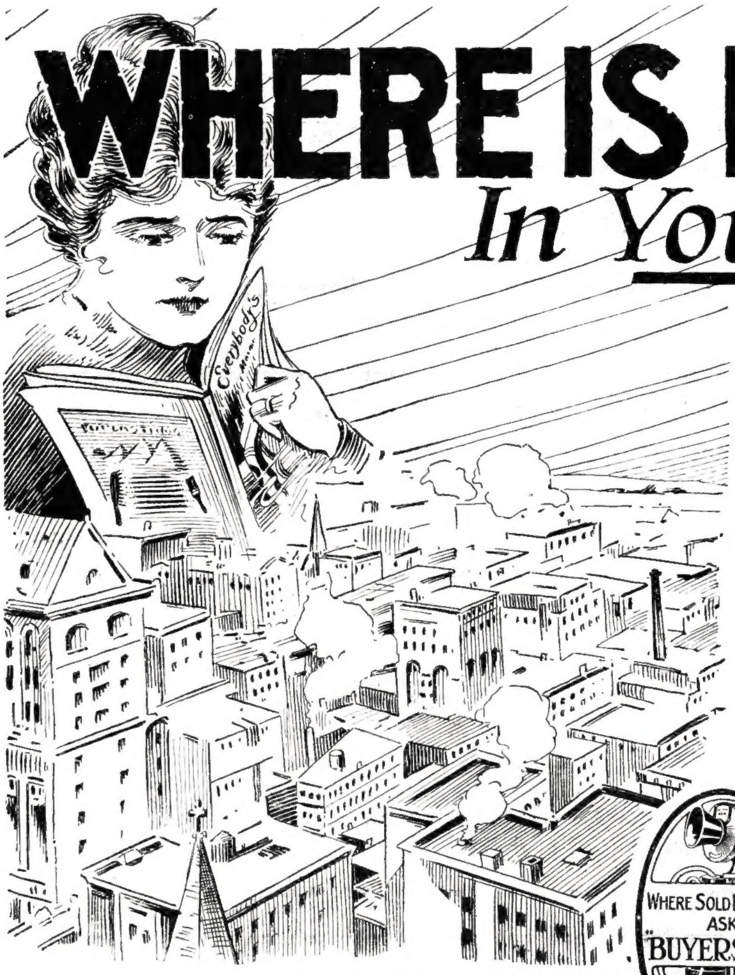
Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City.

Entered as Second-Class Matter August 16, 1899, at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
JAMES H. GANNON, PRESIDENT C. H. HOLMES, SECY. & TREAS.
HOWARD WHEELER, EDITOR
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY
6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

WHERE IS IT SOLD?

In Your City?



IT IS an excellent product—worthy of all the good things the manufacturer has said about it in his advertising. He has gone to great pains and expense to tell you about it—and, now, you want it, but—*where* can you buy it, locally?

Excellent as it is, every Local Retail Merchant has not had the opportunity or the inclination to put it in stock.

How can you find it?

WHERE SOLD LOCALLY? ASK "BUYERS AID"

"BUYERS AID" will tell you

This New National Information Service

will be in operation April 1, 1919, with Bureaus in 100 Principal Cities.

If you live in or near one of these cities you will have a "BUYERS AID" Bureau at your service April 1, 1919.

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Bridgeport
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Butte
Cambridge
Canton
Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Columbus
Dallas
Dayton
Denver
Des Moines
Detroit
Duluth
Elizabeth
El Paso
Erie
Evansville
Fall River
Fort Wayne
Fort Worth
Grand Rapids
Harrisburg
Hartford
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Houston
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New Haven
New Orleans
New York City
Norfolk
Oakland
Oklahoma City
Omaha
Paterson
Peoria
Philadelphia
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Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore.
Providence
Reading
Richmond
Rochester
Sacramento
Salt Lake City
San Antonio
San Diego
San Francisco
Savannah
Schenectady
Scranton
Seattle
South Bend
Spokane
Springfield
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St. Louis
St. Paul
Syracuse
Tacoma
Tampa
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Toledo
Trenton
Troy
Utica
Washington
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Where can you buy a *La Camille* corset in your city?
"Buyers Aid" will tell you.
What local store carries the *Hoover* Suction Sweeper?
"Buyers Aid" will tell you.
Who sells *Hood* Tires in your city?
"Buyers Aid" will tell you.

And so on, through the long list of nationally advertised products.

Hundreds of Manufacturers

are listing the names and addresses of their Local Dealers with the ***"Buyers Aid"*** Bureaus to make it simple and easy for *you* to find their products in your city. Use this service freely. It is yours without cost.

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desiring information regarding "*Buyers Aid*" Bureaus should communicate with the New York office Full information and service rates will be sent upon request.

BUYERS AID BUREAUS, Inc.
154 Nassau Street **New York, N. Y.**

THIS EMBLEM IN AN ADVERTISEMENT MEANS WHERE SOLD LOCALLY? ASK "BUYERS AID" THE ADVERTISER IS HELPING YOU TO FIND HIS GOODS

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

WE HOPE, here on *Everybody's*, we have as keen an appreciation of the difficulties of demobilization as the average good American.

Like him we try to make allowances for the consequences of the haste with which we first entered and then emerged from the world war. But, like him again, we have a very human regret for these consequences, and a wonder if they have not been greater than they need have been.

A wonder if, somewhere in our huge governmental machine, individuals, overcome by the magnitude of their tasks, have not thrown up their hands, saying: "After all it was the greatest war, the greatest army, we have ever known, and it was bound to result in the greatest problems, and Time, the greatest solvent, must answer the problems."

From *Everybody's* offices we look out over the great Hudson up which, almost daily, come vessels bearing our home-coming soldiers. Human again, we wonder if the welcoming shrieks of the sirens and factory whistles, and the bustling Committee tug-boats are not a kind of gentle camouflage covering some one's helplessness before the demobilization problems presented by these returning boys.

From the vessels the boys are sent to hospital or camp for final mustering out. We followed some of them to a great camp, for there we knew we should find both sound and wounded from overseas, as well as that downcast army which never had its chance—was still in training here when the armistice came.

We can do no more here than touch briefly upon the human problems which we found there unsolved. They are mentioned, however briefly, that those of you who have not had in person the chance to hear them stated may know and think them over—and be prepared for their fuller presentation in the pages of this magazine unless convincing evidence comes that any thought of leaving their solution to Time has been abandoned.

For we leave it to you if with honor and safety to our country there can be left to Time such problems as these:

(1) A boy—member of an engineer regiment, who—fighting as a combat man in Belleau Wood lost his left arm—has been in hospital over here for three months, is in health again, and never a soul has talked to him about or tried to secure for him the assurance of a job adapted to his present capacity.

(2) A man—an old Regular, of Philippine and Mexican experience, severely wounded and crippled in the bloody fighting around Soissons in July last, who has had no pay in five long months.

(3) A boy—in motor transport service, who never got overseas, but was injured in camp—in hospital for months, watching his arm wither each day, not allowed to go home for treatment, held to await the ever-impending visit of a nerve specialist.

That is almost the gamut, is it not?—1, no job; 2, no pay; 3, no adequate surgical treatment.

No one likes to argue from individual cases like these to a general condition. Perhaps it is not general at all. In fact, we hear much of what is to be done in vocational training for wounded boys, and we personally know the splendid work of many of our hospitals for overseas men.

But just the same it hurts—hurts sorely—to find—without looking for them—individual cases which have escaped the great net of Justice and Mercy which we have—or should—spread to gather in every one of these splendid men for the purpose of placing him where his future may be assured by a grateful Country.

It is the bounden duty of each one of us to grasp that net and to pull it so far out that no one of these boys will miss its kindly meshes.

How One Evening's Study Led to a $30,000 Job

A Simple Method of Mind Training That Any One Can Follow With Results From the First Day

By a Man Who Made Formerly No More Than a Decent Living

I HOPE you won't think I'm conceited or egotistical in trying to tell others how I suddenly changed from a comparative failure to what my friends term a phenomenal success.

In reality I do not take the credit to myself at all. It was all so simple that I believe any man can accomplish practically the same thing if he learns the secret, which he can do in a single evening. In fact I know others who have done much better than I by following the same method.

It all came about in a rather odd manner. I had been worrying along in about the same way as the average man, thinking that I was doing my bit for the family by providing them with three square meals a day, when an old chum of mine, Frank Powers, whom I had always thought was about the same kind of a chap as I, suddenly blossomed out with every evidence of great prosperity.

He moved into a fine new house, bought a good car and began living in the style of a man of ample means. Naturally the first thing I did when I noticed these things—for he had said nothing to me about his sudden good fortune—was to congratulate him and ask him what had brought the evident change in his finances.

"Bill," he said, "it's all come so quickly I can hardly account for it myself. But the thing that has made such difference in my life lately, began with an article I read a short time ago about training the mind.

"It compared the average person's mind to a leaky pail, losing its contents as it went along, which if carried any distance would arrive at its destination practically empty.

David M. Roth

When Mr. Roth first determined to exchange his leaky mind for one that would retain anything he wanted it to, it was because he found his memory to be probably poorer than that of any man he knew. He could not remember a man's name 20 seconds. He forgot so many things that he was convinced he could never succeed until he learned to remember. To-day there are over ten thousand people in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once—whom he can instantly name on sight.

Mr. Roth can and has hundreds of times at dinners and lectures asked fifty or sixty men he has never met to tell him their names, businesses and telephone numbers and then after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name, told him his telephone number and business connection. These are only a few of the scores of equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth can do, and yet a few years ago he couldn't remember a man's name twenty seconds. Why go around with a mind like a leaky pail when, as Mr. Roth says, "what I have done any one can do."

"And it showed that instead of making the pail leak-proof most of us kept filling it up and then losing all we put into it before we ever reached the place where the contents would be of real use.

"The leak in the pail, the writer demonstrated, was forgetfulness. He showed that when memory fails, experience, the thing we all value most highly, is worthless. He proved to me that a man is only as good as his memory, and whatever progress a man accomplishes can be laid directly to his powers of retaining in his mind the right things—the things that are going to be useful to him as he goes along.

"Farther on in the article I read that the power of the mind is only the sum total of what we remember—that is, if we read a book and remember nothing that was in it, we have not added one particle to our experience; if we make a mistake and forget about it, we are apt to make the same mistake again, so our experience did not help us. And so on, in everything we do. Our judgment is absolutely dependent on our experience, and our experience is only as great as our power to remember.

"Well, I was convinced. My mind was a 'leaky pail.' I had never been able to remember a man's name thirty seconds after I'd been introduced to him, and as you know, I was always forgetting things that ought to be done. I had recognized it as a fault, but never thought of it as a definite barrier to business success. I started in at once to make my memory efficient, taking up a memory training course which claimed to improve a man's memory in one evening. What you call my good fortune to-day I attribute solely to my exchanging a 'leaky pail' for a mind that retains the things I want to remember."

* * * * * *

Powers' story set me thinking. What kind of a memory did I have? It was much the same as that of other people I supposed. I had never worried about my memory one way or another, but it had always seemed to me that I remembered important things pretty well. Certainly it never occurred to me that it was possible or even desirable to improve it, as I assumed that a good memory was a sort of natural gift. Like most of us, when I wanted to remember something particularly I wrote it down on a memorandum pad or in a pocket notebook. Even then I would sometimes forget to look at my reminder. I had been embarrassed—as who has not been?—by being obliged to ask some man whom I had previously met what his name was, after vainly groping through my mind for it, so as to be able to introduce him to others. And I had had my name requested apologetically for the same purpose, so that I knew I was no different than most men in that way.

I began to observe myself more closely in my daily work. The frequency with which I had to refer to records or business papers concerning things that at some previous time had come under my particular notice amazed me. The men around me who were doing about the same work as myself were no different than I in this regard. And this thought gave new significance to the fact that I had been performing practically the same subordinate duties at exactly the same salary for some three years. I couldn't dodge the fact that my mind, as well as most other people's, literally limped along on crutches, because it could not retain names, faces, facts, and figures. Could I expect to progress if even a small proportion of the important things I learned from day to day slipped away from me? The only value of most of my hard-won experience was being canceled—obliterated—by my constantly forgetting things that my experience had taught me.

The whole thing hit me pretty hard. I began to think about the subject from all angles as it affected our business. I realized that probably hundreds of sales had been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many of our men whom I had heard try to present a new idea or plan had failed to put over their message or to make a good impression because they had been unable to remember just what they wanted to say. Many decisions involving thousands of dollars had been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation and thus used poor judgment. I know now that there isn't a day but what the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language, descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words "I forgot."

I had reached my decision. On the recommendation of Powers, I got in touch at once with the Independent Corporation which shortly before had published the David M. Roth Method of Memory Training. And then came the surprise of my life. In the very first lesson of the course I found the key to a good memory. Within thirty minutes after I had opened the book the secret that I had been in need of all my life was mine. Mr. Roth has boiled down the principles perfecting the memory so that the method can almost be grasped at a glance. And the farther you follow the method the more accurate and reliable your memory becomes. Within an hour I found that I could easily memorize a list of 100 words and call them off backward and forward without a mistake. I was thunderstruck with the ease of it all. Instead of study the whole thing seemed like a fascinating game. I discovered that the art of remembering had been reduced by Mr. Roth to the simplest method imaginable—it required almost nothing but to read the lessons! Every one of those seven simple lessons gave me new powers of memory, and I enjoyed the course so much that I look back on it now as a distinct pleasure.

The rest of my story is not an unusual one among American business men who have realized the value of a reliable trained memory. My income today is close to $30,000. It will reach that figure at the beginning of our next fiscal year. And two years ago I scarcely made what I now think of as a decent living.

In my progress I have found my improved memory to be priceless. Every experience, every business decision, every important name and face is easily and definitely recorded in my mind, and each remembered experience was of immense value in my rapid strides from one post to another. Of course I can never be thankful enough that I mended that "leaky pail" and discovered the enormous possibilities of a really good memory.

SEND NO MONEY

Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is $1,000. But in order to secure nation-wide distribution for the Roth Memory Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only five dollars, a lower figure than any course of its kind has ever been sold before, and it contains the very same material in permanent form as is given in the personal $1,000 course.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes triple the powers of your memory, and how easily you can acquire the secret of a good memory in one evening, that they are willing to send the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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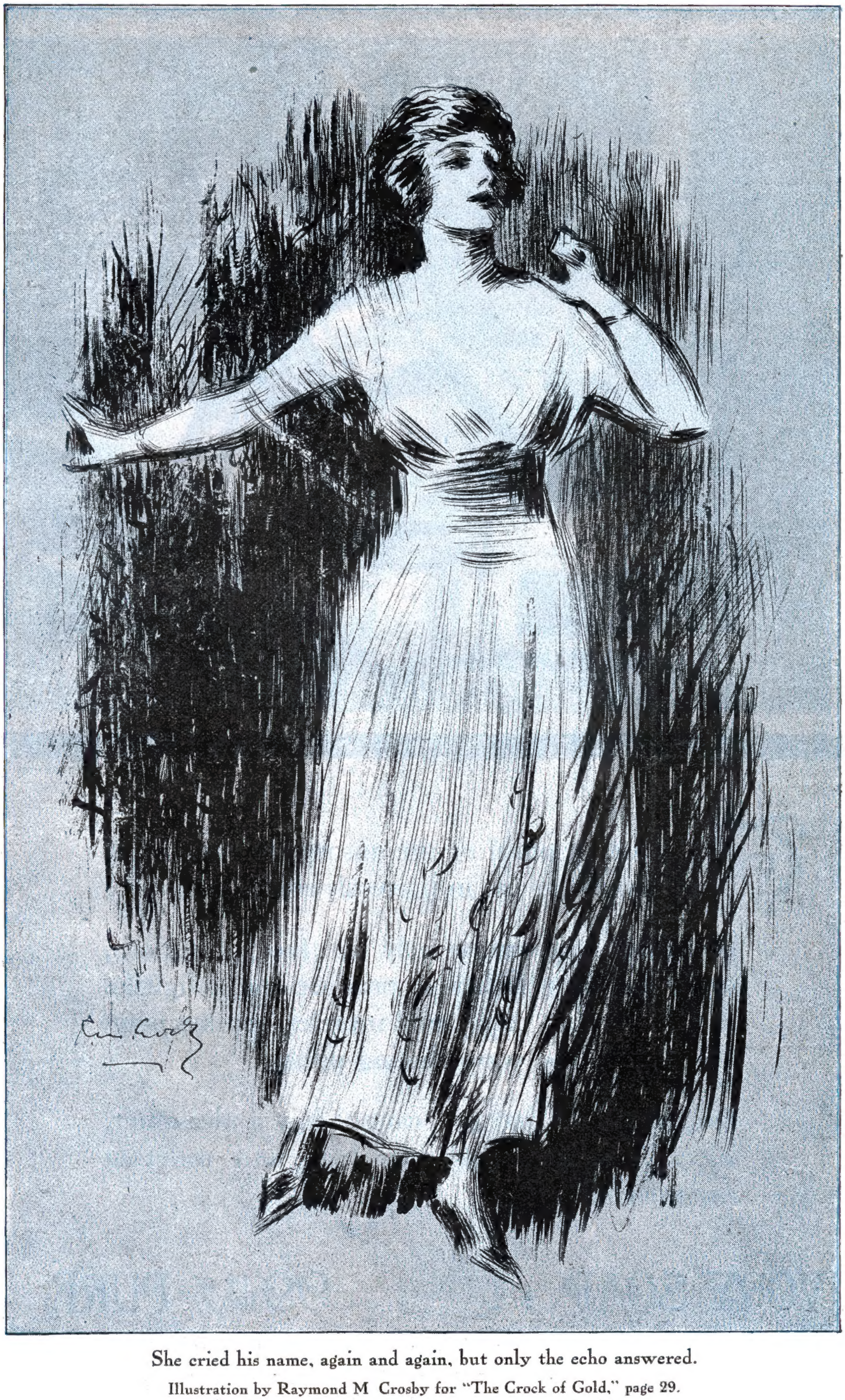
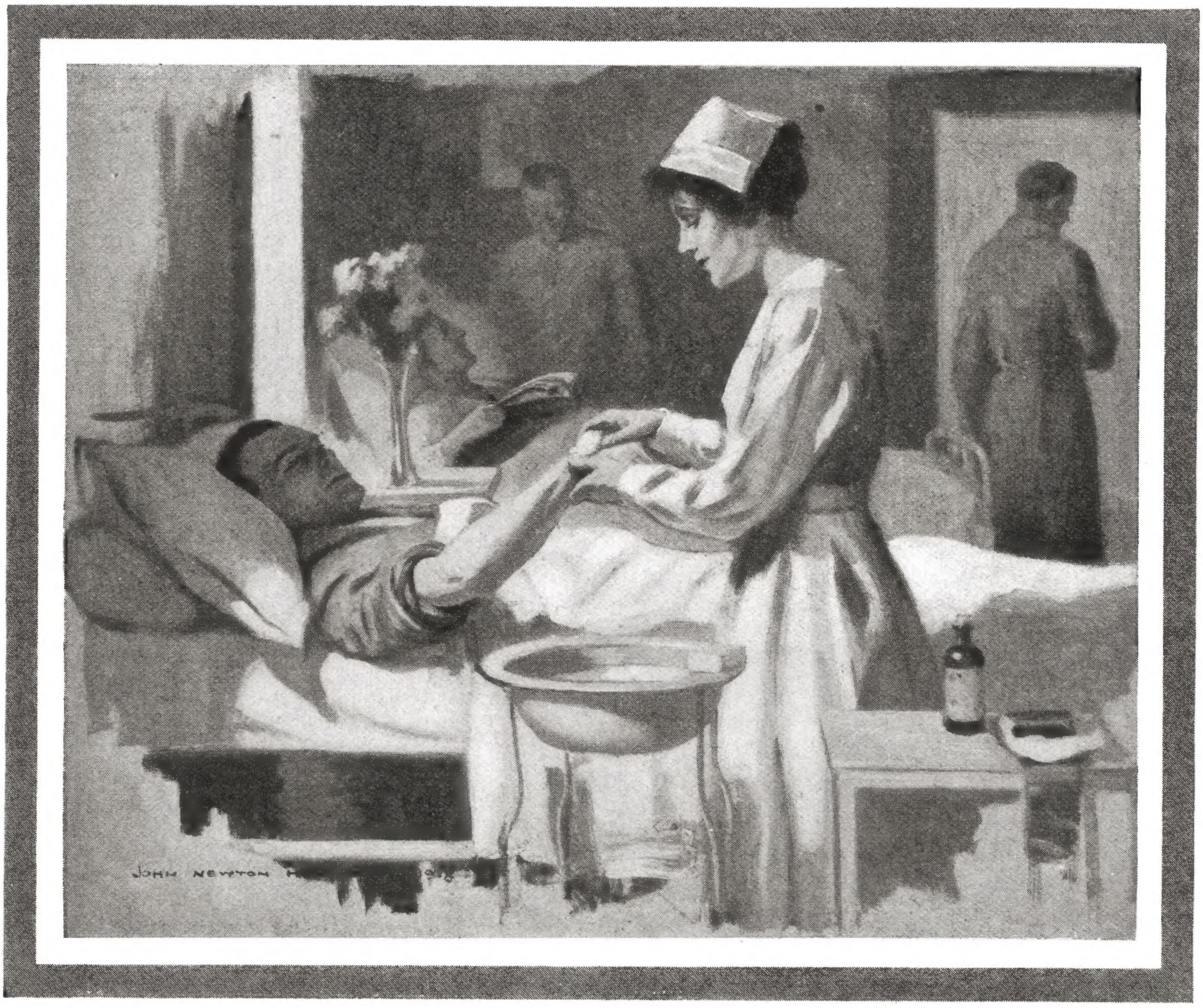


She cried his name, again and again, but only the echo answered.

Illustration by Raymond M Crosby for "The Crock of Gold," page 29.



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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER TWO FEBRUARY 1919 VOLUME XL

AMERICA'S FIGHT *for* WORLD OPINION

By George Creel

Chairman of the Committee on Public Information

THIS is the first of three articles in which the Chairman of the Committee on Public Information is to present frankly and freely certain aspects of the war that have come under his observation. With the signing of the armistice, Mr. Creel promptly discontinued the domestic work of the Committee; and as this article goes to press he is with the President's party in Europe. Here he is to carry further the foreign work of the Committee, which maintained during the war an office in every capital of the world, outside of the Central Empires, and is now extending even there. In this article Mr. Creel describes for the first time the Committee's work in foreign countries in its enormous complexity and amazing scope, and estimates its value in the winning of the war. The second article will be a discussion of the loyalty and disloyalty exhibited in America during the war, and in the third, Mr. Creel will present his valuation of the American newspaper's war-time service.

THE Germans were not whipped by man-power alone! No grain of credit is to be taken away from the courage of the Allies or the heroic, decisive charges of the Americans at Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and Belleau Wood, but there are certain facts that prove the importance of other compulsions than major force.

On the day that the Germans signed the armistice, accepting defeat as overwhelming as their ambitions had been colossal, they had two million men under arms on the western front alone. This army was well equipped with supplies and munitions, and behind it still stretched line after line almost impregnable by reason of natural strength and military science. Not one inch of German territory knew the feet of an invading force, and to the east there were the armies of Mackensen and von Sanders. Nothing is more apparent than that a defensive warfare could have been waged for months, taking a tremendous toll in Allied and American lives. In 1870, even after Sedan, without an army, food, or munitions, the French fought on, Paris standing a siege of six months.

What happened to the Germans was an utter spiritual collapse, a disintegration of morale both in the firing-line and among the civilian population. Slowly at first, but always more swiftly, the *truth* made its way into Germany, sapping a foundation of lies laid carefully through long years. People and fighting men alike commenced to feel the loathing of the world, came to understand the might arrayed against them, the inevitability of defeat, and when French, English, Italians, Servians, and Americans began to deal the sledge-hammer blows directed by Foch, apprehension turned to certainty, fear became panic, and the whole rotten structure went tumbling into ruins.

Getting the truth into Germany and Austria-Hungary was as hard a battle as any fought in France. A censorship cunningly conceived and rigidly enforced not only guarded the frontiers, but crushed every internal attempt to speak or write honestly. Soldiers and civilians were

One of the pictures used to fight lies about the treatment of German prisoners.

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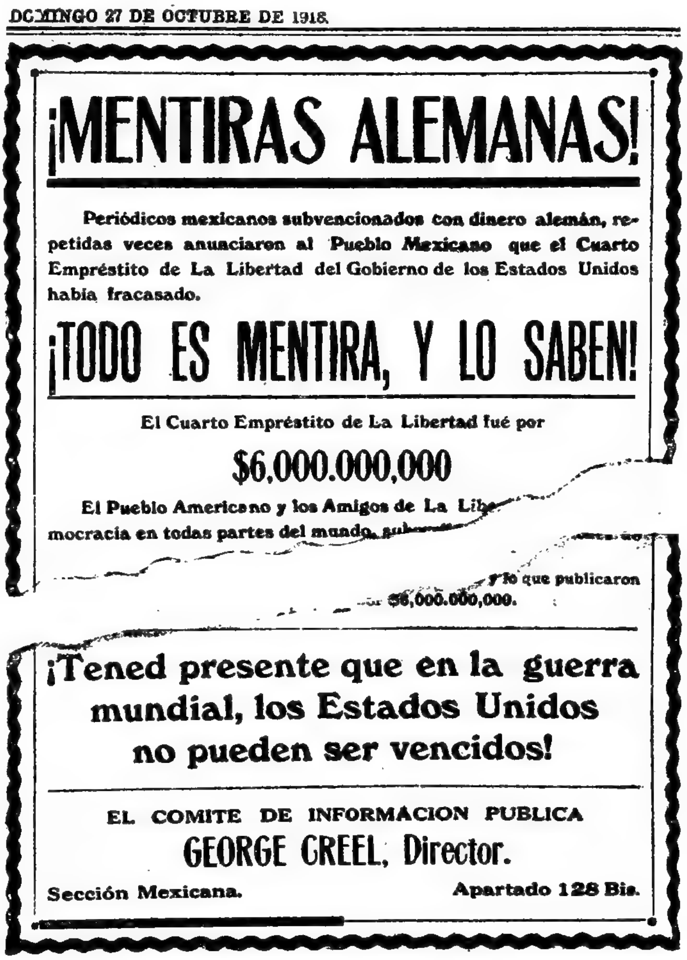
drugged with lies about "Germany's defensive war," the "cruel purposes" of the enemy, the collapse of the Allies, the utter inability of America to train or transport troops, and the near approach of a tremendous victory that would mean world mastery.

These lies had all the force of divisions and it was as necessary to destroy them as though each had been a machine-gun nest. And while it was easy enough to write and print the "shrapnel," it was difficult to determine the most effective way to fire it. The most obvious method of distribution was by airplanes, of course, and over firing-lines, towns, and cities the sky rained pamphlets that told the *truth* in short, sharp sentences. But the demand was so great for planes for the more imperative purposes of war that they could not be obtained in sufficient numbers for propaganda use, and other and additional means of distribution had to be found.

The French introduced a rifle grenade that carried pamphlets about six hundred feet in a favoring wind, and a 75 shell that carried four or five miles. The British developed a six-inch gun that carried ten or twelve miles and scattered several thousand leaflets from each shell. The Italians used rockets for close work on the front, each rocket carrying forty or fifty leaflets. The obvious smash at German morale was through America's aims and swift war progress, and for this reason the Allies used the President's speeches and our military facts freely and sometimes even exclusively.

To reach farther behind the lines, all fronts used paper balloons filled with coal-gas. They would remain in the air a minimum of twenty hours, so as to make a trip of six hundred miles in a thirty-mile wind. On a Belgian fête-day such balloons carried four hundred thousand greetings into Belgium, and some flew clear across Belgium. Fabric balloons, carrying seventeen or eighteen pounds of leaflets, were also employed, but with all the balloons the uncertainty of the wind made the work haphazard. A paper balloon, with propaganda intended for Alsace, came down in Kent, and a French balloon intended to reach the Rhine towns came down in Geneva.



DOMINGO 27 DE OCTUBRE DE 1918.

¡MENTIRAS ALEMANAS!

Periódicos mexicanos subvencionados con dinero alemán, repetidas veces anunciaron al Pueblo Mexicano que el Cuarto Empréstito de La Libertad del Gobierno de los Estados Unidos había fracasado.

¡TODO ES MENTIRA, Y LO SABEN!

El Cuarto Empréstito de La Libertad fué por

$6.000.000.000

El Pueblo Americano y los Amigos de La Libe

mocracia en todas partes del mundo, sub

y lo que publicaron

$6,000.000,000.

¡Tened presente que en la guerra mundial, los Estados Unidos no pueden ser vencidos!

EL COMITE DE INFORMACION PUBLICA

GEORGE CREEL, Director.

Sección Mexicana. **Apartado 128 Bis.**

Typical poster, used to counteract the lies of German-bought Mexican newspapers, regarding the failure of the Liberty Loans.

The attempt was made to fly kites over the trenches and drop leaflets from traveling containers that were run up the kite wire, but this method could be used only on fronts where airplanes were not active, because the wires were a menace to the planes. The paper used in the leaflets was chemically treated so that they would not spoil if they lay out in the rain.

An American invention that gave promise of supplanting all others was a balloon that carried a tin container holding about ten thousand pamphlets. A clock attachment governed the climb of the balloon, it had a sailing range of from six to eight hundred miles, and the mechanism could be set in such manner as to have the pamphlets dropped in a bunch or one at a time at regular intervals, the whole business blowing up conclusively with the descent of the last printed "bullet." Preparation of the matter was our job, handled by historians, newspaper men, advertising specialists, and even a "psychologist" now and then for good measure, but distribution was a military function, and the Intelligence Division performed splendidly at all times.

All this was on the western front. In the east, up to the Brest-Litovsk treaty, the problem was merely one of printing and distribution, and with due appreciation of the Bolshevik surrender that was on the way, we strove mightily during the days of opportunity. Edgar G. Sisson and Arthur Bullard, in charge of the Committee's educational work in Russia, put the message of America into the tongues of Austria-Hungary, commandeered printing-plants, and hurled the output into the enemy's country by the hundreds of thousands. When the Germans advanced, as they entered a town our men would leave it, having plastered every wall with American truths printed in German for the information of the German soldiers.

The preparation of the material, no matter what the front, followed a set plan. At first all time and space was devoted to the *causes* that drove the United States to war—the brutal purposes of Germany, her plots and intrigues, her record of bloody cruelty—the absolute disinterestedness of America, and the great truth that the free world we fought for was a victory in which the wretched victims of the Prussian military machine would be permitted to share. The second step was to preach the doctrine of American achievement: the selective service law, the miracle of cantonments and training-schools, the building of ships and planes, the rush of men across the sea, the mighty resources of America, and the *inevitability of victory*.

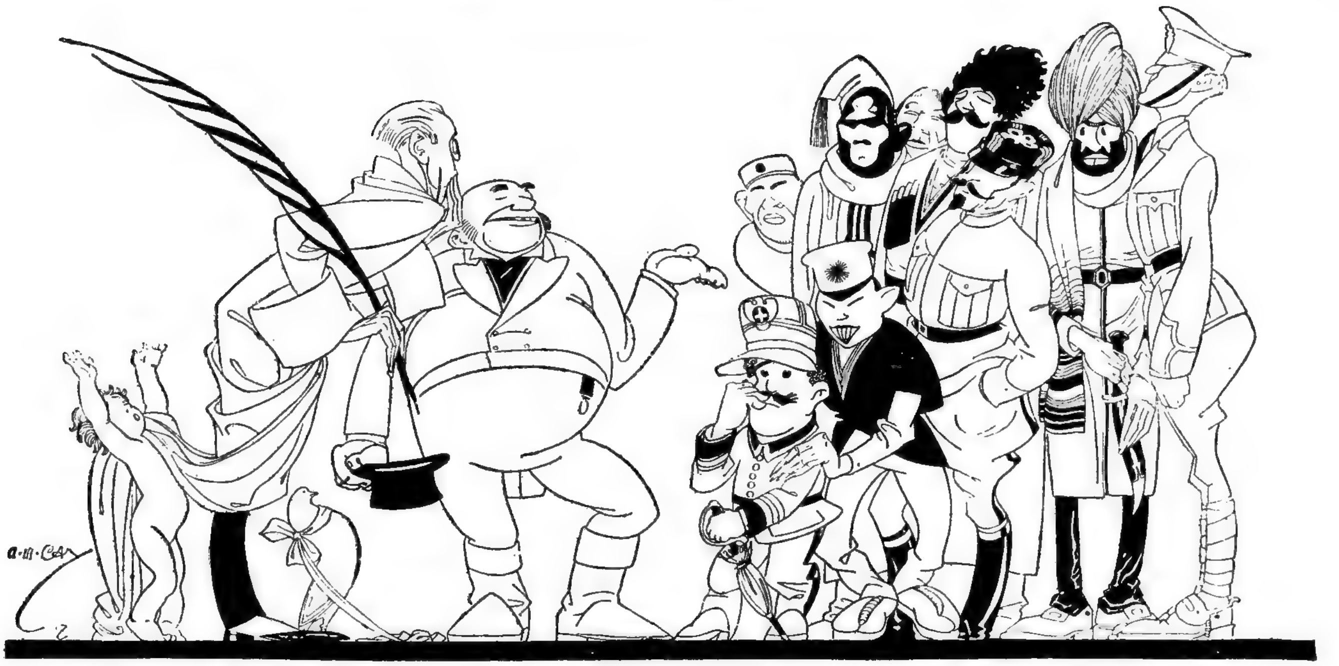
And always the speeches of President Wilson! They were our most effective weapons, and it was easy to mark their progress through the enemy country by the trail of ferment and disaffection that each one left. Never at any time did the German censorship dare to kill a Wilson speech outright, but the first addresses were invariably cut in such manner as to distort and misrepresent the meaning. What we did was to have the entire speech printed in German, playing up in red all deleted words and passages, and then, with airplanes, acquaint the German people with the deceits practised upon them by their Government. It was this backfire that compelled the Germans eventually to publish the President's addresses fully and completely.

The first proof of effectiveness was an order issued by the German General Staff establishing death as a penalty for all those seen picking up our matter or found with it in their possession. And even before this, Austria-Hungary had given orders to shoot or imprison all soldiers or citizens guilty of the abominable crime of reading "printed lies" against the Government.

Accounts of trials and cruel sentences contained in Austrian papers proved conclusively that there was no "bluff" about it as far as the Dual Monarchy was concerned; but it is very questionable whether the Germans went very far in enforcement of the orders. Eight prisoners out of every ten captured by the Americans had our "stuff" in their pockets, and reports united in declaring the literature "well thumbed."

Another equally effective medium of attack, even if less direct, was through the press of Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland. Through methods that will be described later, the public opinion of these countries was won for America, the overwhelming majority of newspapers commenced to fill with our material, and it was under this strain that the German censorship began to crack, breaking at last with a loud report, and letting in daylight with a rush.

The "propaganda" fight against the

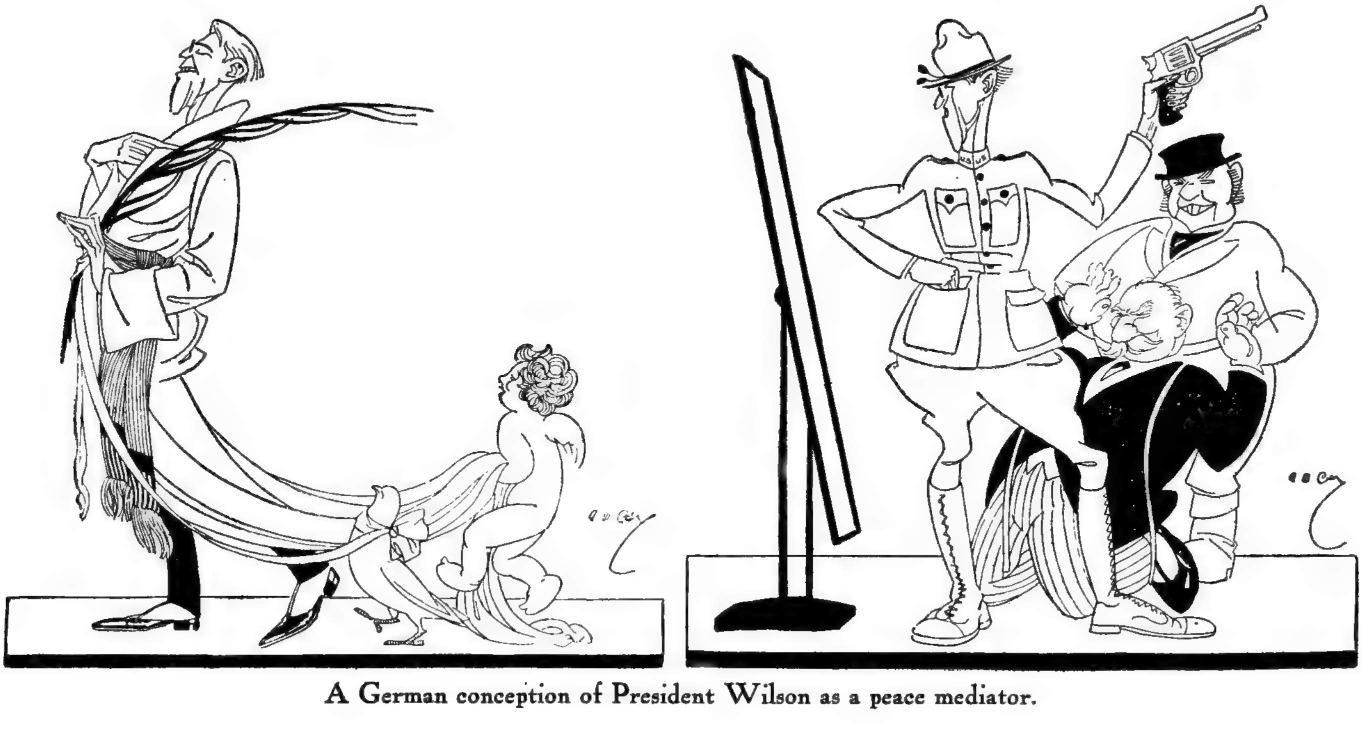


A German cartoon, depicting President Wilson as the tool of England.

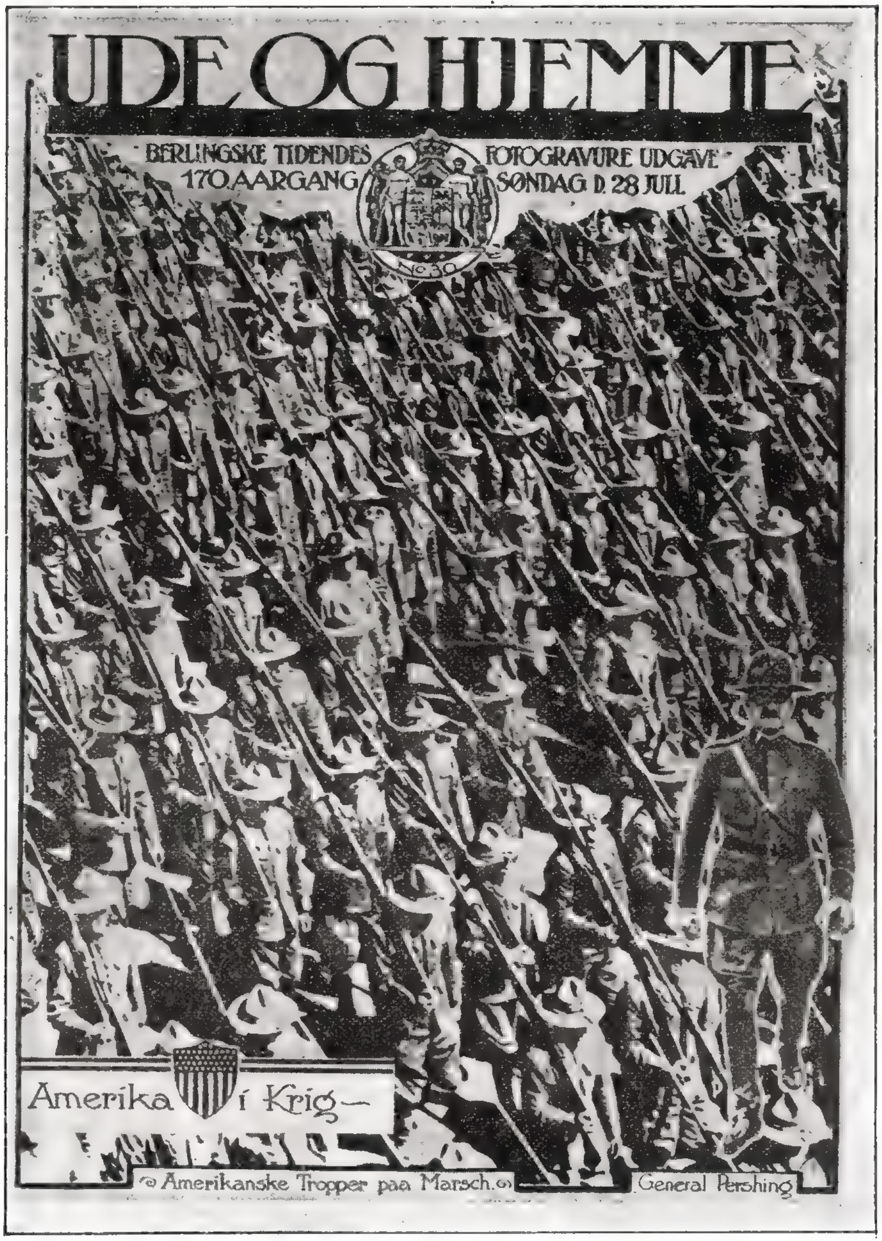
Central Powers was comparatively simple. The chief problem, in fact, the only real problem, was to gain entrance. But the fight for the favor of the neutral countries was far more difficult, for there were delicate questions of neutrality, the danger of doing or saying the wrong thing, and, above all, amazing ignorances about the United States, and the abnormal prejudices that had grown out of these ignorances. Strangely enough, we were at once the best-known and the least-known people in the world. There was no corner of the globe in which America was not a familiar word, but as to our aims, our ideals, our social and industrial progress, our struggles and our achievements, there were the most absolute and disheartening misunderstandings and misconceptions. For instance, when the "gunmen" were executed in New York, papers in South America actually printed accounts that told of an admission fee being charged, with Governor Whitman taking tickets at the door.

Other world powers for many years have maintained official news agencies that carried messages of introduction and persuasion to every country and its people. This was not, and is not now, the case with the United States. Our press associations are private concerns without connection with the Government, and were almost wholly domestic in their news distribution. As a consequence, America was dependent upon foreign press agencies for intercourse with the world. The columns of information that went from our shores was comparatively small, and after it had been filtered in London or Paris, it grew smaller and smaller until it amounted to mere "flashes" when it reached a far country. What was worse, these flashes were concerned usually with the violent and unusual in American life—fires, earthquakes, monkey dinners, sensational extravagances and bizarre evidences of great wealth, with the result that the rest of the world came to believe that we were a somewhat savage, wholly ruthless race with no ideas beyond money.

Into this situation the Germans projected themselves with vigor and decision. From the first, Berlin had an exact appreciation of the military value of public opinion, and it spent millions in its endeavor to win it or else to corrupt it. Just as the German propagandists worked in the United States during our period of neutrality, using every effort to prejudice Americans against the Allies, so did they attempt to poison the neutral nations of the world against America.



A German conception of President Wilson as a peace mediator.



Pictorial section of a Danish newspaper, dealing with America's war activities.

It is impossible even to estimate the amount of money spent on propaganda by the Germans. Russians competent to judge assured us that the agents of Berlin spent fifty million dollars in that country alone in their work of corruption and destruction. I only know that they owned or subsidized dailies in all the important cities of Mexico, South America, the Orient, Scandinavia, Switzerland and Holland; that their publications, issued in every language, ran from costly brochures to the most expensive books and albums; that they thought nothing of paying twenty-five thousand dollars for a hole-in-the-wall picture-house, and that in every large city in every country their blackmailers and bribe-takers swarmed like carrion crows.

Their propaganda, while playing upon different points of prejudice in various countries, was much the same in all countries. As an initial proposition, Americans were described as a nation of dollar-grabbers, devoid of ideals, and inordinate in their ambitions.

Our war with Mexico was played up as a cold-blooded, evil conquest, and our struggle with Spain painted as an effort of our financial masters to enter upon dreams of world imperialism; Cuba, the Philippines, and Porto Rico were pitied as "America's slave nations," Pershing's expedition to Mexico was declared to be the start of a war of conquest that we were later forced to relinquish because our "cowardice" shrank before the "dauntless" courage of Carranza; the Colorado coal strike, the Lawrence strike, and the Paterson strikes were all treated in the utmost detail to prove America's "system of wage slavery"; pictures were drawn of tremendous wealth on the one hand and peonage on the other; lynchings were exaggerated until it was made to appear that almost every tree in America was used for purposes of execution, and we were charged in every conceivable form and fashion of being the secret partner of one or the other of the Allies in commercial plans to control the trade of the world.

Where there was French sentiment, America was set down as the secret partner of England. Where English sentiment prevailed, we were the secret partner of France; and where Italian sentiment obtained, America, England, and France were assumed to be in a plot to destroy Italy.

The German drive against us was particularly strong in Italy and France among the peasants, and weekly papers, printed in close imitation of French and Italian publications, were circulated by the thousands. The French were asked to believe that the high prices were entirely due to the selfishness and extravagance of the Americans in France, also that the docks and railroads and warehouses built by the Expeditionary Force would be permanent American properties with a view to the commercial enslavement of France and the French.

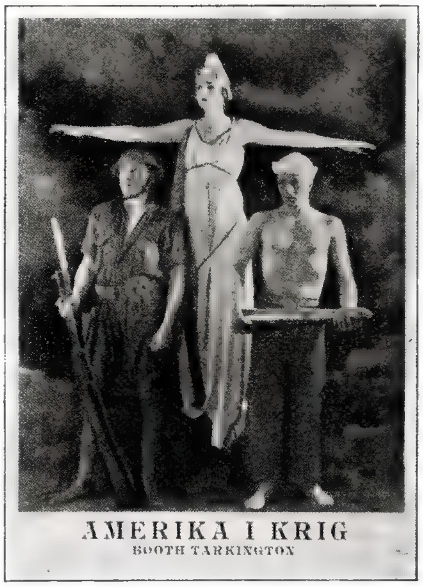
Playing upon the fact that only a small number of American troops were in Italy, the German "fakes" kept up the continual cry, "Why is Italy deserted? A new and more terrific drive is on the way, but Foch keeps help from us. Pershing and the Americans are the dupes of the selfish French."

In Russia particularly, and also among the labor and Socialist groups of all the neutral and allied countries, exaggerated attention was paid to the Mooney trial, the imprisonment of Emma Goldman, the deportations in Arizona, and other matters designated to show that there was an industrial autocracy in the United States more to be feared than the military autocracy of Germany.

THE great wireless plant at Nauen was used almost exclusively for propaganda, from two to three thousand words being "broadcasted" each day for the information of such nations as chose to take it out of the air. The Navy picked it up regularly for study by various divisions of the Government, and for our use in learning what lies to fight.

Strangely enough, the Germans gathered much of their most effective material from our own press. From first to last American newspapers went to neutral countries without hindrance, and everything that they contained about "inefficiency," "graft," "delay," or "Wilson Bitterly Arraigned as Dictator" was seized upon by the German propagandists and "played across the board." The thing that fairly stunned the visiting Mexican editors was their first sight of an aviation field. They honestly believed, as a result of reports of Congressional debates, that there was not one airplane in America that could fly.

Taken all in all, it was a fight against odds, but it was a fight that had to be made, a fight that had to be won. And there is this to say at the very outset: Never at any time was there an activity on our part that we were ashamed to reveal. No dollar was ever sent on a furtive errand; no paper subsidized, no official bought, no corruption employed. From many sources, we were told of the wonders of German propaganda, but our original determination never altered. Invariably we tried to find out what the Germans were doing, and then we *didn't do it.* Even if the very loftiness of our war aims had not commanded honesty at every point, we had the conviction that



Cover of a Tarkington pamphlet on America at war, in Swedish.

corrupt methods work their own destruction, because decent people inevitably turn against indecency.

And not the least factor of our success in every neutral country was the honesty of our policy and the absolute frankness of our initial approach. We did not send agents secretly to carry on their work by stealth, but to each Government we addressed an honest statement of purpose somewhat after this fashion:

"It is desired to establish in your country offices for the distribution of a wireless, cable, and mail news service to the press; for the exhibition of motion-pictures expressive of America's purpose and energies, for the assignment of speakers, for pamphlet distribution and for other similar open activities.

"There will be no item nor picture nor pamphlet that we will not be willing to submit to the inspection of qualified officials, for our purpose is not the coercion of public opinion, but the information of public opinion to the end that there may be a better understanding between our two countries.

"We desire to do these things openly, not only because it is the national policy to avoid secrecy, but because it is our desire to do nothing contrary to the wishes of your Government or violative of the neutrality that we respect.

"It is not the idea of the United States to conduct propaganda in the sense of attacking the motives and methods of the enemy, or in the nature of argument designed to compel or to persuade certain courses of conduct. Our activities in every neutral country are open and aboveboard, confined always to a very frank exposition of America's war aims, the national ideal, and future hopes."

Not only were our offices established in all neutral countries, but in the capital cities of the Allies as well, for there was the morale of our comrades that had to be considered, that had to be stimulated by the chronicle of America's swift war progress and indomitable determination.

In every case the office head was sent from America, taking along two or three others, usually a good cable editor, a stenographer, and a motion-picture expert. Arrived at the post, the force was rounded out by the addition of translators engaged on the spot, as well as every live American in sight. In Russia, Sisson and Bullard recruited largely from the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross, and in other countries there were usually American correspondents and travelers available for service. I can truthfully say that our success was due to the devoted drudgery of these small forces, for no single office was ever properly manned or fully equipped. The work was new and needs could not be accurately determined in advance, and, above all, continual attacks on the Committee forced a "pinchpenny" policy.

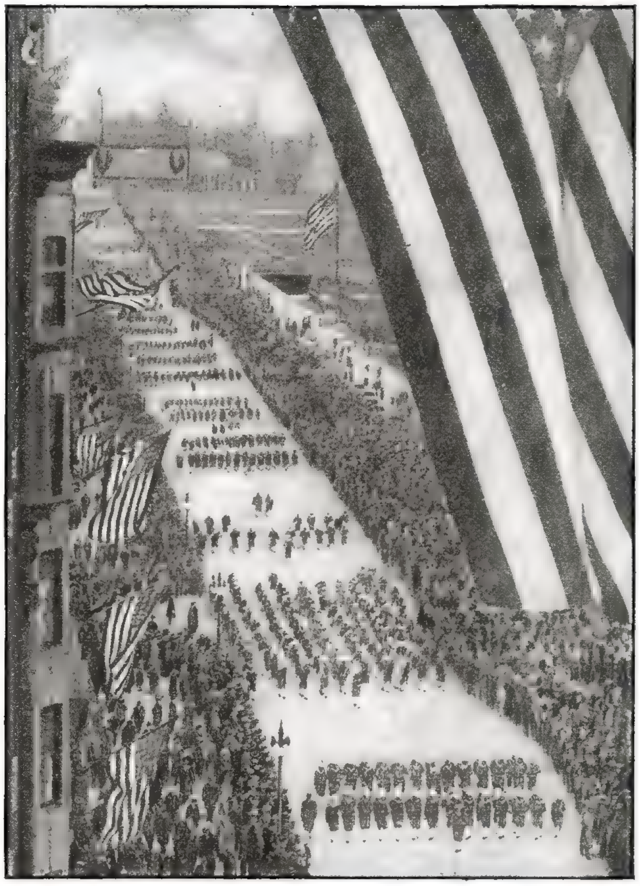
In the fight there was no medium of appeal that we did not employ, using equally the wireless, the cable, the written word, the spoken word, the poster, the painted sign, and the motion-picture. The wireless offered itself instantly and obviously, for the Government controlled all radio communication, and it was at our hand without expense. By a rare stroke of luck, in the very moment of need, a gangling, youngish, Lincolnesque type walked into my office with a burst of conversation about "world communication." Others may collect stamps or coins, play golf or polo, but Walter S. Rogers, of Chicago, as far as I know, is the only living man whose hobby is "news transmission," and it took a world war to get him his chance to ride it. It was his

Американская Демократическая Армія–в Лондонѣ.

Торжественно дефилируют Американскія войска на Вестминстерском Мосту пред Парламентом в Лондонѣ.

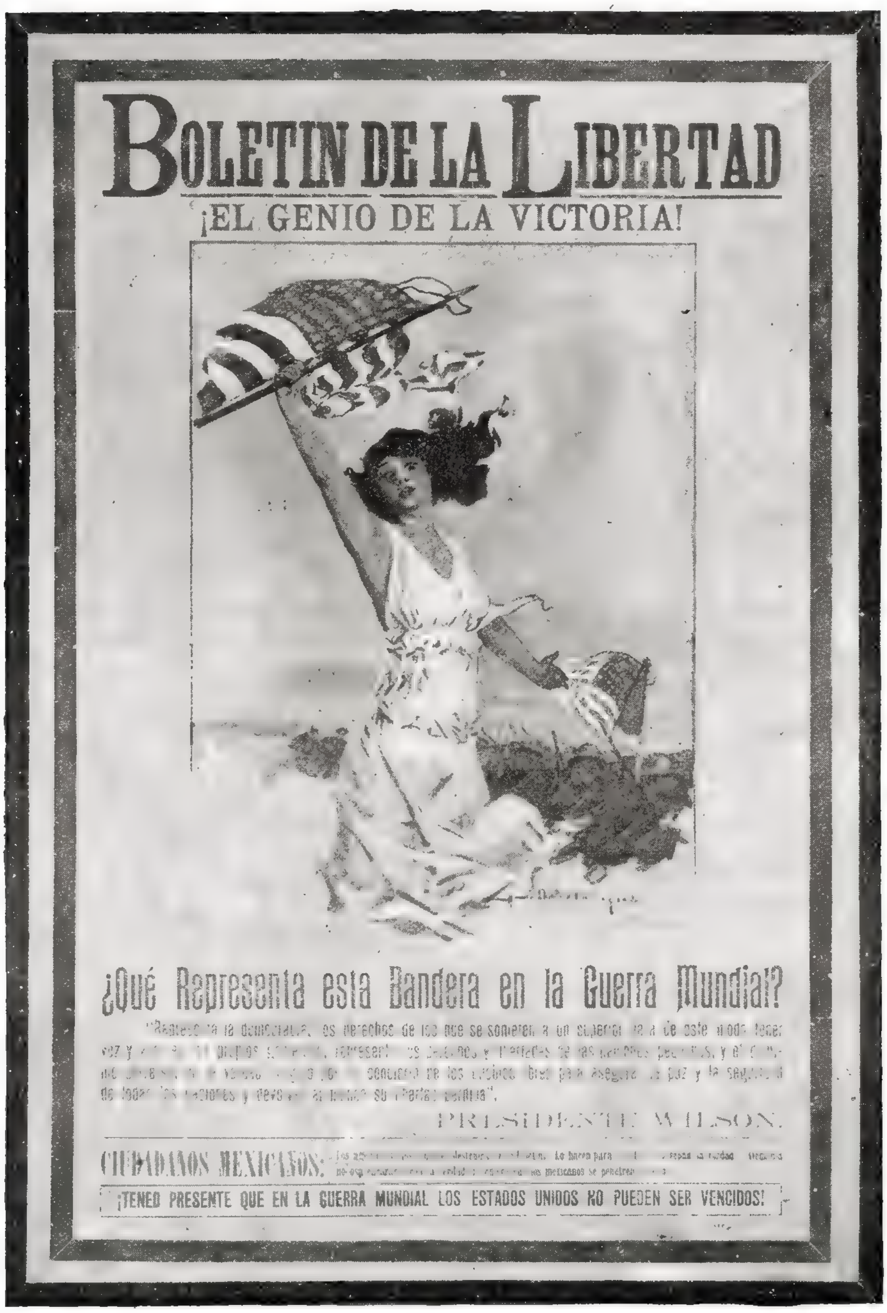
Сыны Американской Республики прибыли во Францію.

Весь Париж, ликуя, встрѣтил Свободолюбивых Борцов Великой За-Атлантической Республики, явившихся на смертный бой с Германским милитаризмом.



AMERIKAANSCHE MARINE SOLDATEN STRIJDERS TEGEN DEN VIJAND DER MENSCHHEID DE U BOOTEN

Russian and Dutch propaganda posters, showing the scope of America's war activities.


BOLETIN DE LA LIBERTAD
¡EL GENIO DE LA VICTORIA!
¿Qué Representa esta Bandera en la Guerra Mundial?
PRESIDENTE WILSON.
CIUDADANOS MEXICANOS:
¡TENED PRESENTE QUE EN LA GUERRA MUNDIAL LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS NO PUEDEN SER VENCIDOS!

A Christy Liberty Loan poster in Mexico.

belief, and a sane one, that peoples best understand each other through the exchange of *news*, and he had just returned from a world tour devoted to a study of cable rates, press agencies, distributing machinery, etc.

Arrangements were made with the Navy, a competent staff was collected around Mr. Rogers, and in a short time two thousand words a day, declaring the thought, purpose, and achievement of America, were traveling the air-lanes to every corner of the world.

It was through this machinery that we were able to make instant and world-wide distribution of the President's addresses, papers in China and Sweden presenting them almost simultaneously with Europe and the United States. In addition to the story of America's war progress, there was also the glory of the American Expeditionary Force that had to be told, and Maximilian Foster, the author, was accredited to General Pershing's headquarters. Each day it was his duty to prepare the record of American activity that went out by wireless and cable from Paris to our offices in the capitals of the world.

Next to cables and wireless, the film played the most important part in our educational effort. Under the brilliant leadership of William A. Brady, the motion-picture industry mobilized for our use, and Jules E. Brulatour volunteered to take charge of selection and distribution. From every source we gathered pictures showing American cities, our social progress, our industrial life and our adventures in humanity and altruism. The photographic section of the Signal Corps furnished us not only with film "shot" in France, but with a running record of domestic activities in cantonments, training-schools, aviation fields and in the Navy. As a result, our programs in foreign countries would start out with pictures of an American city, then follow with schools, hospitals, welfare work, scenes in factories, etc., winding up with the presentation of war work, war progress, troops in training, transports, Yankees in France, etc.

Our method of presentation was either to rent theatres outright in the principal cities, or to rent the pictures themselves to exhibitors, or, in the rural regions, we piled a projector on an automobile and traveled from village to village, giving shows in the open air.

Much of the misconception about America before the war was actually worked by American motion-pictures. Feature films portraying the lives and exploits of New York's gunmen, Western bandits, and wild days of the old frontier, were accepted in many parts of the world as representative of American life. By an arrangement with the motion-picture industry, a censorship was established that ended the exportation of such stuff, and in addition to this, every producer sending his film abroad included twenty per cent. of "educational pictures."

By an arrangement with the War Trade Board, exporters were given a license only upon condition that the films should not be shown in any house that exhibited German film, and as a result German propaganda pictures were soon driven from the field in many countries.

In the Allied nations, the initial showing of our films was always "the" event, high officials of government attending formally; but our most glittering success, I think, was in The Hague, where the police had to stop one performance of "America's Answer" owing to "the great pro-American demonstrations that it aroused."

Next to our war film, the pictures furnished us by Henry Ford were the most popular, although those provided by the Department of Agriculture, showing modern farming, were a close second.

In Switzerland, the Germans spent money without stint in the purchase or rental of motion-picture houses and also subsidized many exhibitors. The German film, however, had little quality and little variety, and it was the habit to provide entertainment by inclusion of American comic and dramatic films. The motion-picture producers of America entered into agreement by which every foot of American feature film went to the representative of the Committee on Public Information in Berne, and the policy of refusing to let it be shown with German film soon made the German houses a losing and ineffective venture.

UNDER the direction of Ernest Poole, the author, a Foreign Press Bureau was formed that soon enlisted the services of many well-known writers and publicists in the United States. Week by week, a great package went out to every one of our foreign representatives, carrying material designed to clear away all points of misunderstanding and misconception that prevailed, or might prevail, in foreign countries in regard to America, its life, work, ideals and opinions; material in the shape of editorial comment clipped from newspapers and special articles, prepared by accepted authorities, covering every phase of our national activity—education, agriculture, invention, cooperative ventures, modern machinery, rural free delivery, social legislation, etc., etc.

It was, in effect, a "feature service" operating on demand. While principally devoted to a more complete exposition of America's war aims and war progress than the "spot" news service allowed, it covered almost every phase of American endeavor. Our foreign representatives would cable, "Can use to good advantage one thousand words on American lumber industry," or on equal suffrage, or on university extension, or on unions, or on free-milk depots, or on the use of the schoolhouse as a community center, or the cooperative marketing of dairy products in Wisconsin, or the "honor and trust" system of Colorado, or the jury system of the United States, or municipal bath-houses, or free legal-aid bureaus, or a short history of the United States for children, etc., etc. And straightway the Poole section would get in touch with "the" authorities on the various subjects, and have them turn out the signed articles.

For instance, we made Booth Tarkington drop everything to write a delicious little story of the United States that was as good for the foreign "grown-ups" as for children. He also wrote an article, "American Facts and German Propaganda," so virile and attractive that the British Government made arrangements with our London representative to reprint, and at its own expense distributed eight hundred and fifty thousand copies in England. The foreign representatives used this service for the most part in class publications, magazines, and weeklies, but it was amazing to see the amount of it that they got into the dailies also.

Charles Dana Gibson, head of our Artists' Division, and Charles S. Hart, Director of the Film Division, worked closely with Mr. Poole, and through the Foreign Press Bureau went out posters, captioned in every language, millions of picture postals, and "still" photographs for purposes of display. In every country the show-windows of American business houses were commandeered and used for the display of posters, bulletins, and photographs, all changed each week just as a theatrical offering is changed.

The problem of the spoken word was an awkward one to solve. At first we tried the experiment of selecting Americans of foreign birth, men of achievement in their particular trades and professions, and sending them back to their native lands for speaking-tours. Certain patriotic Socialists, dispatched to France and Italy, did splendid work along this line, and various other groups functioned very well. For the most part, however, the plan never got one hundred per cent. results, and there was the ever-present danger of indiscreet declarations fruitful of international embarrassment.

Captain Charles E. Merriam, of Chicago University, borrowed from the Army for our work in Italy, finally evolved the idea of finding native Italians who knew America, filling them up with our latest facts and figures, and sending them out to talk to their own people. The scheme worked so well that we adopted it in other countries, drawing impartially from the universities, shops and farms. It was Captain Merriam, too, who thought of suggesting to General Pershing that wounded Americans of Italian birth or descent, be invalided to Italy for convalescence. These men turned out to be our best propagandists, preaching the gospel of democracy with a fervor and understanding that would have shamed many an heir of Plymouth Rock.

James F. Kerney, in charge in France, added to our working capital of experience by virtually mobilizing the universities in the interests of America. French professors of standing who knew the United States, were "educated" up to date, and these volunteers, proceeding from university to university, "educated" the various faculties, who, in turn, spread out over the communities with the truth about the United States and *"l'effort Américain."*

Reading-rooms were also established, with all the pamphlets, posters, and picture postals of the Committee for distribution, and with a full equipment of American books, newspapers and magazines. Mrs. Robert H. Murray, head of the work in Mexico, introduced a rather novel experiment in the shape of classes in English, American residents giving their time as teachers free of charge. These classes, ten a week, drew an average attendance of about eight hundred young men, and the instruction gave splendid opportunity to preach the history, aims and ideals of America, with the result that every one of the eight hundred became an understanding champion of the United States.

It was interesting to watch the change in public opinion in Mexico as our educational effort began to strike hard against German lie and anti-American prejudice. What really clinched the victory, however, was the visit of a score of Mexican editors to the United States as guests of the Committee on Public Information. We took them from coast to coast, letting them see

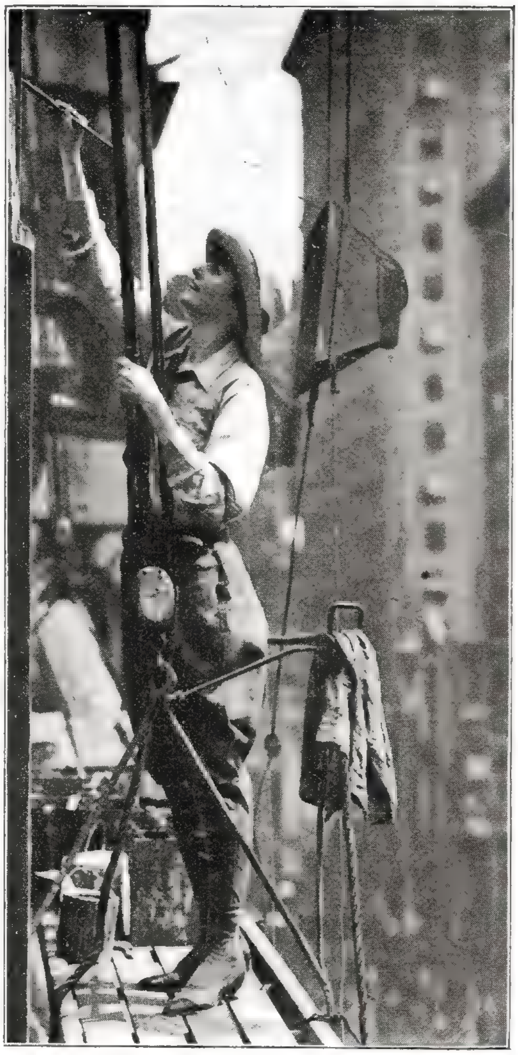
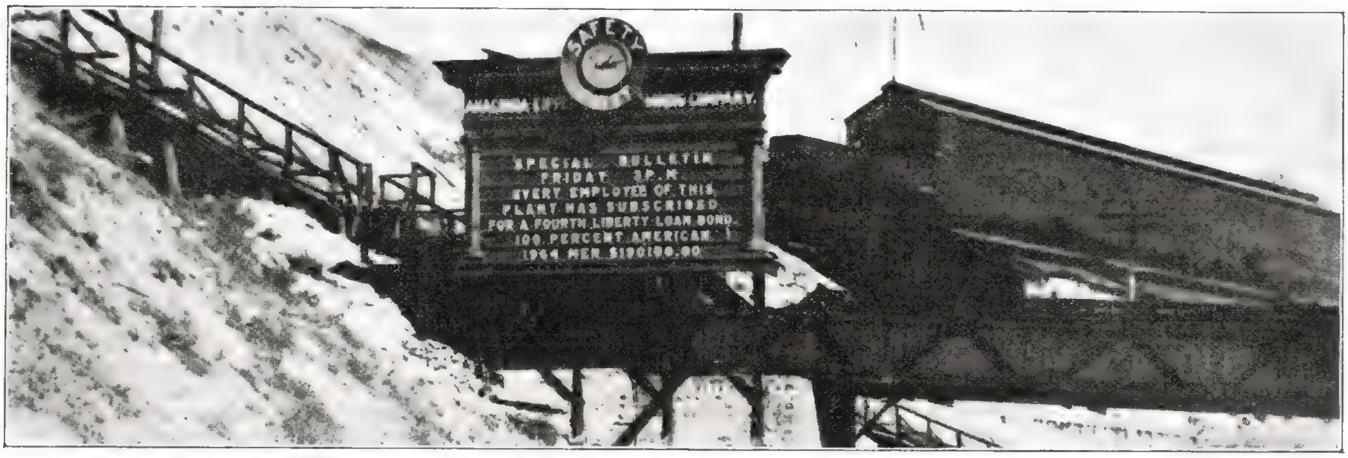


Photo used by the Committee to show how American women were helping win the war.



A sample of the Committee's work in stimulating home morale; a bulletin of the Anaconda Copper Company during the Fourth Loan drive.

with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, and having them received by the President, who marked the occasion by a memorable address. We sent them back to Mexico convinced not only of our friendship, not only of the justice of our cause, but equally convinced of America's might and determination.

The situation in Spain, no less than in Mexico, was a very ugly one indeed. The German penetration was evident in every department of Spanish activity, particularly in the army, and many of the most important Spanish papers were receiving German subsidies and pouring out a steady stream of untruths against America. Every effort was made to revive the passions of 1898, and nowhere in the whole country was there a single voice that spoke for America.

IT WAS a long, hard struggle, but when the tide turned it turned with a vengeance. Malaga and Barcelona extended the rights of citizenship to President Wilson. City after city in Spain changed the name of some principal thoroughfare to that of President Wilson, and the Declaration of Independence and the addresses of President Wilson were used in the public schools of Spain for the reading classes, and there were few garrisons in the country, toward the last, that did not beg for motion-pictures showing the military effort of the United States.

One of the things that had the most effect upon Spanish opinion was the sending of Spanish editors to inspect and report upon the American effort in France. We also pursued the same course with the press of Switzerland, Holland, and Scandinavia. There was not a single case in which these neutral journalists, returning to their own countries, did not write columns expressing amazement and admiration, stating it as an exact opinion based upon first-hand knowledge that defeat stared Germany in the face as a result of the aroused power of America and the proved American ability to pour trained millions into France with almost miraculous rapidity. Germany could not keep out these verdicts entirely, and they seeped in faster and faster, demoralizing the civilian population, and carrying to the very front a message of fear and dismay.

Russia was a hard fight to lose. It seemed for a while that we should surely win, and to this very day I believe that the people were with us then and are with us now. But the political control of Lenine and Trotsky abolished the freedom of the press and turned the power of the Government against us. Our men were the last to leave Petrograd and Moscow. Mr. Sisson stayed until the ultimate danger to secure the documents that proved Lenine and Trotsky to be German agents, and then slipped out through the far reaches of Finland. Mr. Bullard and his force transferred to Vladivostok, from which point he began working back into European Russia with the Allies.

One real result was achieved. Intensive work was carried on in the prison camps of Russia, and thousands of Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs learned of the purposes and power of America, receiving thereby the courage and inspiration that had its climax in the march of the Czecho-Slovak legion from the Ukraine to Vladivostok.

Switzerland was a notable victory, and the credit must go to Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, in charge from bitter first to happy last. It was a new thing to place a woman in such a position of absolutely international importance, but behind her was a record of achievement that made the appointment wise and necessary. Equal suffrage in New York, after its defeat in 1915, was apparently "dead," but Mrs. Whitehouse accepted the office of State Chairman, galvanized the movement, gave it new force and enthusiasm, and drove it through to victory. It proved rare understanding of people and their prejudices, it meant technical knowledge of every medium of appeal, and, above all, it showed the translation of devotion into terms of energy and actual drudgery. Mrs. Whitehouse's job was to *put America across* in Switzerland just as she had put equal suffrage across in New York.

We knew that she was doing well, by our study of the Swiss papers, and we knew that she was winning when the German press commenced to attack her and the work with hysterical bitterness; but it remained for the six Swiss journalists, arriving in the United States as our guests, to tell the whole story of accomplishment.

"She has changed the whole attitude of Switzerland," they joined in declaring. "It was never the case that we were pro-German, but rather that we did not know America. This was the knowledge that she gave us, openly, honestly, and with rare intelligence, overcoming suspicions, climbing over a hundred and one obstacles, and reaching the heart and mind of Switzerland in a manner never even approached by the agent of any other country."

With the exception of those owned by Germans, there was not a paper that she failed to influence fairly; her ultimate control of the motion-picture situation was complete; her use of speakers and literature was without an ounce of waste, and effective to the last degree was her inspiration of the German radical group in Switzerland, a band of enthusiasts who preached the gospel of democracy in the days when President Wilson did not dream that the Hohenzollern could be divorced from the asserted union with divinity.

THE foreign born, and those of foreign descent, played no small part in our educational effort. The twenty-three principal foreign-language groups in the United States formed themselves into loyalty leagues and aided in the organization of great meetings from coast to coast that not only pledged the devotion of America's adopted sons to the President and the war, but also sent resolutions across the seas to strengthen the hearts of the firing-line and sustain the determination of the civilian population.

After the Caporetta disaster, when it seemed that Italy might have to be dismissed as a factor in the war, the Italians in America rallied as one man, and for weeks the cables were loaded down with messages, and the mails were filled with letters, all telling the preparations of America, pledging the aid of America, calling for courage and redoubled effort. The results were almost instantly apparent, and the Italian Government has stated repeatedly that it was this cry of faith and command from the United States that stiffened the Italian defensive into a terrific and resistless offensive.

A feature of this phase of the work that had the most far-reaching effect, probably, was the great Fourth of July celebration, organized and handled by those of foreign birth or foreign descent. Each race in each city had its own story to send back to its country, its own set of motion-pictures for distribution in its native land, and there was the great climax in the pilgrimage to Mount Vernon by representatives of the thirty-three foreign-language groups as the guests of the President. To this very day, in almost every country of the world, the stories of the Fourth of July are being printed, the pictures are being shown, and the speech of President Wilson has been translated into every language and is now used in almost every school.

AND now, at this time of writing, we are commencing to "mop up." The Foreign Section, with Mr. Sisson in Paris and Mr. James Keely "elsewhere," has been transferred to Europe, with distributing centers in Berne, Padua, Athens, Prague, and Bucharest at once, and in Germany and Austria as soon as possible. We've got to live on the same earth with the peoples of the Central Powers, and the sooner we put them in touch with world thought and world resolve, the better for them and for the world.

And there are new lies to be fought as well as those old ones on which they were fed so long. No sooner was the armistice signed than the wireless at Nauen changed its whole tone and commenced to fill the air of the world with whines and subtle incitements to revolution. No protest was ever heard from the women of Germany when the *Lusitania* sank, and when the little ones of Belgium, Servia and northern France died like flies from suffering and malnutrition, but one week after surrender, the Nauen wireless carried pathetic appeals, signed by German women and addressed to world-famous women, begging that the babies of Germany should not be starved. And thousands of words attempting to prove that the conditions of the armistice, designed only to break the German military machine, were, in reality, conditions that enslaved the *peoples* of the Central Powers, confiscating industry, entailing poverty and starvation. And other thousands of words addressed to the revolutionary spirit in the Allied nations, to national prejudices, to old antagonisms, etc., etc.

It is a campaign that must be met and defeated just as other German campaigns were met and defeated. It will be. Barring these last desperate expedients, and the sullen ignorances and unrests of certain portions of the Central Powers not yet reached by the truth in full measure, America's battle for the good opinion of the world may be written down as a victory no less definite than that of the firing-line. There is not a corner of earth to-day that does not know us as we are—a people with failures behind us, but struggling indomitably to the heights; a people materialistic in achievement, but idealistic in every aspiration—and knowing us, they like us and trust us.

Miss America—*alias* Thelma Given

By Peter Merritt

OF THE million and a half girl babies born and named in this country in 1896 probably all the Violets and Gwendolyns have turned out professors of philosophical mathematics, and most of the Sarahs and Hannahs should be paged to-day among the Free Versists and founders of Little Theatres.

But a certain Mr. and Mrs. Given of Decatur, Illinois, just by way of proving that even parents can't go wrong all the time, on the occasion of the birth of their lovely daughter (with naturally curly hair) reached into the air, as it were, and gave her the Norwegian name for song—Thelma—thus hitting the well-known nail upon the elusive head. For this particular infant, of all the million and a half, had music in her soul and wept with relief at her christening at having received a name to match.

When Thelma was five, one of the ten-year-old Decatur boys dropped around to call on Mrs. Given. He brought along his violin on which he had recently laboriously mastered several airs, and played for the family. At the first note, Thelma left her dolls upside down in the corner and watched the boy, fascinated. When he had finished, "Give Thelma," she said. The family smiled and "Let Baby hold it a minute if she wants to," interpreted Mrs. Given; "I won't let her hurt it."

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She wouldn't practise those horrid old scales until she knew the reason why.

The visitor reluctantly surrendered his treasure, and Thelma, after a minute or two, began to play. She played every tune that the boy had played, played them recognizably and in perfect time, now *dolce*, now *con spirito*.

After that, of course Thelma had a violin of her own. And she was perfectly happy playing by ear everything that she heard or thought of.

Then, when she was eleven or twelve, people began telling her family that the child should have lessons. So she was sent to a school of music. And she was forbidden to play any more by ear and for six months she was kept on one exercise. And then, for another six months, on another exercise.

"Not of course that I obeyed them," says the Thelma of to-day, laughing. "Mother would drive me to school and let me out at the front door and I would go through the building and out at the back and not have any lessons at all. That hateful exercise and nothing else! I could not bear it."

So at twelve, Thelma definitely gave up music and started training her pony for a career of bareback riding in a circus. She wouldn't touch a fiddle for three years.

Then, Great Event No. 2, she heard a real violinist play—on a phonograph record. And the wonder and hunger that had swept over her at five came back.

"I must learn to play like that," she told her family; "I must study with *his* teacher."

"His teacher," as it happened, had been that master musician, that dean of Russian teachers, Leopold Auer.

And so at fifteen Thelma and her mother went to Auer in Petrograd. And the master, who does not take pupils unless they have both talent and technique, unless they are virtually virtuosi, took ardent Miss America.

"At first the Professor was so kind," says Miss Given. "I was so encouraged. I did not mind doing scales for him. And then he became so cross that I was frightened to death. And yet I did not mind. Whether he stands there grimly smoking his cigaret or whether he nods 'good,' he is 'The Professor' and we worship him. Whatever he does is right."

Six years of six hours' work a day are back of Miss Given's recent musical début in New York. And she knows that that is not much, and shakes her dark curls over all the time lost since that first great day when she was five.

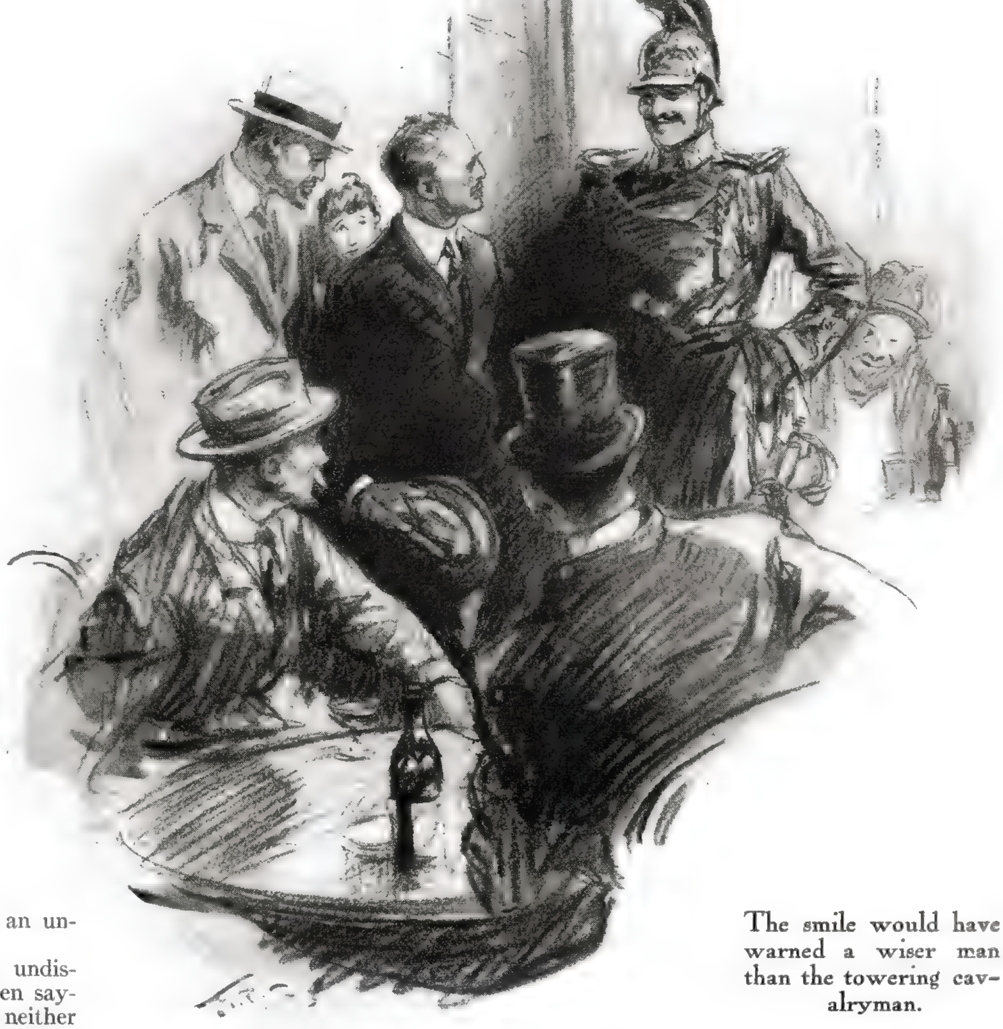
But "the Professor" says that she "has it" and New York says that she "has it." She is young and she will play those "programs" which all gray-haired critics always call "ambitious."

But when you hear them, Miss Given and her "Guernerius"—the violin built expressly for her, she thinks, in 1738—there is astonishing vigor there and astonishing sweetness. There is intellect and feeling and technique. This Miss America has more to learn. And she will learn it.

The DUEL

By Donal Hamilton Haines

Illustrated by Frederic R. Gruger



The smile would have warned a wiser man than the towering cavalryman.

CLAUDE ALSEL, who sat facing the door of the restaurant, carefully ground out the fire of his cigaret in the saucer of his cup and leaned across the table toward his friend Gabriel Fauchet, the journalist.

"Captain Duras and some of his friends have just come in and taken a table near the door," he said uneasily. "We can hardly leave the place without encountering them!"

"Well?" replied Fauchet with an untroubled smile.

Alsel shrugged, while Fauchet, undisturbed, continued what he had been saying. Alsel attempted to listen, but neither his eyes nor his mind would leave the figure of the gigantic man in the dragoon's uniform. Finally he could restrain himself no longer.

"In Heaven's name, Gabriel," he burst out, "why did you refuse to fight Duras? He is a graceless beast ripe for killing."

"He is a Frenchman," answered Fauchet, "as I am, and this is no time for the slaughter of Frenchmen in private quarrels!"

Alsel stared.

"As you well know," continued Fauchet, "I have for months been urging upon the people the imminence of war. Had I fought Captain Duras in the face of my convictions it would have been criminal."

"A fig for your scruples!" grumbled Alsel. "Because of lofty ideals—which most men doubt, by the way—you have refused to meet him, and what has happened? You have become the laughing-stock of Paris! In all quarters Duras is branding you as a coward, and you do nothing to prevent it."

"At least I enjoy an easy conscience," insisted Fauchet.

"You have ruined yourself as a journalist," Alsel went on remorselessly. "Not content with your pratings of a war in which nobody believes, you must come out with bitter attacks upon the duel! Now, evidently, no man can try to ride simultaneously two hobbies of such different color. Paris has laughed at you! All the editors have closed their columns to your articles! On the boulevards they say that the tongue of Captain Duras has broken the nib of M. Fauchet's pen!"

"If my pen is broken, I am sharpening my sword," Fauchet defended himself.

"Bah!" replied Alsel. "Your attempts in that direction have increased the ignominy in which you have placed yourself. The friends of Duras have taken a delicious pleasure in rejecting you. You underestimated his strength as an enemy. He has prejudiced the entire army against you. You will never get a commission!"

"I am experiencing difficulties," Fauchet admitted unwillingly, "but I shall persist."

"If I were you," advised Alsel, "I should join the Foreign Legion or shoot myself. Nothing else is left you!" He pushed back his chair and rose from the table. "Come," he said, "we might as well finish this ordeal as quickly as possible."

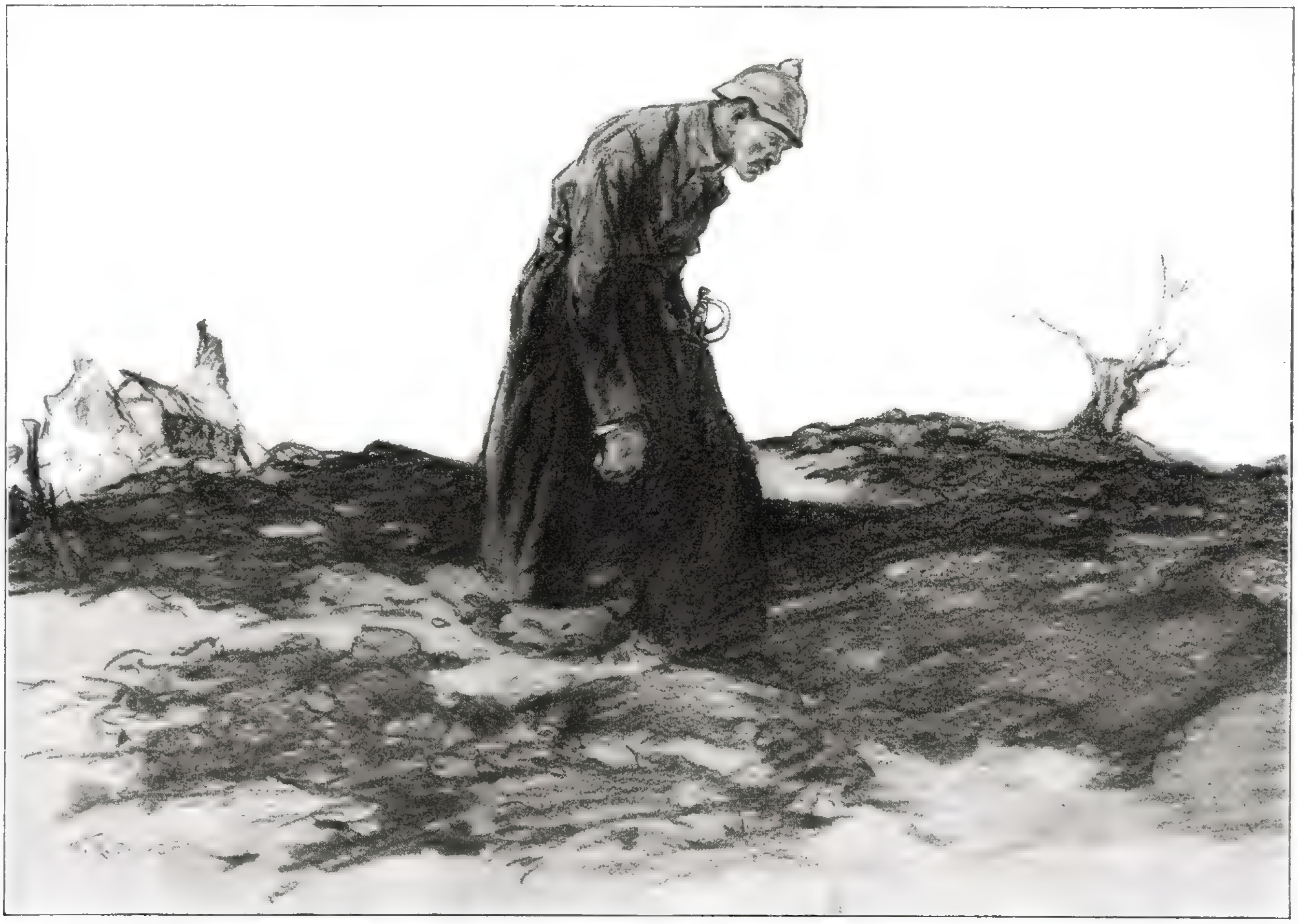
As they left their table and moved toward the doorway, Captain Paul Duras rose from his seat and placed himself in their path. He was an enormous man, several inches over six feet, broad as a door, red-faced, with a bristling mustache, his apparent bulk increased by the towering black-plumed dragoon's helmet which he wore.

"Ah, M. Fauchet," he exclaimed in a loud tone as the journalist and his companion approached, "I understand that you have fallen upon lean and troubled days. Permit me to offer my condolences!"

Fauchet paused, being blocked by his adversary as completely as though by a barricade. The contrast between the two men made the mere idea of a duel between them screamingly funny. Fauchet was no more than a couple of inches over five feet, slender, rather pale. At Duras's words he turned very white, then very red, and finally smiled. The smile would have warned a wiser man than the towering cavalryman.

"A thousand thanks!" he replied easily. "I sought to do the army a favor by refusing to kill you, but it appears I have made a mistake since I have only succeeded in earning their ingratitude!"

Duras was not at his best at repartee. His retort was to seize the journalist by the nose and fairly dangle him from his great paw.



With no hostile eye to watch him for a moment, he allowed his shoulders to slip off the inflexible stiffness of the Prussian officer and staggered with fatigue.

"Observe the sort of stuff out of which this scribbler would have us build our armies!" he cried to the crowded room.

Fauchet, released, rubbed his nose—which must have hurt him excruciatingly—and smiled again his dangerous little smile.

"Clearly," he said, "I must apologize. Having successfully pulled the nose of a smaller man, Captain Duras has exonerated the army!"

Fauchet's speech was lost in the bellow of Duras's laughter. He stood aside and allowed the two friends to reach the sidewalk. Alsel was mopping his red face; Fauchet appeared undisturbed.

"One insult more!" groaned Alsel.

"I am going now," Fauchet informed him, lighting a cigaret, "to consult a physician."

Alsel flapped his hands in a feeble gesture of resignation, and turned away. Left to himself, Fauchet walked swiftly to the office of a prominent surgeon. The little journalist was the most persistent as well as the most conscientious of men. Undismayed by innumerable rebuffs in his attempts to enter the army, he determined to arm himself with a certificate of physical fitness.

The surgeon, who had laughed immoderately over what the cafés called "the Duras duel," thumped and sounded him endlessly, then frowned solemnly. "I don't wish to alarm you, M. Fauchet," he said; "with care you will live to the ordinary age. But——"

"Ten thousand devils!" exclaimed Fauchet, "I have no concern with the length of my life. I merely want a certificate showing that I am fit for service."

The physician shook his head gravely, almost sadly. "I have read your articles with too much conviction to give you one with a clear conscience," he said.

"Is what ails me curable?" Fauchet demanded hotly.

"Oh, certainly!"

"Then, in God's name, tell me what it is and where I can go to get rid of it."

"THERE is no denying the fact that you have let Duras drive you out of France!" declared Alsel as he and Fauchet walked the station platform waiting for the journalist's train.

"I am not running away," Fauchet maintained stoutly.

"You and I are the only men in France who believe that," answered his companion.

For some moments Fauchet remained silent, a thoughtful expression on his face, a very British-looking pipe in the corner of his mouth.

"The end of this business," he said at length, "is not yet. Duras and I are indeed engaged upon a duel. At the moment he is a species of hero, while I—am an ass! I grant that. Now I hold private animosity to be the most contemptible of all human emotions—yet I doubt that two men have ever hated each other more completely than Captain Duras and myself. Well, one day I shall win this duel from Duras, because I shall destroy his hatred—and my own! That is all my desire!"

A train whistled, a guard wagon-waved a flag. Fauchet wrung his companion's hand hurriedly and a second-class compartment swallowed him.

"Now a plague upon it!" exclaimed Alsel as he left the station. "I neglected to ask the misguided idiot where he was going."

It was only a few weeks later that a revolver bullet put an end to the inglorious career of an Austrian archduke and set in motion many things.

Among the minor consequences of this epoch-making shot was a feverish activity among the editors of Paris. The public had already forgotten that for weeks M. Gabriel Fauchet had written of this very day, but the editors remembered, and sought high and low for the little journalist, but could not find him. Claude Alsel, indeed, took a fine satisfaction in telling them that he did not know where Fauchet had gone.

The only man who might have told them was a saturnine physician whom nobody thought of asking.

Perhaps the only mention of Fauchet fell from the lips of Captain Duras, strutting about Paris with a longer queue of admirers than ever.

"Here is war upon us," he laughed boisterously, "and where, oh, where is that little Fauchet whose nose I so lately pulled?"

"I TELL you," insisted Lieutenant Nordau of the Blue Dragoons, "I had a complete description of the man, and there can be no mistake."

Captain Duras, sitting with his chair tilted against the wall, shook his head incredulously. "I shall believe when I have seen," he declared.

"Small chance of that," answered Nordau; "Fauchet, most brilliant and daring of all the Belgian spies, works at night, invisible to his friends as to his foes. They say that he's been no fewer than seventeen times inside the German lines, and that the amount of information he's brought back surpasses belief. It is said that he has done more to keep the line unbroken than any one man."

The legs of Duras's chair came to the floor with a crash.

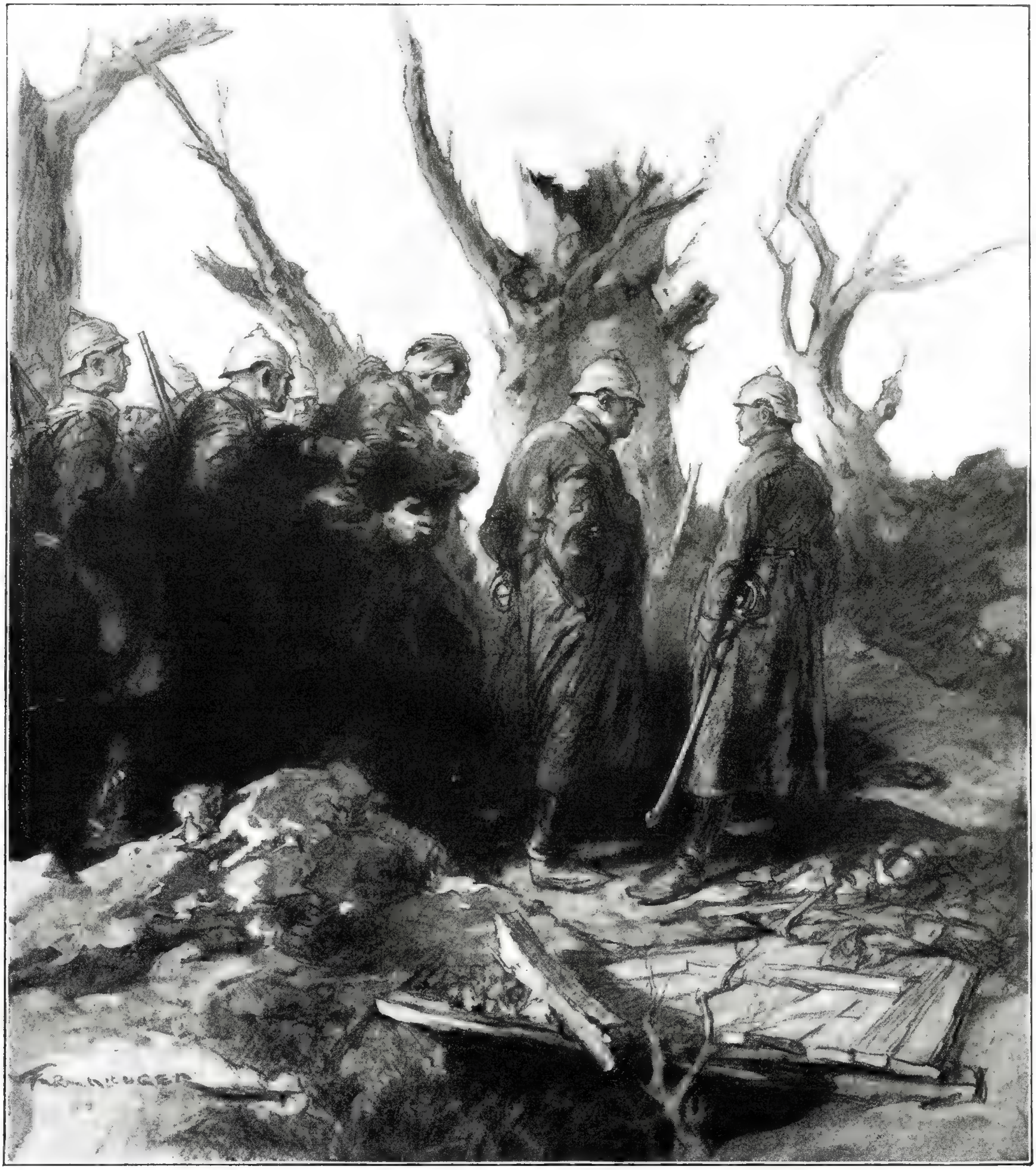
"It is impossible!" he decided with an air of finality. "This man Fauchet was an utter coward. He refused to meet me, he allowed me to pull his nose in public, he ended by running away from Paris. He go seventeen times into the enemy's lines? Hardly!"

He arose and buckled on his sword.

"If by any chance this worm, Fauchet, has wriggled into the army," he said, "I shall take occasion to pull his nose again and call him a coward upon our first encounter!"

LIEUTENANT GABRIEL FAUCHET, dressed in the gray-green uniform of a subaltern of German infantry, was plodding along a collection of shell-holes, ruts and frozen puddles of water which passed as a road behind the German lines in the neighborhood of Dixmude. He was horribly tired, and now, with no hostile eye to watch him for a moment, he allowed his shoulders to slip off the inflexible stiffness of the Prussian officer and staggered with fatigue.

It had been thirty hours since he had slept, ten since he had tasted food. Most



"Know him!" screamed Duras. "Well, yes, I know him! The Prussian dog! The cur! I knew the world was not wide enough to hide him from me!"

of those thirty hours had been spent inside the German lines, whither he had gone in an effort to locate the hidden position of a German battery which had escaped the sharp eyes of French and Belgian aviators.

Like all his other ventures, this one had succeeded. He would be able to prick down upon the maps of the artillerymen a red dot which would locate exactly the hidden emplacements of the battery, and its days would be numbered. But in many respects this had been the most difficult and hazardous of all his lonely exploits.

AT THE outset he had been forced to change his clothes in a shattered shed with the mercury below freezing, then wait for shivering hours for darkness. In creeping through the lines he had fallen into a ditch, the coating of ice had broken beneath his weight, and he had been soaked to the skin.

But these were only the physical difficulties, the incidents for which he was always prepared. There had been graver troubles. He had supposed the sector of trenches he had entered to be held by Prussians, and found himself using the hard "ch" of the northern peoples in a trenchful of soft-speaking Bavarians, and hurried and difficult explanations had been necessary at once.

One after another he had overcome the obstacles which had beset his path, but the unflagging efforts had cost every ounce of his mental and physical powers. He had been conscious of the slow draining away of his strength.

Now at last he felt himself practically out of danger. No great distance beyond lay a ruined farmstead, in which he would lie close until the coming of friendly darkness. After that there were only the outposts and the trenches themselves to be dealt with, problems so familiar as to cause him no uneasiness. A few hours now and he would have food, warmth and rest!

Down the road toward him was coming a spectacle bitterly familiar to Fauchet. Guarded by helmeted infantrymen, a batch of prisoners was tramping wearily over the frozen ruts. The spy dreaded the encounter. He knew that he would have once more to play the complete Prussian, to stiffen his shoulders, to smile that superior and hateful smile, to exchange brutal jokes with the officer in charge of the captives. He dreaded this ordeal because he was so utterly weary. No thought of danger entered his head.

He did not realize that the combination of deadly fatigue and distaste for a hateful task had temporarily broken down that perfect mask which made him such an excellent spy. At the moment his figure was one to arouse suspicion; he looked as no German officer within his own lines needs to look—spent, dejected, half-frozen. He did not notice that the officer in charge of the prisoners was eying him sharply as they approached.

Fauchet drew to one side of the road to let the little column pass, staring at them with eyes which hardly took in what they saw. He was aware that some one had suddenly asked him in French if he was hungry.

"Yes, frightfully!" he answered instinctively.

Consciousness of the slight lapse jarred him into full and instant possession of his faculties. He found himself face to face with a German captain of peculiarly repugnant appearance—thick-set, coarse-featured, a red scrub of beard on his florid face, his hideous little pig eyes boring into the spy's face.

Instantly the captain began to ask questions, snapping them at him swiftly, mercilessly, like a bullying lawyer who finds himself confronted with a cringing witness whom he can browbeat into unwilling admissions. Some of the German soldiers, sensing something unusual, were crowding closer.

"What's that? What do you say?" bellowed the captain.

But Fauchet was no longer paying any attention to him. He was staring past him at a face which had suddenly leaped at him out of the dim huddle of prisoners—the face of Captain Paul Duras, a bloody bandage around his head.

Not for an instant did Fauchet doubt that his implacable foe would betray him. A sort of fear that was not so much real terror as a protest at the cruel injustice of the encounter seized him, cut off unuttered the answer to the German's question which had been upon his lips.

The German, seeing the quick change in Fauchet's face, turned to discover what it was that had so affected him. Instantly an evil smile lighted up his unpleasant face.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "A friend among the prisoners! I thought as much. Now let us see!"

He started forward, but before he could take a step, Duras had acted. With a hoarse bellow of rage he leaped forward, and, although four of his guards flung themselves upon him, he almost succeeded in reaching Fauchet before they could stop him.

"Let me at him!" he screamed in French. "Let me get my fingers on his dirty throat!"

Fauchet did not move. He was frozen with such a horror as he had never before experienced. Although it was precisely the sort of thing he had expected Duras to do, the actual occurrence was almost unbearable. It stripped him of all his powers, even the instinct of self-preservation; he was like a man in the grip of a nightmare.

"So!" the German captain exclaimed gleefully. "You know him, then?"

"Know him!" screamed Duras. "Well, yes, I know him! The Prussian dog! The cur! The animal! I knew the world was not wide enough to hide him from me!" He trailed off into a string of horrible curses. "Now, *cochon*, this is not Berlin, where the guttersnipes will protect you!"

He flung himself again upon the men who held him, and only after a sharp struggle was he restrained.

Fauchet, whose quick brain had leaped to comprehension of the miracle, had forced to his stiff lips a supercilious smile. The captain glanced at him, then at Duras, foaming with rage in the grip of the soldiers.

"What is all this?" he demanded in angry uncertainty.

Duras, larding his tale with horrible oaths, mouthed out the story of a Berlin café, a chorus girl, a squabble with a German officer who had insulted him and then refused him satisfaction. Backed up by the expression upon Fauchet's face the story was convincing enough. The captain spoke sharply to his men.

"Take him away and keep him quiet!" he commanded. "*Vorwarts!*"

A soldier struck Duras heavily across the mouth. The gigantic dragoon gave Fauchet one eloquent glance, incomprehensible to any save the spy, then bowed his head and allowed himself to be led away. The captain turned to Fauchet.

"I have made a mistake," he muttered. "I am sorry. Your appearance——"

"Oh, as to that!" Fauchet answered laughing, and launched upon smooth explanations.

An hour later he lay down in the ruined farmhouse to wait for darkness.

BEYOND any question Paul Duras was the lion of Paris. Since his escape from the German prison, and his incredible feats in making his way across the captured soil of Belgium and northern France he had become the hero of the hour.

He was followed in the street by crowds. The café which he always frequented became a veritable court. Men said that if his period of convalescence lasted long enough—he was truly a patchwork of wounds—he might become emperor if he chose.

Seated at his customary table one morning, talking in his usual blustering fashion to a circle of his admirers, Duras stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence, and sprang to his feet and stood stiffly at salute.

All the others whirled in their chairs, expecting to see a general at the very least. They saw nothing but a slim, worn little man in the uniform of a lieutenant of Belgian foot. It was at him that the dragoon was gazing.

"Lieutenant Fauchet," said Duras in a voice which carried clearly into every part of the suddenly silent room, laying his hand as he spoke upon the chair from which he had risen, "these good friends of mine have reserved this seat for one whom they consider the bravest of the brave. Will you do them the honor to take it?"

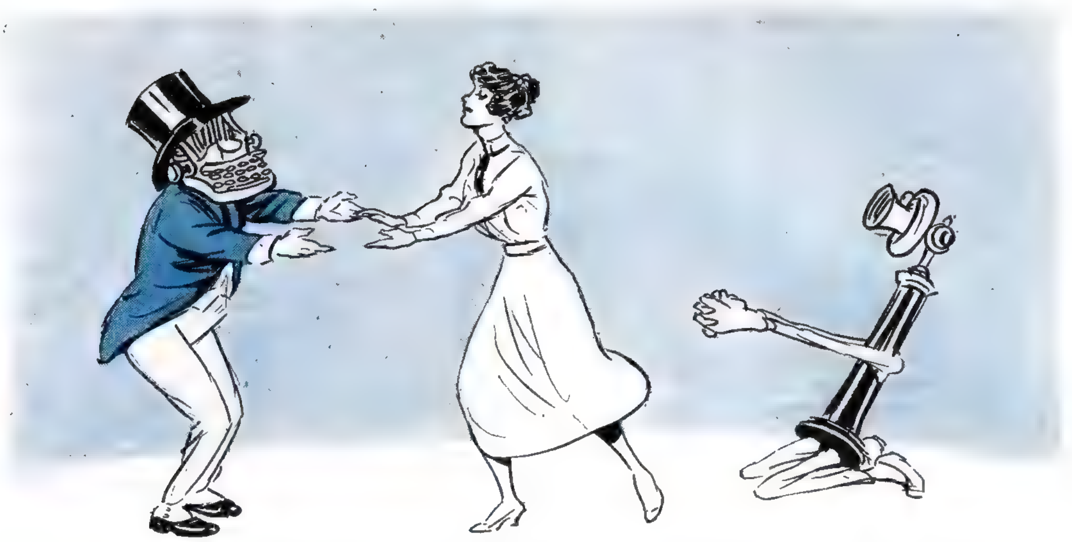
TWO BIG MARCH FEATURES

MAJOR-GENERAL OMAR BUNDY

The story of the wonderful Forty Days through Hell to Heaven that turned the German Drive at Château-Thierry. Written by the Commander of the Second Division himself.

WHAT LAWS WOULD YOU PASS?

We asked this question of a dozen members of the new Congress that meets March 4th. Prominent members of both parties. Their answers appear in the March number.



Central hastened to desert the switchboard for the more complex delights of stenography.

Where Do We Go From Here?

By Anne Herendeen

Illustrated by Oliver Herford

BEFORE the war there were pillars of society who said that women should only take the little unimportant jobs of the world. More was not proper. And many employers said that women were no good in business—and anyhow it wasn't the proper place for them. And the anti-suffragists said the proper place for woman was the kitchen—if she didn't want to lose her charm. Then came the war, and along with poison gas was discovered the economic interpretation of propriety.

Because work had to be done it was found right and proper for women to do work—any work.

Tams and toques and picture-hats were tossed into the industrial ring. The psychological bars were down. Women took the places of the men in the service; also, places that had never before existed and—I am afraid—the places of men who hadn't gone to the front—at lower pay. This last wasn't nice of them, but you must remember that they were just out and they didn't know all the rules of the game.

The strangest vanishings and transformations took place.

One fine morning when Mrs. Brown rang for breakfast there was no response. Cook had gone to run a street car. Or was just going. In which case she explained in the manner of a recent valet of Arnold Bennett's:

"You see, sir, it's the Empire."

In Cook's case it was, on the whole, Democracy—and Canning the Kaiser rather than tomatoes. And the extra money would come in handy.

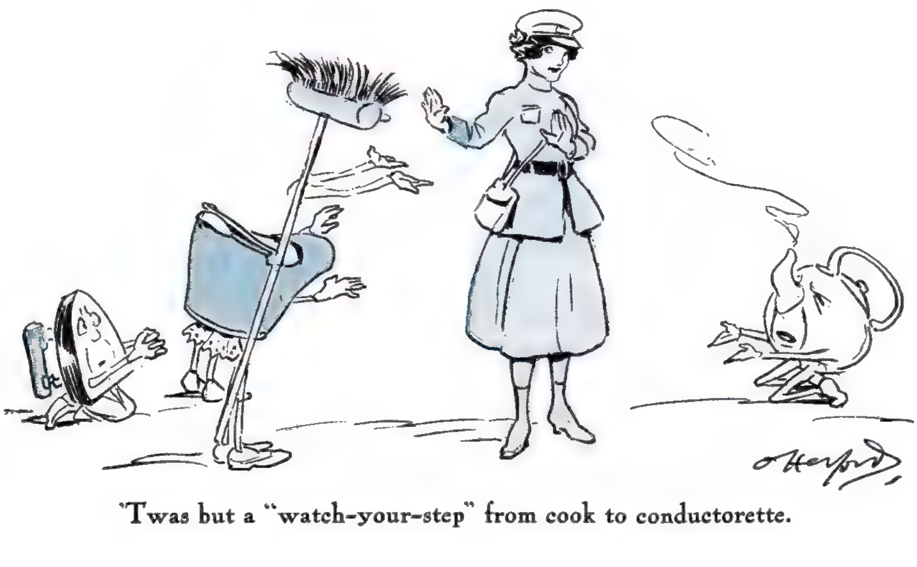
What a good job she did of it, too. When femininity began blossoming here in New York an Observant Observer said to me: "Do you notice *the great friendliness* all over town?" Of course, after a while, they got tired—there wasn't any eight-hour day in theirs—but at first how able and yet how human they were. The conductorettes always stopped the car for you no matter how inconvenient it might be to the motorman, and when you asked a subway guard where Brooklyn was she came right over and sat down and explained the matter thoroughly.

It's one whole story about how women went into factories and recovered from their awe of machinery.

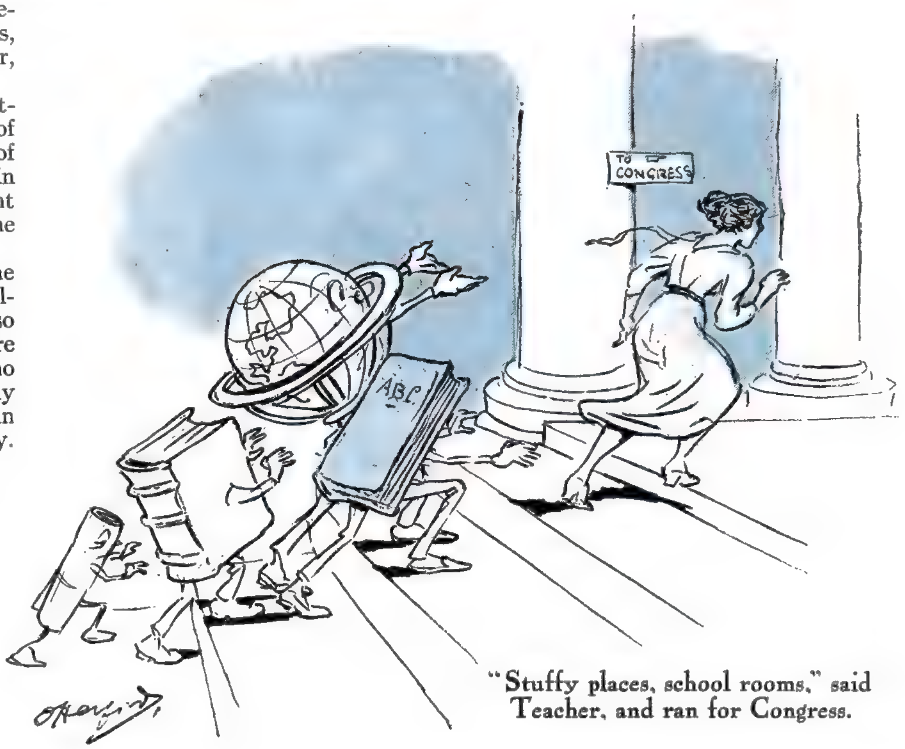
It seems women are actually *good* at machinery—and all that sort of thing. Especially are they goddesses of very delicate machines requiring great attention to detail. They can work hydraulic presses and heat and charge furnaces and weld brass and forge chains and mold bricks and construct compasses and turn out electric lamps—in addition to all the munitioning about which we have heard so much. They dipped into automobile polishing and sheep herding (where you have no one to talk to for weeks at a time) and driving tractors furiously over farms.

Somber librarians reported for work at factories at 7 A.M. and rapidly rose to positions of forewomen and supervisors, at real money—something they had never seen before.

Laboratories and plants that had never taken any workers except highly trained



'Twas but a "watch-your-step" from cook to conductorette.



"Stuffy places, school rooms," said Teacher, and ran for Congress.

men proceeded to take highly trained female industrial chemists, mathematicians, statisticians or what not and, a little later, women "with some training."

Seamstresses became telegraphers; waitresses took to carrying mail instead of trays; war brides whose knowledge of arithmetic had been thought to consist in charging their trousseaux to father went into banks and listed checks, and made the world's record on adding machines.

Toward the top of the ladder, from the four thousand dollar and five thousand dollar mark upward, the change was not so marked. There was competition there from men past military age, even men who had "retired," but now quite vigorously came back. Still, some women did attain dizzy heights of executive responsibility. It was the great ladies change.

And I mustn't forget another whole class of women who tossed their toques into the industrial ring.

Wives.

Maybe I oughtn't to mention them along with these perfectly good women. Their standing has improved a lot, but wives are still under something of a cloud. Teachers who become wives can, I believe, now continue to teach—but even in the stress of war time the New York post-office, which advertised for women clerks, wouldn't take them if they were married. It was "a rule."

To be quite frank, it seems that wives, when the war broke out, in fact, some time before that, had somewhere got the idea that they, too, were people and might work for their living outside the home if they felt like it. They certainly started something.

I must differentiate between new wives and old wives. New wives, they tell me, aren't so bad. Sometimes an employment expert can hardly tell them from bachelor maids. They are able, frequently, to read and write and they even, in rare instances, exhibit "personality."

But the old wives that this cruel war galvanized into consciousness!

"They come in here," frothed one personnel expert, "and say that they would like 'some kind of executive position,' something on the order of a general managership of a railroad, perhaps, if we have one in. And when I inquire as to their qualifications they produce a letter from the minister vouching for their piety and one from the vice-president of the Byron Society declaring that Mrs. So and So 'is a beautiful housekeeper'!"

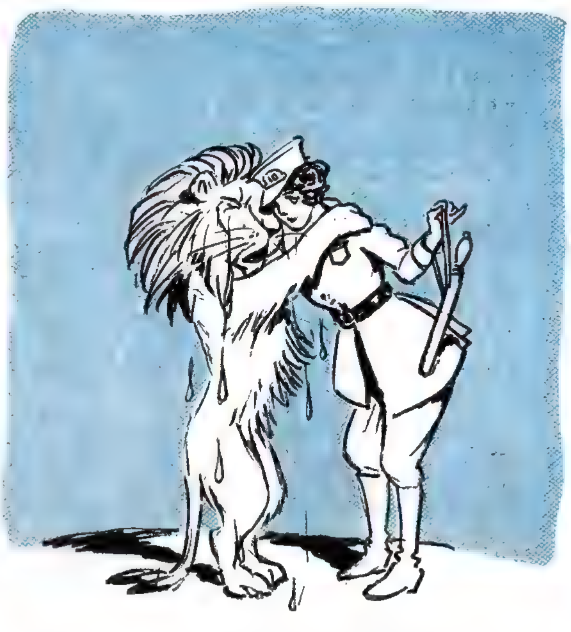
"Not that any of them want to be housekeepers. Keep somebody's else house! They should say not! No. They want to 'run something,' preferably a nice, clean Federal bank. They are just a bunch of queens that can not function away from their personal thrones."

I gathered that most of the old wives had to go back to volunteer work at their local Red Cross headquarters.

Just the same, I think it was mean of those sharp-elbowed employment expertettes to be so hard on those old wives. They must, some of them at least, have once had mothers who were, presumably, wives. Besides, these semi-leisured home women of ours have done wonders for this country. Outside of the big cities they have given it all the culture it has; their enthusiasm and hard work started our kindergartens, founded our hospitals and got many of us other "busy" women the vote. But this is an age of specialization, and I suppose it is true that they had only really specialized on being uncrowned queens.

Now thousands of soldiers are on their way back to their jobs. Naturally, as the song says, "There's the whole world waiting for them."

More specifically, we really must insist that every service star stands for a job at least as good as his old one for the man it has been shining for so brilliantly.



Many a lion-tamer saw herself Chief of Police.

Bureaus of Labor Recruiting have turned into "Bureaus of Reabsorption of Labor." (Who gives those bureaus all those terrific names?) Our returning soldiers must have good jobs—and at good pay.

But the women—those that have made good in industry. Some of them haven't, but most of them have.

Where do they go from here?

Voices are heard in the land saying that it is their patriotic duty to go back to wherever it was they came from. But life doesn't work that way. Every day they have been "out" they have been growing mentally, even phsyically, and especially in self-confidence. I don't think most of them could squeeze back again into the home to stay, even through the big front double door.

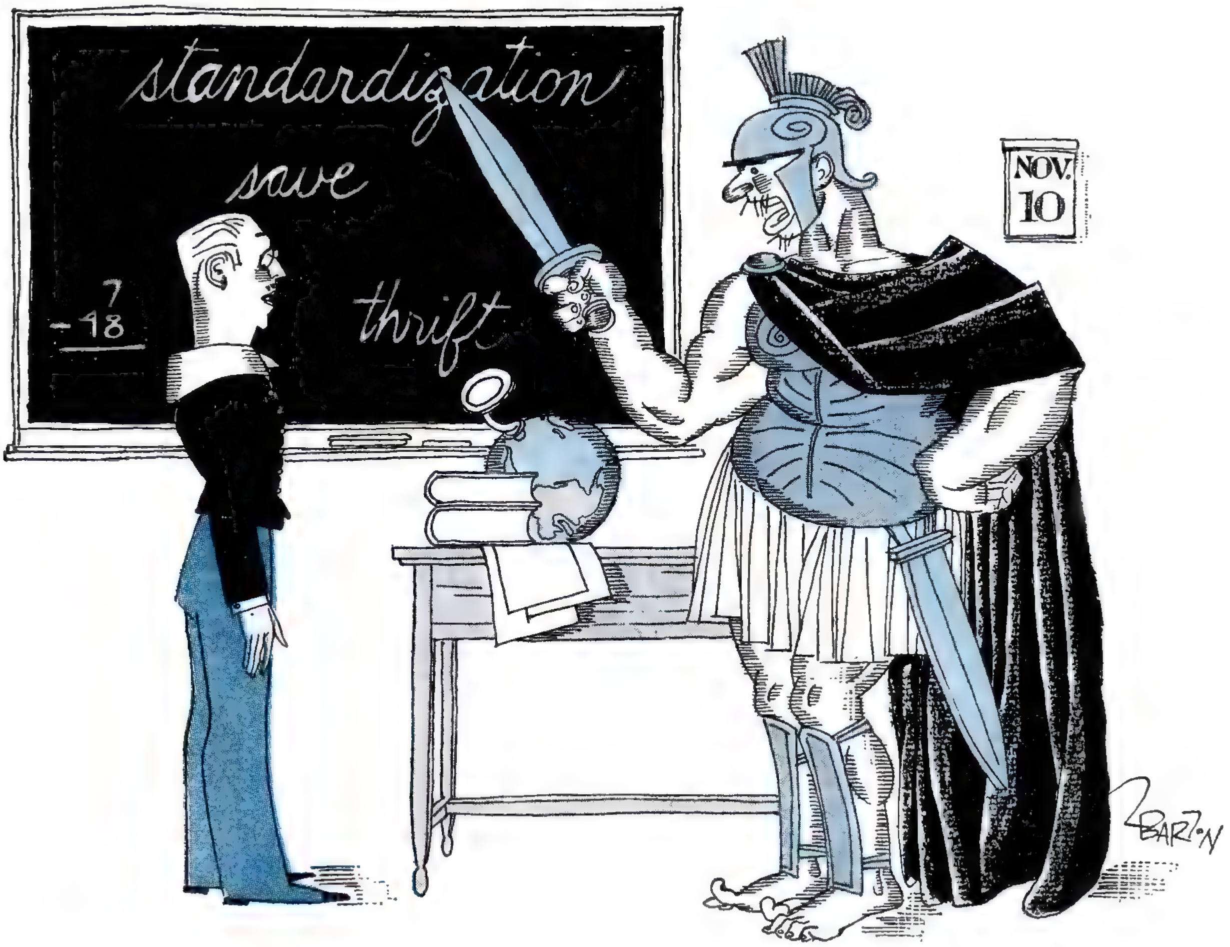
And they haven't just taken "men's jobs." They have made jobs for themselves. In aircraft production, for instance—a new trade—the "woman's touch" in many delicate mechanical details can not, manufacturers say, be dispensed with. Also women have found out how much they are worth. And as to housekeeping, they have called its bluff and discovered that it need only take a fraction of their time.

And between you and me, I think a hero, whether husband, father or brother, will be just the least bit difficult to be dependent upon. I should hate to have to ask a hero for money for a new blouse. He might court-martial me for insubordination. I would rather get it myself and then go out walking with him—and his medals.

About the women. Nobody knows the answer. Not the most expert of the labor experts.

But a keen bank president says: "Our one hope is that business will be big enough to accommodate them all."

I say so, too. And if it isn't big enough, let's stretch it a little.



Where *the* War Left Business

By *William G. Shepherd*

Everybody's Correspondent in Washington

Cartoons by Ralph Barton

EVEN a fish knows that when an outsider tries to monkey with American business, he makes trouble.

Now that the war is over and the censorship is off, I am permitted to tell how traitorously our American fish acted during the war, when outside influences tried to direct the fish business.

You, gentle Average Reader, eat eighteen pounds of fish a year, while your British cousin eats sixty-seven. It was therefore decided at Washington, by the powers, that you should be coaxed into a raging fish hunger. Pieces in the papers were written to make your mouth water for fish; posters showing beautifully colored fish, lying in beds of parsley and cool fresh vegetables, were stuck up in your town railroad station and post-office. By all the expert calculations of the propagandists you were soon shrieking for fish; you were turned into a man who would perish if he couldn't have his fish every day.

After that came the job of catching the fish for you. The men who monkeyed with the fish business before experts came into power, found that so much linen was being used for airplane wings and military equipment that linen nets were running short.

"Righto!" they said. "Cotton isn't as strong as linen, but we'll make our nets of cotton, with larger threads. We've got folks hungry for fish and now we must get the fish."

So down into the clear waters of the Great Lakes and into the cold depths of the sea on the Pacific Coast where the salmon disport went the cotton nets in place of the linen nets that have been used through the centuries by all fishermen.

A Fish Strike

IT WAS a secret in war time, as I have said, but I can tell it now:

The fish struck. It was a linen net or nothing with them. Linen meshes are almost invisible to a fish in water; perhaps entirely so, judging by the number of fish caught in them every year. But cotton meshes—

"Why, a cotton net looks like a white rail fence to a fish," said an expert in Herbert Hoover's office in Washington. "He turns around and goes right away from it."

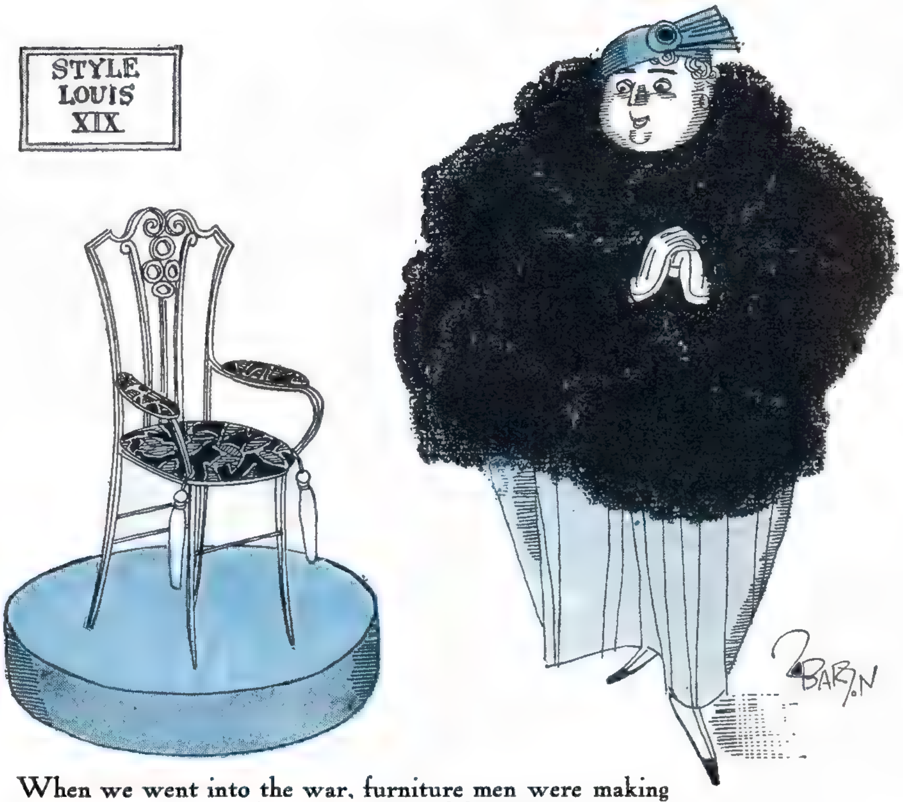
And thus, at the end of the war, our fish industry was below par, and might have gone lower if the airplanes had demanded still more linen.

Outsiders, monkeying with business, often make a mess of it. But when insiders, men in business themselves, set about in unison to change affairs in their own business, something is bound to happen.

One of the biggest outstanding facts in Washington these days is that the war set the American business man to putting his own house in order and that he was well on the way toward eliminating many of the things that were foolish and wasteful in business, when the end of the war came with a sudden bang, and left him with his job unfinished on his hands.

I don't mean to say that the end of the war came too soon for the American manufacturer; it came too soon for no one in all the world. But what I do seek to point out is that, if the war had continued for another year, the American business of manufacturing would have been placed on a basis somewhat different from that of 1914.

I found the low, squat buildings of the War Industries Board and the Council of National Defense filled with this belief, as I went about its narrow hallways on the morning of the day that the armistice was signed. The business men at their desks there, gathered from almost every walk of business and every corner of the United States, seemed to me like soldiers who, suddenly, in the midst of a great, successful drive, were ordered to cease fighting. They were like a hive of bees, suddenly ordered to stop making honey.



When we went into the war, furniture men were making over two million variations of furniture.

Business's Double Job

IT WILL go down in the history of American business that the American business man, during the war, did a double job. He helped tremendously to win the war, but, while doing so, he set about correcting every fault in business which he found in his war-time analysis of business methods.

He didn't get them all corrected, by a long way. Whether he ever does, depends not upon him, but upon the consuming public.

In his war-time work he discovered that some of his peace-time errors and wastes were so great as to be ludicrous. It is literally the fact that groups of manufacturers, gathered at the War Industries Board in Washington at the various summons of the Government, to consider war-time retrenchment, have burst into violent laughter when, putting their trade secrets and practises altogether on the table they discovered some of the great wastes which their competition had produced.

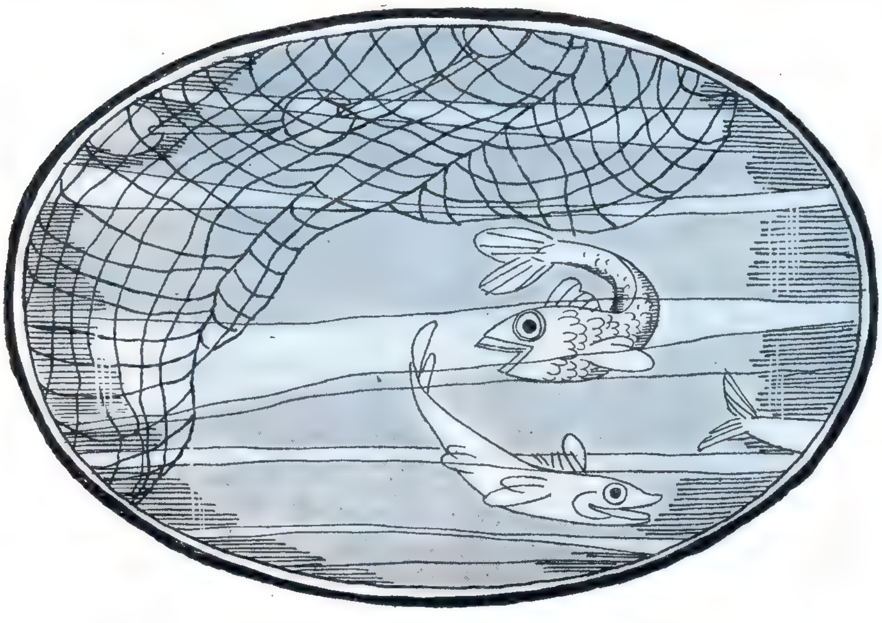
Perhaps one of the biggest of these jokes of waste came out at a meeting of agricultural vehicle manufacturers.

"We make fourteen hundred and sixty different kinds of wheels," said one wheel manufacturer. He was showered with questions, and when it dawned upon the hearers that each one of these wheels was only just a little bit different from the others, but that great masses of special patterns and special machinery were necessary for such a variety, they burst into laughter at the ludicrousness of the demands which they had been making upon this one wheel manufacturer.

"Well, they were all round wheels, and that's the best you can say for them," summarized one wagon-maker.

Before many days had passed the wagon and wheel makers themselves had monkeyed with their own business to the extent of cutting down the variety of farm wagon-wheels by several hundred per cent. And never again, if they have their way, war or no war, will there occur the wastes in materials, time, labor, and stock that they found in their business of 1914.

Furniture manufacturers rushed to Washington, at the signing of the armistice, to try to prevent the stoppage of the reforms which they had under way in their business. They appealed to the President of the United States and to Congress not to permit the War Industries Board to cease its labors until they had reformed themselves.



The fish struck. It was a linen net or nothing. A cotton net looks like a white rail fence to a fish.

Furniture Foolishness

DURING their war-time analysis of their business and the consequent retrenchment, the furniture makers of the United States made a discovery which any of them will repeat to you with astonishment and laughter.

They were making, at the lowest estimate, when we went into the war over two million variations of furniture! I use an exclamation point to describe the tone in which some of the leaders in the furniture-making industry told me the story in Washington, on the day the war came to an end.

Ninety per cent. of them want this practise ended. Before the war, they had no idea how far their business, in respect to competition in types, had run amuck; the end of the war came only to find them busily at work on the job of reaching some sort of sanity, and with the job not done.

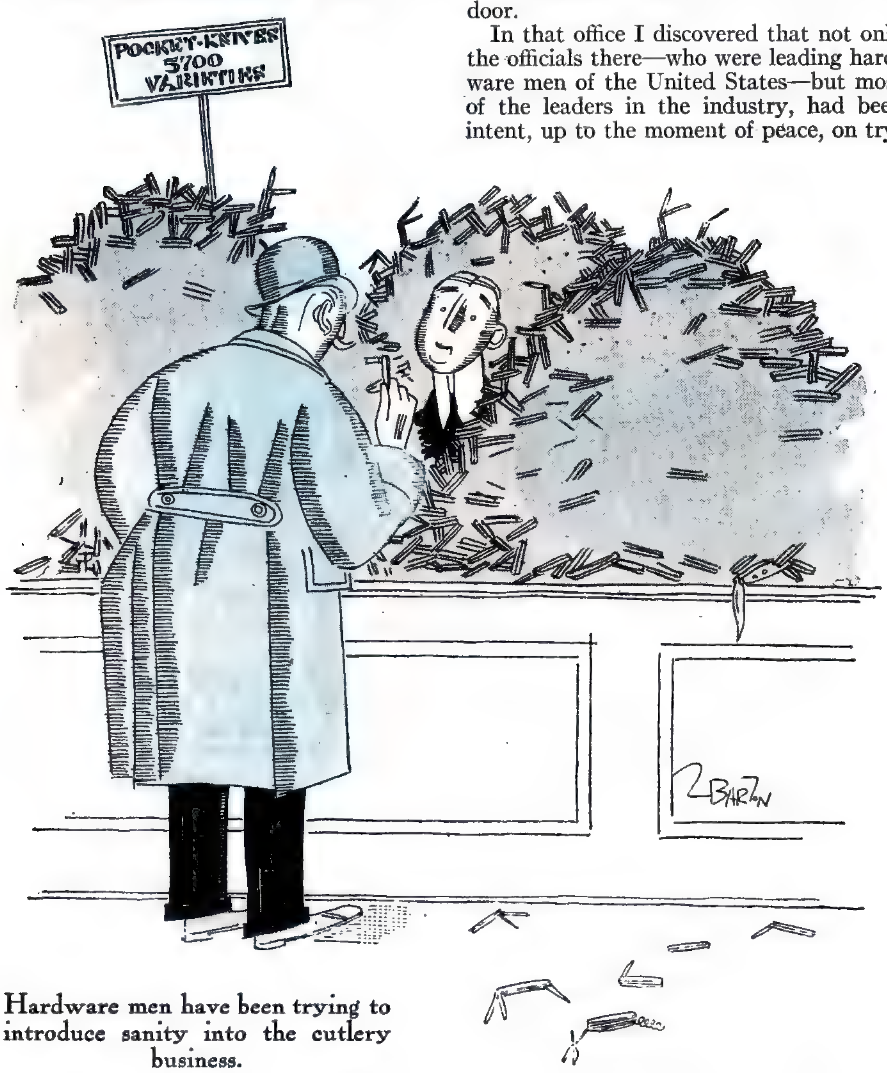
From the consumers' view-point I stepped into the furniture-makers' maelstrom at Washington, and above the clamor, I asked:

"How will it help the consumer to have all these two million and one types of furniture reduced to standard types?"

"Why, can't you see?" answered one manufacturer. "We've been adding talking points for our salesmen, from year to year, until we're almost swamped. As soon as one furniture exposition was over—we used to have from three to four expositions every year and almost everybody would make a new line for each exposition—

we would start out to get ready for the next exposition.

"Salesmen would go out on the road with the next newest wrinkle and the furniture-store men would have to buy our new patterns in order to keep up to date. It didn't make any difference how much furniture the store man had on hand already. He had to get the latest furniture and dispose of the old stock he had on hand as best he could. And the pity of it was that it wasn't really old stock; only a few months behind the latest patterns. The profit in furniture had to be tremendous to keep the trade alive. And it was all because of the waste of competition."



Hardware men have been trying to introduce sanity into the cutlery business.

Peace and the War on Waste

FROM office to office I went on that first day of peace—I was in the very heart of the American manufacturing business there, and almost every man I met was a dollar-a-year leader in his line of industry—and everywhere I heard the same story.

"We were just getting ready to cut out permanently, if possible, a lot of absurd wastes we had discovered in our trade," was, in gist, what I heard at every turn. "Almost every industry represented here in this War Industries Building was ready to do the same when the end came to-day."

This last declaration was one worth probing. Down the long, narrow halls I walked, seeing on plainly printed cards at every doorway the names of almost every manufacturing or producing industry in the United States. It was like walking through a living encyclopedia of American business, and I was at a loss where to start.

Suddenly I was conscious that I was fingering my jack-knife in my trousers pocket; at the same instant my eye rested on the sign, "Hardware." I entered the door.

In that office I discovered that not only the officials there—who were leading hardware men of the United States—but most of the leaders in the industry, had been intent, up to the moment of peace, on trying to introduce sanity into the cutlery business.

One factory alone, through competition, had been forced to make fifty-seven hundred different kinds of pocket-knives! Again, and for the same reason, the exclamation point. Others made almost as fabulously large numbers of patterns. Most of them didn't want to do it. How to stop it, by getting together and reaching a common understanding, without violating the Sherman anti-trust law, was a problem which they had solved through the orders of the War Industries Board and the war-time conferences of the cutlery makers.

Making Hardware Sane

THEY were ready to cut down the varieties of pocket-knives made in the United States to two hundred and fifty. And they were afraid that, if the War Industries Board went out of existence, they would be unable to make a trade agreement because of the antitrust laws.

"But aren't you trying to Germanize industry?" I suggested. "German business men stick to few types, and when I was there I felt that I was living in a patented land, with everything alike."

"You're wrong," answered a cutlery expert. "One German firm that we looked into had a catalog that was a joke-book. Its scissors catalog was an inch and a half thick and it offered three thousand different varieties of scissors.

"We didn't make many scissors in the United States before the war," he added. "All the surgical shears with which the wounds of American boys were dressed on the battle-fields were made by the enemy across the way. We're starting to make scissors here now, and it's decided that, if we can help it, we won't fall into the error of fighting among ourselves and going to the expense of offering to American women three thousand different kinds of household scissors."

Lawn-mower Madness

GARDEN tools caught my householder fancy.

I discovered that the poor bewildered commuter of peace times had a choice of some two hundred and seven standard different types of lawn-mowers. I don't mean lawn-mowers made by different firms, but the same types of lawn-mowers, made, in a general way, by all firms. These had been cut down to six. And if the lawn-mower makers have their way, they are going to forget most of the two hundred and seven. For every different type of lawn-mower, patterns valued perhaps at millions of dollars were in existence, and for each part that was made the costs were excessive because, in factory terms, the workmen were forced to toil at short lines; that is, making a few pieces of this sort and then a few pieces of another sort, only a minute bit different from the first.

The makers of builders' hardware told me:

"Why, back in 1914 we were almost tailors. We tried to meet every whim that could come into the mind of a man in our manufacture of hardware for buildings. There was nothing we didn't try to get into our catalogs. A man who built a new hotel would want a door-lock that would light the room when you opened the door, turn on the water and throw back the sheets. And we made it for him, if we could, and down it went on to our catalog, and everybody else would follow along and put the same thing into his line. A catalog with thirty thousand items in it was not exceptional. We had every shape, every pattern, and every finish that could be devised and were always looking wildly for more.

"The Lord only knows how many hundreds of thousands of tons of metal were tied up in surplus stocks. We didn't want to commit all this waste of effort and time and material, but we couldn't stop, because the other fellow would get ahead if we did."

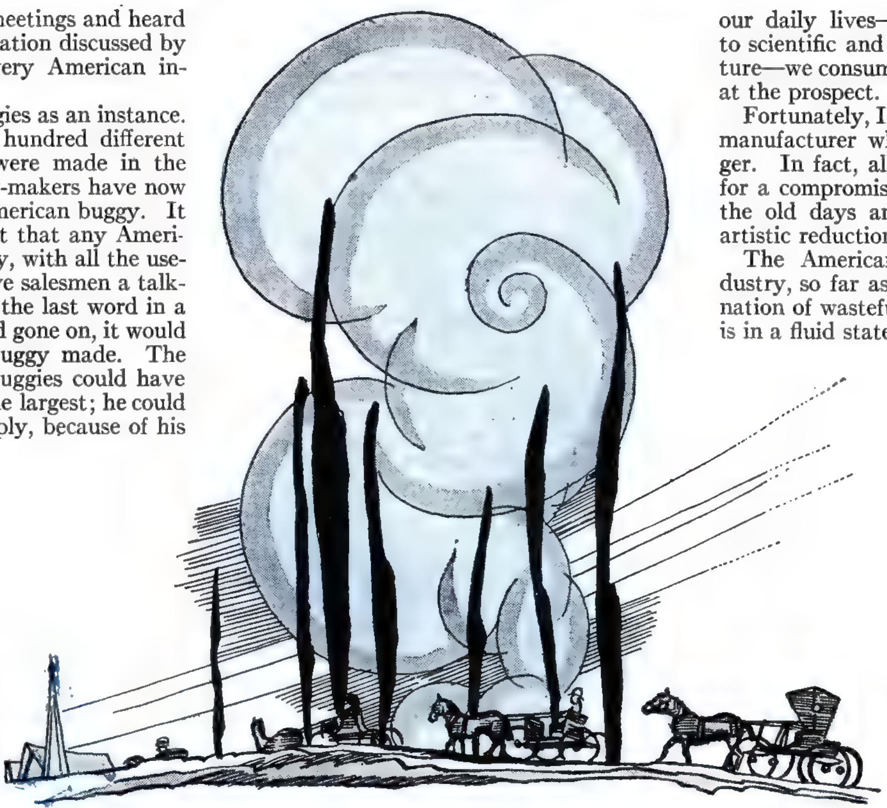
As a consumer among a throng of producers, my interest grew with each new interview, and as a man with a mind bent to the view that the big business man can usually take care of himself while the little one ought to be given every chance to become a big one, if he's smart enough, I sought the opinion of a leader who might explain to me the benefit of standardization from the consumers' and the small manufacturers' standpoint.

"It will help everybody, to reduce this riot of types in American industry," said the head of a great factory who had sat in hundreds of war-board meetings and heard the project of standardization discussed by the chiefs of almost every American industry.

"Let me give you buggies as an instance. Out of almost three hundred different kinds of buggies that were made in the United States, the buggy-makers have now evolved just one—the American buggy. It has everything good in it that any American ever put into a buggy, with all the useless frills, intended to give salesmen a talking-point, cut out. It's the last word in a buggy and, if the war had gone on, it would have been the only buggy made. The small manufacturer of buggies could have made it just as well as the largest; he could have made it more cheaply, because of his low overhead, and the buggy-buyer, as a result, would have been inclined to turn to the small manufacturer in expectation of paying less to him than to the big dealer.

"Here's a basic principle of manufacture we discovered in Washington this past year. Put it down in your book just as I give it to you:

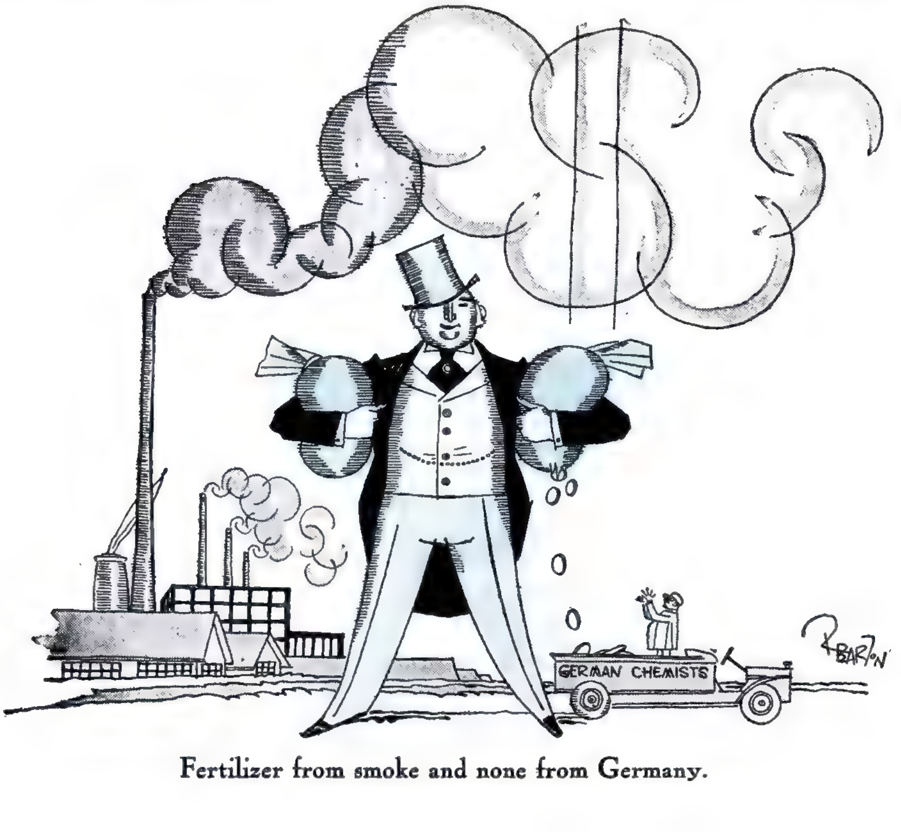
"Whenever you decrease variety you increase production and you decrease unit cost. There's the whole thing in a nutshell."



Out of three hundred different kinds has been evolved the one great American buggy.

Far be it from me to commit myself on this matter or on any matter that came to my attention in Washington in respect to changes in American business after the war. I am merely reporting facts, beliefs, and tendencies as I found them.

I sometimes found two sides to the story. There is, for instance, the bird-cage makers of the United States who made six hundred and seventy different kinds of bird-cages honestly and beautifully. He and his fellows, who bring much art to their creations, agreed to retain only one hundred and seventy types during the war. All prison cells look very much alike and it would, indeed, be possible to make just one kind of bird-cage, a sort of plain lockup. It would reduce the cost to do so. Economically it might be sound, but if beauty and expressions of art are to be taken out of the things that surround us in our homes and our daily lives—are to be sacrificed to scientific and economical manufacture—we consumers may well shudder at the prospect.



Fertilizer from smoke and none from Germany.

Fortunately, I found more than one manufacturer who realized this danger. In fact, all of them are seeking for a compromise between the riot of the old days and the rigorous anti-artistic reduction of recent war times.

The American manufacturing industry, so far as this matter of elimination of wasteful types is concerned, is in a fluid state. Indeed, rather, it is like a red-hot iron, ready to be pounded into almost any form that the manufacturers and the consumers desire. Governmental orders may not be given in a free and democratic America to help industry toward standardization of types. It will be necessary to have an election, I am told. *In every department store, or grocery store, or every hardware store, in every store of any sort in the United States, for years to come, every American purchaser will be voting, through his demands and through his purchases, whether he will be content with less frilly wares, but better and honester ones. And the manufacturers who make these wares will be counting the votes, and conducting their business accordingly.*

But I found other wastes, uncovered in war time, that most certainly we shall not resume. These I came upon in the Railroad Administration.

Out at Wenatchee, Washington, in the heart of the apple country, every afternoon at five o'clock during peace times, in apple season, twenty-five cars would be loaded with apples. At eleven o'clock every night one of James J. Hill's monster locomotives would slowly draw these cars out onto the main line and then, with a mighty plunge, start on an express-speed dash toward St. Paul and the apple-hungry East, running neck and neck with the fastest passenger trains.

Railroad Wastes

THOSE apple specials were the pride of all the railroaders and shippers who had anything to do with them. But they weren't the pride of hard-headed old James J. Hill. He knew that each special train was just seven cars too long. He knew that each car should have been carrying about nine hundred boxes of apples instead of six hundred and fifty; that apples were rotting in Washington for lack of cars. But he couldn't change matters and prevent the waste of apples, space, and energy, because six hundred and fifty boxes was the shipping unit of the apple men.

A carload of apples was six hundred and fifty boxes. It used to be six hundred and fifty boxes when box cars were small. When box cars were made larger—almost doubled in size—a carload of apples was still six hundred and fifty boxes; and to change this unit of shipment seemed to be nobody's business, until the war came. Then the railroad administration of the Government changed it to nine hundred boxes. It will undoubtedly stay there. Small shippers, by a special rule, are permitted to pool their shipments, so, it is calculated, they will lose nothing by the larger units. And apples, if fair play runs through other departments of the fruit business, ought evermore hereafter to be cheaper and more abundant in the Eastern cities.

Enter Common Sense

SHIPPING customs in the tobacco trade, as brought to light during the war, made even the tobacco men laugh. Somewhere, back in the distant past of the tobacco trade, somebody decided that tobacco ought to be shipped in a cask either fifty-two or sixty inches high. This was in the days when a box car was about the size of the motor-truck of to-day. The weight of a carload of these casks was comparatively light. They were placed on end in a car, covering the floor space; when the floor was covered the car was called full. But when box cars were almost doubled in capacity in recent years, it *wasn't* full. Between the tops of the casks and the roof of the car there was almost as much space as the casks were already occupying. Almost, but not quite. There wasn't quite room to put in another layer, even by laying the upper casks on their sides.

It didn't occur to any one, because it really was no one's particular business, to change the size of the casks so that the spare room below the roof in each car might be utilized. Besides, to have changed the cask sizes would have meant a change in the tobacco man's bookkeeping; he would have had to adopt a new unit of shipment, and clutter up all his mathematics and calculations. How many millions of ton-space has been wasted in box cars through this practise, back in the days when we used to have our annual car shortages, no one can calculate. But it is all being changed now, by the Railroad Administration, and it will undoubtedly stay changed. Tobacco casks will not be more than forty-eight inches high if present plans carry. Two layers of them, upended, will fill a car, and by Rule CS-12 of the Railroad Administration, the small shipper can take advantage of the double or triple loading order, and can pool his shipment with other small dealers. Thirty thousand cars instead of fifty thousand can handle next year's tobacco crop, thanks to the new-size casks.

All of the units of grain shipment were too small, because they were based on small box-car standards. As the railroad men look back now to the car shortage of 1907, when hundreds of thousands of tons of wheat rotted on the ground in Western towns because the elevators were full, they marvel at the stupidity of somebody whose identity is unfixed. The car-load unit of wheat then was only one thousand bushels. The cars would have held two thousand bushels on an average, but no one could change the trade unit. And so when one precious car rolled into a community to carry wheat to a country that needed it, that same car rolled away again carrying only half its capacity, and left wheat rotting behind it. The car-load unit of wheat will never again fall to one thousand bushels, as it was before the war. It will proably remain at two thousand bushels, and the small shipper, in this case also, can fall back on the new double and triple loading rule.

Car-loads of flour will probably remain at thirty tons instead of eighteen tons. A trade car-load of oats, hereafter, will probably be two thousand bushels instead of one thousand. A car-load of fertilizers, which used to be about twenty-one tons, will be thirty-two tons.

No one at present wants these new standards changed. The small dealer, who at first protested that the small unit of shipment put him on a par with the big dealer, while the larger unit gave the big man all the best of it, is to be satisfied, I am told, with permission to pool his shipments with other small dealers, a thing that was banned in the days before the war. There have also been fixed certain days in each town, known as "sailing-days," on which small shippers can be sure of finding car space. Whether the small dealer will have fair play under the new arrangement remains to be seen. In the present fluid, fluxing changes of business, prophecies and declarations are for fools. Writing of business, one can only report observations, impressions, and past performances.

There were lesser wastes discovered in shipping during the war that are interesting, but that may not have been permanently abated. For instance, it was discovered that twice as many baby-carriages can be shipped in a car if the handles are removed and wired under the carriage.

These are all changes that are interesting in showing to what extreme extent the business men of America went in their effort to carry on the war by avoiding waste; they will not necessarily be permanent, as they involve extraneous considerations of economy.

By such changes, however, the two million two hundred and fifty thousand box cars in the United States that were so desperately needed when our tide of business was seaward and warward, were increased by one hundred and twenty-five thousand cars. Savings effected were equivalent to taking a large number of men and much precious material out of other war-time industries and having them applied to the building of one hundred and twenty-five thousand additional cars.

From Gun-food to Plant-food

PERHAPS the biggest joke that has been uncovered in business during the war has to do with the belches of black smoke from our factory chimneys. In pre-war times our token of prosperity was smoke. Campaign posters which exhibited great cities showing dimly through clouds of smoke were calculated to catch our attention and our vote. Plant life, trees, grass and grain, which were blighted by the same smoke, received little sympathy from us. And yet, by war-time disclosures, there is in that selfsame smoke the very elements that keep plant life alive.

During the war we discovered that Germany sent to us most of the two hundred and sixty thousand tons of potash that we required for fertilizer in this country every year. During the war we learned that we must find potash elsewhere. And our chemists found some of it in the clouds of smoke that came from certain blast-furnaces and cement kilns. Catching this smoke and taking from it the atoms that make up its billowy bulk, the war-time chemists have calculated that its dust will yield us at least sixty thousand tons each year of the potash which is so essential to the propagation of our various food crops. If the war had become a matter of life and death with us, and if our shortage of fertilizers had become so acute that money expenditures would have been of no account, our scientists might have taken down out of the clouds of smoke from our vast furnace chimneys enough potash to fertilize our fields.

Perhaps even yet, with the impetus that the war-time activity has given them, they may work out a chemical or electrical means of "knocking down smoke," as they call it, that will be sufficiently cheap in operation to justify its daily use in producing potash.

No Armistice for Waste

"CANNONS and plants eat the same food," said a celebrated commercial chemist on the War Industries Board, when it was demanded of him and his colleague that they produce, from the illimitable natural resources of the United States, enough chemical fertilizers to keep the crops of America a-coming. He demonstrated that the nitrogen compounds, the extracts of sulfuric acid, phosphorus and potash, which were generally recognized as being the chief artificial plant foods, were also the basic compounds of the explosives of the war.

"When the hungry guns are silenced," said this chemist, "we will turn into the fields all the gun-food that we have discovered in the United States during the war, and there is good reason to believe that we will have enough plant-food to keep our crops going without having to send to the German potash-mines for more."

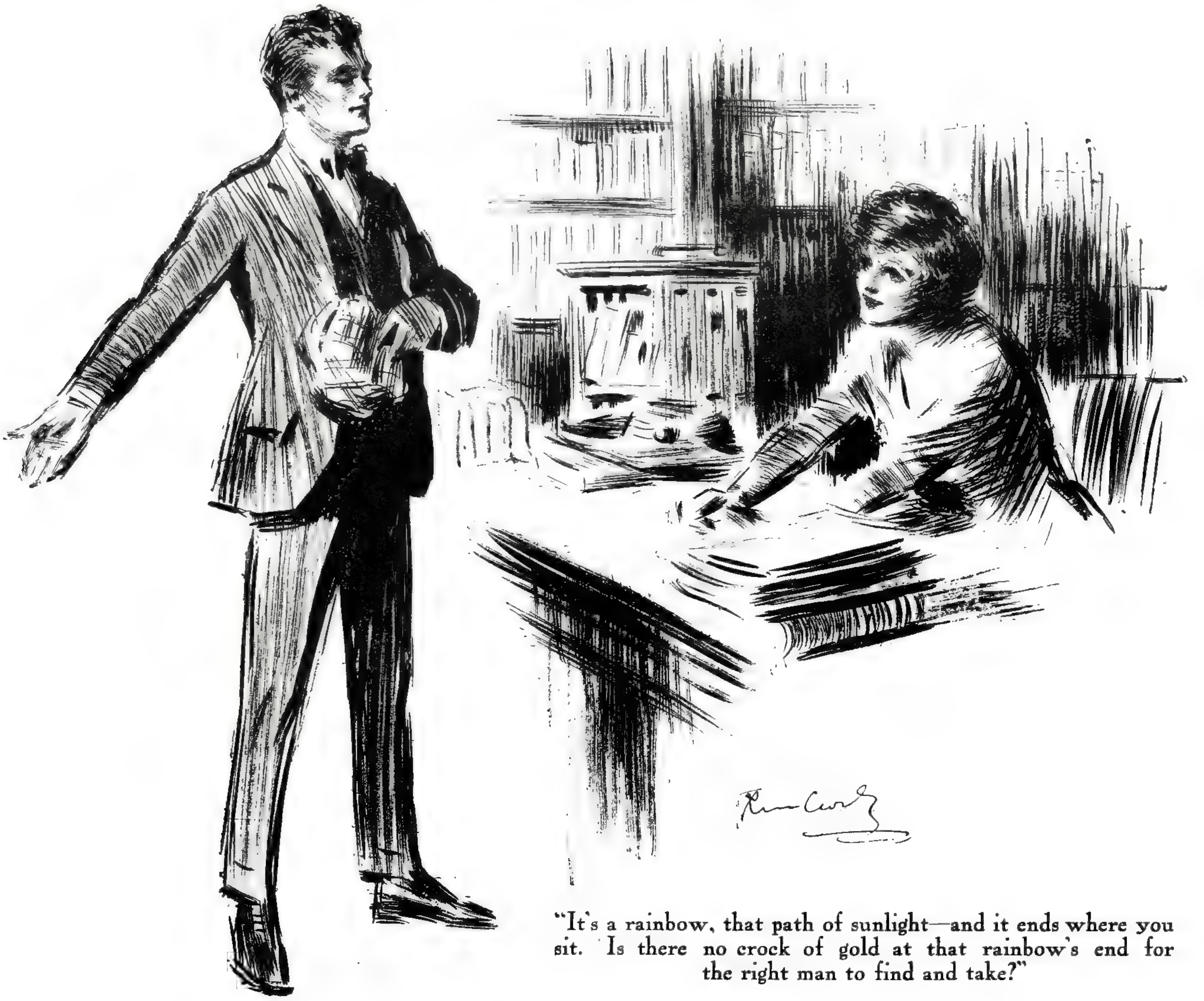
Already Riverside, California, and Hagerstown, Maryland, by processes discovered since the war, have relieved themselves, respectively, of the blight of cement-oven and blast-furnace smoke by "knocking down" the smoke and selling the dust in potash form to near-by farmers or fruit-growers.

Whether the development of these processes and changes continues will depend upon whether or not the War Industries Board, the Railroad Administration, or some other branches of government equipped with equivalent powers are maintained in the future.

American business wants to get together. Under the War Industries Board it could do so. It knows that the Sherman anti-trust law in peace times will not permit it to get together to fix prices or trade arrangements.

The general impression I got on that last day of war in the buildings of the War Industries Board was that American business men will be sorry to see the War Industries Board go into limbo.

For the first time in the history of American business, American business men have had, through the War Industries Board, the Railroad Administration, and other governmental bodies, an honest and out-in-the-open representation in the Government, and while they had their day it is to their credit that not only did they perform their share in carrying on the war, but they tried, in a large way, to set the intricate and sometimes unfair and wasteful game of business aright and true.



"It's a rainbow, that path of sunlight—and it ends where you sit. Is there no crock of gold at that rainbow's end for the right man to find and take?"

The CROCK *of* GOLD

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrations by Raymond M. Crosby

THERE are dates that one does not forget. It was on the last Monday of June, in 1914, that Jerry Byrne walked into the public library in Fairmount, and into Violet Stanton's life. He wanted to know why a Serb named Prinzip should have been moved to shoot Franz Ferdinand, the Archduke, in Serajevo, the day before; he had need to brush up his knowledge of Balkan affairs. He was smiling faintly as he crossed the threshold; his hopes of finding exact information were not high. But there would be a Britannica, of course; perhaps the "Statesman's Year-Book"; conceivably, the "Almanach de Gotha"; if he were in great luck the shelves would hold that terrifying German encyclopedia that anticipated von Tirpitz in the matter of ruthlessness.

He had come along a tree-shaded street. The new building of the library was warm among the trees by virtue of its red sandstone. Outside it had been hot, but it was early enough for the freshness of the morning to defy the sun. Birds sang; roses were everywhere; the hum of insects filled the warm, soft air. Jerry walked into a recess of shade and coolness; a dim room, high ceilinged, with dancing beams of light that came through leaded windows and were set to rhythmic leaping by the wind that stirred the branches just outside.

Jerry glanced at a girl who sat behind a table. But before, still smiling, he went to her, he paid the great room the tribute it deserved. Here, and it amazed him that it should be so, he found a temple, not a storehouse. The books that were about him here had friends. He found them in their home.

They welcomed him; from their shelves they cried out a greeting to him; they offered him the freedom of their dwelling place. He nodded to them, pleasantly, easily.

He knew his way in such a matter. His eyes could laugh; blue eyes, deep-set above tanned cheeks. His hair was black; it was disordered, as if he had been walking, hatless, and the wind had had its way with it. Not very tall, he was so lithe that he had no need of greater stature. There was a curious spring about his walk as he crossed the room; there was grace in all his movements, the athlete's grace.

His eyes turned now to Violet Stanton. He didn't know her from Eve; more, he didn't know her from Miss Sharpe, her friend, the true custodian of this shrine of books, whose place Violet was filling for a summer morning. Yet there were things about her he did know; one must have thought he knew them by some odd instinct. He could appraise the quality of the straw hat that lay upon the table; his eyebrows went up, ever so faintly, at intimations that her gown conveyed. Not for a moment did its simplicity deceive him. But for all his knowledge he was ready to accept her as she was and where she was; there the Celt in him appeared.

His progress to her brought him nearer, with each step, to the climax of an admiring gratitude; filled him with thoughts of the votive offerings he owed the gods for showing him, here, where he might least have looked for it, beauty incarnate in this girl who waited to serve him.

She glowed before the somber background of the books. Byrne saw that they lived by virtue of the abundant life that emanated from her; saw, as he came near to her, that it was her color that they held. Her hair was of the color that lurks in the heart of a dying fire; the sun had touched cheeks and throat and the arms that flashed beneath the sheer stuff of her sleeves. Her lips were curves of deepest red; her eyes . . . they made him pause.

He resented them. They were so cool; gray eyes, meeting his frankly. Mirth they might hold, and friendliness; many good things. But they checked him; they shattered, as he met them, dreams, this glowing creature had set him, already, to dreaming. They were eyes that would look for things his own would rather overlook; before them minor things would grow. They put a brake upon his leaping thoughts. He sighed. And then his white teeth gleamed behind his parted lips.

"Good morning!" he said, and bowed to her. "There's news in the papers this morning that makes me think even the Atlantic can't keep us much longer from taking thought of cabbages and kings. And about these Balkans—I know just enough more about them than the papers do to know how little it is I really know! May I look on your reference shelves?"

"Of course," she told him. "But we're not too well stocked, I'm afraid. You think there may be consequences?"

"I'm sure of it," he said. "I backed the wrong horse down there two years ago. I had my choice between the Serbians and the Bulgarians—I took the Bulgarians. They are efficient—but I didn't like them. And I listened with reservations of my own to the talk at mess. Sofia and Vienna were friendly in those days. It was by the luck of a Turkish bullet through my lungs that I wasn't in the second row. And I was too sick while things were being botched at Bucharest to know—or care—just what went on behind locked doors."

Gray eyes were wide now as they stared at him. Blue serge, a little shiny, none too well cut in the beginning. Dusty shoes. A rather shocking tie. And a Turkish bullet through the lungs! Such things came into the public library of Fairmount between the covers of books, not in worn serge! She got up, and walked toward shelves upon which there lay great, bulky books crammed with facts. He followed her.

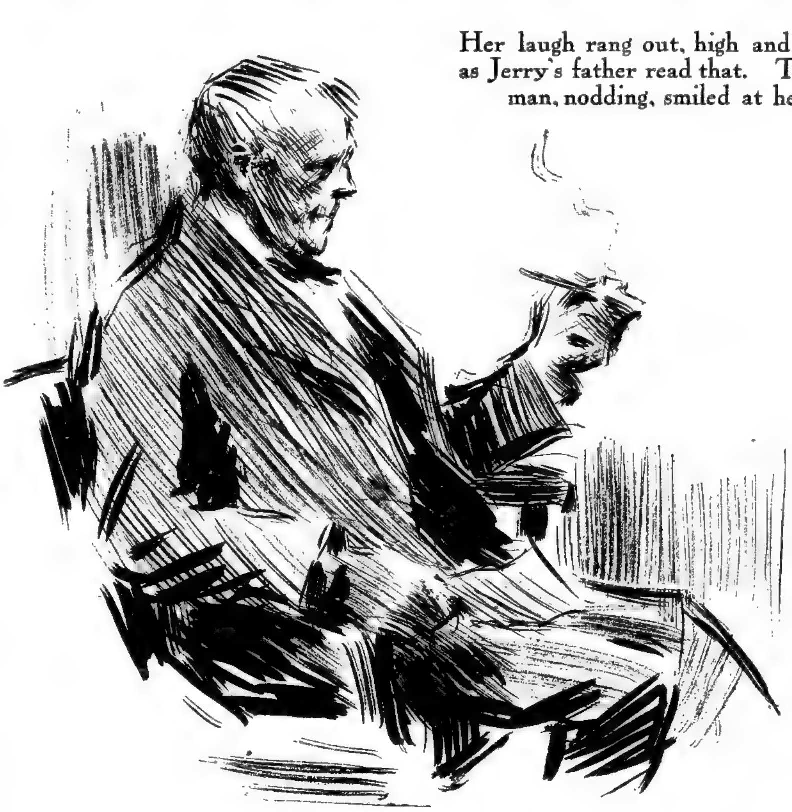
"I hope you'll find something," she said doubtfully. "But you must have first-hand knowledge. You fought in the Balkan war?"

"I had a Bulgarian uniform! I did a little flying over Adrianople, and up toward Chatalja. Of course, since then aeroplanes have come fast. I did tricks at a state fair ten days ago that might have changed the history of Europe if we'd known them in 1912."

"You want to look things up," she said suddenly, with great firmness. "And I'm—I'm the librarian. But—please finish and come back to my desk and tell me about flying! And what all this talk of the Balkans means!"

It took him no more than half an hour to glean all the facts the reference shelves held for him. He might have shortened the time if his eyes had not wandered so often to look at Violet Stanton. Once their eyes met. She was not greatly occupied. A magazine was open before her; once or twice children came in seeking books, lowering their voices, a little awed. He rose at last; replaced carefully two volumes of the Britannica; smiled at her. Her answering smile was an invitation.

"There's so little to tell, after all!" he said. "Some people want to talk one language rather than another. Important gentlemen in frock coats sit around a table in Vienna and make a decision about the importation of pigs. There's talk. And a man and his wife are killed. It may be the spark. If enough of them think they're ready—it will be."



Her laugh rang out, high and clear, as Jerry's father read that. The old man, nodding, smiled at her.

"You don't mean a war—a great war?" she said. "How can there be anything like that? With international finance what it is?"

He smiled again.

"I don't know anything about that," he said. "But I think there can be war. I've been in one, you see. People told me that little show couldn't ever come off, too. They said that London and Berlin and Paris and Petersburg would stop it. But—that bullet I got convinced me that war hadn't been stopped."

"But this is different. Tell me—why are you so interested? You're an American, aren't you?"

"By grace of the steerage and the papers my father took out when I was three and a half!" he answered. "I've called this town my home from Nicaragua to Odessa. Three times, in ten years, I've seen it. This is the third time."

Words were on the tongue of Violet Stanton. But those gray eyes of hers swept over Jerry Byrne again swiftly. She bit her lips.

"You've done a lot of flying?" she said, instead of something else.

"Enough," he said. "I started too late. Maybe that saved my neck—it let too many in ahead of me. Flying was just another of my rainbows."

Her eyebrows rose inquiringly.

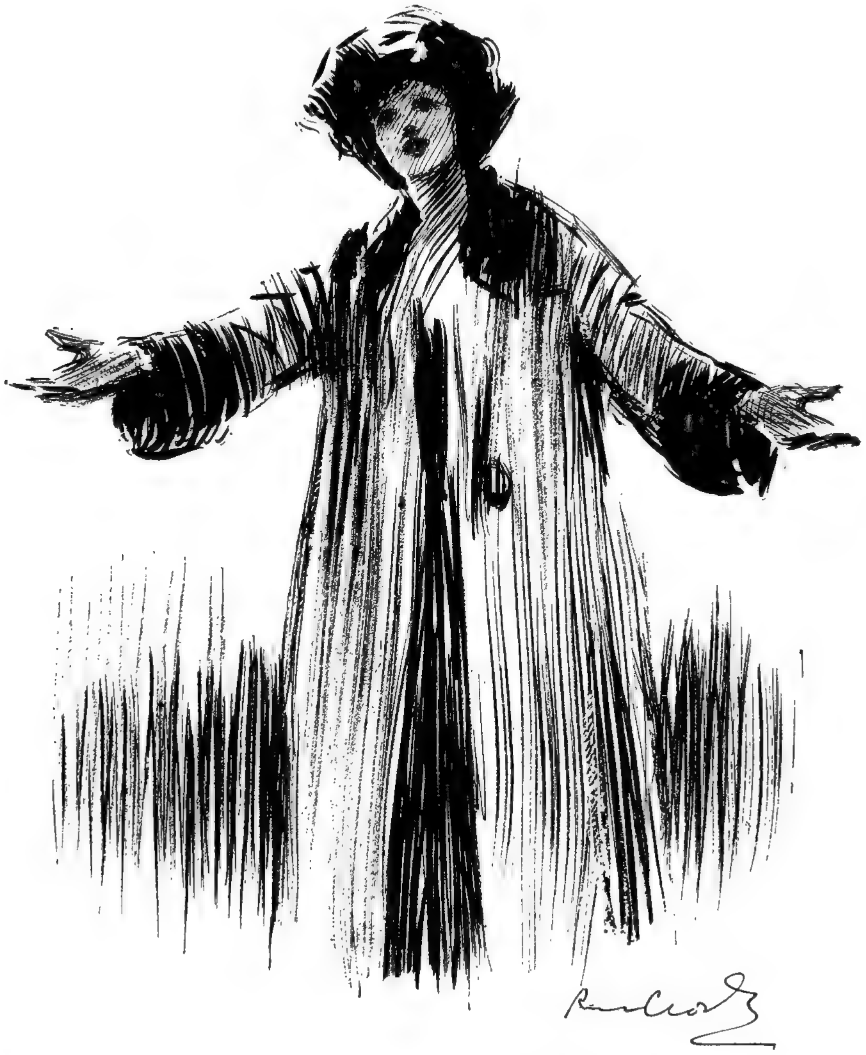
"I've gone about hunting for the crock of gold at the end of rainbows—all my life I've done that," he explained. "But there's only one crock of gold for each rainbow, you see—and always some one has been ahead of me."

"But suppose—oh, just suppose!" she cried, intrigued. "Suppose there never had been a crock of gold? For you—or any one?"

"I'll never suppose that!" he cried, and laughed. "It's always there—until the right soul finds it." He drew away. And suddenly his lips tightened. He stared at her, with eyes grown somber, with head thrown forward in a deep amazement.

"You can't see," he said. "Don't stir! As you sit there—the sun has carved a path to your head! Its light has reached you. Little motes are dancing in the path it's made. And—oh, it's a trick of the glass—a bubble that was missed when the pane was passed! But it's a rainbow, that path of sunlight—and it ends where you sit. Is there no crock of gold at that rainbow's end for the right man to find and take?"

Gray eyes were wide again with wonder, a little with dismay. As she stared at him she caught her breath. His eyes were dancing; little points of fire gleamed in them. He laughed, without sound, without mirth; his head was thrown back; his right arm flung itself out in a wide gesture of affirmation. His eyes held hers. And in his there came the dawn of a new wonder and delight. He saw hers change; he saw the melting of that gray frost.



And then, suddenly, she laughed at him. She rose. She swept him a mocking courtesy. And . . . her eyes were her own again.

"Follow your rainbow!" she said. "I'll tell you where to find it—and the crock of gold that's waiting there for you! It is a rainbow of rhymed lines that you should seek, poet!"

He laughed with her. He could not know how great her condescension was. He had only that moment's melting of her eyes to hint at the mischief he had wrought.

"Ah, I'm no poet!" he said. "I might be—I may be!—many things. But never a poet!" He bowed. "I must go."

"I think you are supposed to sign a book," she said sedately. "A matter of form—it's there——"

He signed. And then he sighed.

"It isn't fair," he said. "If I had a book for you to sign——"

"I am Violet Stanton," she said.

It was not in her voice. But in that town for her to say that was as if one might say casually, "Oh, of course, I'm President Wilson!" He bowed.

"Thank you, Miss Stanton," he said, "for many things. If you happen to look, I signed myself J. Byrne. It's Jerry Byrne I'm called."

He went out. The sound of his whistling come back to Violet Stanton. She sat down again, looking after him. An odd smile lurked in the corners of her mouth. A beam of sunlight came dancing down into her eyes. A bird, just outside, sang madly.

"Go away! You've no right to stay—Jerry Byrne!" she said, a full, long minute after he had gone.

But he stayed. He was there when Miss Sharpe came back and relieved Violet from her vigil; he laughed at Violet from the wind-stirred trees when she went out. And he smiled at her that night, under the stars at the club dance, when she was sitting out with Jimmy Randolph. Was it he who stirred in her the imp of perversity that seized upon each clumsy phrase of Jimmy's until, appalled, disconcerted, he fled from her, muttering? She thought so—and smiled back at the ghost of Jerry Byrne, still smiling at her.

It was a month before she saw Jerry Byrne again. And in that month things that could not happen had come to pass. The world had lived through that last, mad week of realization that war might come, was coming, had come. Hysteria was in the air; Violet, at the wheel of her own swift car, was seeking sanity in a mad dash along a lonely country road.

A tire blew out at the one moment in which she had even a chance to avert disaster. Her car swerved madly across the road; superbly she brought it back from the ditch and held the road until she stopped—with Jerry Byrne fifty feet away. She clung to the wheel a moment, staring at him, with fingers like steel springs. She was sobbing; the sharpness of her breathing racked her. And then she saw him running toward her, clumsily, but with incredible speed.

His eyes were on her every moment. They steadied her. She was smiling when he reached her.

"I know I deserve to be dead!" she said. "So don't tell me, please, Mr. Byrne!"

"No," he said, "I won't. I'll fix that tire for you, instead—I've got to do something, with my hands, right away."

For ten minutes he worked, and said nothing at all. And Violet went and sat down on the bank on the other side of the road, and dropped her head into her hands, and shook. Wild flowers framed her as she sat; behind her were waving rows of corn, bowed by the weight of golden ears of grain.

He rose from the ground at last and turned to her.

"That's better," he said. "I knew it was you—even before the car went mad."

"It was my fault," she said. "I know how to drive, really. The whole world's mad—not just my little car."

"The world's been mad," he said. "It's coming now to sanity. They're going to bleed us, you see. I'm going to France."

She stared at him.

"Soon," he went on. "Next week, I think. A man owes me some money. As soon as he pays me enough of it to pay for my passage, I'm going."

"You mean—to fight?" she asked. "In the Foreign Legion?"

"Not if I can help myself," he said cheerfully. "I want to fly. They'll need men who can—they don't know yet how much they'll need them. The Germans know, though. I heard things two years ago."

"But—after all," she said, "you're an American. We're out of this."

"I'm not," he said. "I can't be. You don't know. We don't, over here. But this is the thing they've been getting ready for for forty years. You see—this blooming world—it's out of gear. They made a start, the French did, and then Napoleon mixed things up. I don't know—it's hard to get the way I feel into words. That rainbow we were talking about——"

A wave of color swept over her face. But he wasn't looking at her.

"You see—you get a rainbow after a storm when the sun shines through. And here's the storm. There'll be the rainbow. And the crock of gold—there always is! But sometimes the wrong chap finds it. And sometimes no one finds it, and the rainbow fades, and there has to be another storm and another rainbow. And this is the world's storm—not France's storm alone. And the gold will be the world's gold."

He laughed harshly.

"I wish I were the poet you called me!" he cried. "Then I could tell you!"

He stood looking down at her. And with an effort she raised her gray eyes to meet his. They were not cold now.

"You're telling me," she said. "And I think you are the poet I called you."

"Oh, girl!" he cried. "If I were a poet you'd know! You'd know the dreams I've dreamt of you ever since I saw you shining at the rainbow's end! Every morning would have brought you verses with your waking! If I were your poet you'd know I love you—and you wouldn't laugh to hear me say it to you—you whom I've seen twice in all my life!"

"I—I'm not laughing," she said. And, indeed, her eyes were wet with the tears they held. "Oh—make me know! Take the time you have! Don't you know I've thought of you, day by day, since you came to me in the library? Why didn't you come to me?"

He gave a cry and caught her hands in his. He stooped and bore her up, and held her so that their eyes met.

"I've seen you every day," he said, "as you drove by my father's house in Shelby Road! Or I've lain hidden where I knew that you must pass. Last week one of your men came to me and asked me to work for your father—a chauffeur had gone. Except for this war that's come I'd have to do something like that—or else go to work in the factory across the kiln. How should I come to you?"

He hung upon her word. He let her hands go. And his pleading eyes hurt her with their tenderness, their yearning.

"Oh!" she cried. She turned from him. And then she faced him again.

"But you!" she cried. "You're not like that—you're not like the men who work in the factory! You know things that no man whom I know has known!"

HE SHOOK his head.

"I can't come to you," he said gently. "Remember, if you like, that I love you. You see—it's because of all that lies between us that it's worth while to go and die, if it's dying they want of me. You're flesh and blood and bones—and so am I! But I'm as far from you—oh, you're at the rainbow's end, my dear! Heart of my heart—blood of my blood you might be! And over where I'm going we'll fight to see whether, some day, when our souls are in new bodies, they may take one another. Democracy—that's what we who want it must die for, if dying's the word. France guards it—France must save its chance to win the world. Give me your hand to kiss and let me go!"

But now it was she who caught his hands. She drew him to her. And it was her lips she gave his lips to kiss.

"I love you!" she said.

"Now I can go!" he said, as she lay in his arms. "My dear—my dear—I knew that this might be! Always I've known the world was holding you for me, but I never dared to hope that I'd find you at the rainbow's end."

"But—but now—" she said. She stirred in his arms. "You can't leave me so!"

He shook his head. His eyes laughed at her.

"Now I must leave you—now more than ever!" he said. "Oh, my dear, you love me now! Me—here—with the sky above us and the flowers to bless us! But as you go home you'll pass my father's house, and he'll be sitting before it, smoking his old pipe. And when you're alone with your thoughts to-night you'll think of him and of all that it would mean to have me come and take you home. And you'll be glad I left you—and if God's good you won't be sorry for the memory of my lips on yours and my arms about you!"

"Sorry!" she cried. And her arms drew him to her again; again her lips sought his. "Come!" she cried fiercely. She drew him with her toward the little car. "Come with me. You shall see!"

BUT he shook his head, and smiled, and gently he freed himself.

"My dear!" he said, "it won't do. If, when you've had time to think—! After you've thought—after you've been alone! Or, if I come back—then! But not now."

"But I love you!" she said. "Love must be enough!"

"Oh, if it were!" he cried. "Would there be wars if love were enough?"

And so he drove her from him in the end. By choice she made her way through Shelby Road. With new eyes she saw the row of small, cheap houses. Some were stark in the squalor of the poverty of those who dwelt in them. But about others there was a look that she had never marked before; a look that bespoke a sort of pride that life had never given her the chance to know. And with her new eyes she saw achievement in the neat squares of lawn, in the glory of fresh paint, in vines that clambered over tiny porches, in babies playing amid the dust.

She wondered which house was Jerry Byrne's.

And her eyes smiled as they saw visions. They saw Jerry Byrne's father transplanted by the magic her's could command; saw him promoted, raised from the need of Shelby Road and the carrying of dinner-pails, such as men who passed her car, bound homeward from the factory, were carrying. now. She loved Jerry Byrne. Things stood between them in his eyes; absurd things, things that should not count, because they should cease to be.

So little did she understand the man she loved and all that he had sought to tell her!

But understanding came to her. Jerry forced it upon her. He came to her, indeed; so much she had of him. It was the next night. And at the sight of her, as she waited for him, posed by the gate of her father's house, her loveliness forced a cry from him. He had telephoned to her; had asked her to meet him so. He took her in his arms; for a moment, in the murmuring night, they were fused. And then he put her from him.

"My dear!" she said. "I've never lived before!"

He looked at her.

"Heart of my heart!" he said. "I've come to say good-by."

"No!" she cried. "Jerry—you're so dear—and so absurd! All those things—they don't matter! Yesterday I drove through Shelby Road. I may have seen your father. He must be dear—he wouldn't be your father if he weren't! And Dad, when he comes back, I'll speak to him. He's rather fond of me, you know. And he'll find something splendid for your father to do. And you . . . you'll go! Oh, I know that! But when you come back to me——"

And still Jerry looked at her. She faltered before his steady eyes.

"My father owns his house in Shelby Road," he said. "He earned it with his hands. He has found the thing that he can do. Some day the world will think as much of the man who does what my father can do as it does of the man who does what your father can do. And it will think as little then as it does now, down in its heart, of the man for whom others must always be doing things. No, my dear! It's good-by we've to say to one another now. I'm going to do the little that I can to make that day come sooner—to do my share in making sure that it will come.

"And you—you're not sure yet! You love me, but you think of making me over, and my father, and our life, to match all that you've known and are! I'm yours—living or dead, I'm yours! Yours to take and own and publish to the world as yours whenever you are ready! But, my dear, how can we cheat the world? How shall we pretend, you and I, that I am what I'm not?"

"It's what you are I love!" she said. Her voice rose to a wailing cry as she saw his eyes, unchanging. "Oh, my love, how am I to make you sure of me?"

"Sure of you!" he echoed. "I'm as sure of you as I am sure of life—and love—and death!"

He crushed her in his arms. It was the moment of his uttermost triumph. And in its hot midst he put her from him. She cried out, faintly, as she stood there swaying, her arms groping for him. His voice came to her hoarsely, and as if he were already gone a long way from her.

"Good-by!" he said. "Heart of my heart—good-by!"

She cried out then. She cried his name again and again. But only the echo of her own cries answered her. Her voice rose in the night. About her were the old trees her father loved; they loomed up, in fantastic shapes, in the velvety night. A tree-toad, whistling mournfully, took up the burden of her cry. Above her the wind stirred in the thick branches of the old trees, as if it mocked her wonder and her grief. And he was gone.

THREE times in six months word came to her from him. She knew that he had made his way to France, and that France had taken what he offered her. The glory of war that had touched her in the beginning faded in her eyes. She saw war as it was; he had taught her that. Of where he was, of what he was doing, she knew almost nothing. And then suddenly his name stared at her from a printed page. She read of him and of the other Americans who, like him, had answered the cry for help that France had had no need to voice.

(*Continued on page 65*)

The BRANDING-IRON

By
Katharine
Newlin
Burt

Illustrated
by
Charles Sarka

SYNOPSIS:—The story opens with Joan, a beautiful mountain girl, reading the story of "The Pot of Basil" by the firelight in her tiny cabin on the Wyoming mountainside. Outside is the cold still night, and somewhere, Pierre, Joan's husband, traveling homeward on his snow-shoes.

While she reads, Joan pictures her own life before she married Pierre; first her loneliness with her hideous father, who continually repeated to her the story of her mother's infidelity. Then her running away from him to the little mining town to work in the hotel. There she had met Pierre, and in the first look had recognized her mate. Then had followed their marriage, her work in and out of their little cabin, the coming of the missionary who had lent her books, finally Pierre's unreasoning jealousy of the books and of the "sinbuster."

Suddenly Joan hears a light step on the snow and feels a shadow at the window. A strange Pierre enters, of whom Joan is afraid. He refuses to greet her, but busies himself at the fire. After a while he steps to her with the red-hot Two-Bar brand, the mark for his cattle, declaring he will mark her so that all the world will know that she belongs to him. He burns the mark into her shoulder; Joan screams, and a man enters out of the night. Pierre fires first, then the stranger; Pierre falls and Joan loses consciousness.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Judgment of God

THE man who had entered with such violence upon so violent a scene, stood waiting till the smoke of Pierre's discharge had cleared away, then, still holding his gun in readiness, he stepped across the room and bent over the fallen man.

"I've killed him!" he said just above his breath, and added presently: "That was the judgment of God!" He looked about, taking in every detail of the scene, the branding-iron that had burned its mark deep into the boards where Pierre had thrown it down, the glowing fire heaped high and blazing dangerously in the small room, the woman bound and burned, the white night outside the uncurtained windows.

Afterward he went over to the woman who drooped in her bonds with her head hanging backward over the wounded shoulder. He untied the silk scarf and the rope and carried her, still unconscious, into the bedroom, where he laid her on the bed and bathed her face in water. Joan's crown of hair had fallen about her neck and temples. Her bared throat and shoulder had the firm smoothness of marble, her lifeless face, its pure full lips fallen apart, its long lids closed, black-fringed and black-browed, owing little of its beauty to color or expression, was at no loss in this deathlike composure and whiteness. The man dealt gently with her as though she had been a child. He found clean rags which he soaked in oil and placed over her burn; then he drew the coarse clothing about her and resumed his bathing of her forehead.

She gave a moaning sigh, her face contracted wofully and she opened her eyes. The man looked into them as a curious child might look into an opened door.

"Did you see what happened?" he asked her when she had come fully to herself.

"Yes," Joan whispered, her lips shaking. "I've killed the brute."

Her face became a classic mask of tragedy, drawn brows, horrified eyes and widened mouth.

"Pierre? Killed?" Her voice, hardly more than a whisper, filled the house with its agony.

"Are you sorry?" demanded her rescuer sternly. "Was he in the habit of tying you up or was this branding a special diversion?"

Joan turned her face away, writhed from head to foot, put up her two hands between him and her agonizing memories.

The man rose and left her, going softly into the next room. There he stood in a tense attitude of thought, sat down presently with his long narrow jaw in his hands and stared fixedly at Pierre. He was evidently trying to fight down the shock of the spectacle, grimly telling himself to become used to the fact that here lay the body of a man that he had killed. In a short time he seemed to be successful, his face growing calm. He looked away from Pierre and turned his mind to the woman.

"She can't stay here," he said presently, in the tone of a man who has fallen into the habit of talking aloud to himself. He looked about in a hesitant, doubtful fashion. "God!" he said abruptly and snapped his fingers and thumb. He looked angry. Again he bent over Pierre, examined him with thoroughness and science, his face becoming more and more calm. At the end he rose and with an air of authority he went in again to Joan. She lay with her face turned to the wall.

"It is impossible for you to stay here," said he in a voice of command. "You are not fit to take care of yourself, and I can't stay and take care of you. You must come with me. I think you can manage that. Your husband, if he is your husband, is dead. It may or may not be a matter of sorrow to you, but I should say that it ought not to be anything but a merciful release. Women are queer creatures though. However, whether you are in grief or rejoicing, you can't stay here. By to-morrow or next day you'll need more nursing than you do now. I don't want to take you to a neighbor, even if there was one near enough, but I'll take you with me. Will you get ready now?"

His sure, even, commanding voice evidently had a hypnotizing effect upon the dazed girl. Slowly, wincing, she stood up and with his help gathered some of her belongings, which he put in the pack he carried on his shoulders. She wrapped herself in her warmest outdoor clothing. He then put his hand upon her arm and drew her toward the door of that outer room. She followed him blindly with no will of her own, but, as he stopped to strap on his snow shoes, her face lightened with pain and she made as if to run to Pierre's body. He stood before her. "Don't touch him," said he, and, turning himself, he glanced back at Pierre. In that glance he saw one of the lean brown hands stir. His face became suddenly suffused, even his eyes grew shot with blood. Standing carefully so as to obstruct her view, he caught at the corner of an elk-hide and threw it over Pierre. Then he went to Joan who stared at him, white and shaking. He put his arm around her and drew her out, shutting the door of her home and leaning against it.

"You can't go back," said he gently and reasonably; "the man tried to kill you. You can't go back. Surely you meant to go away."

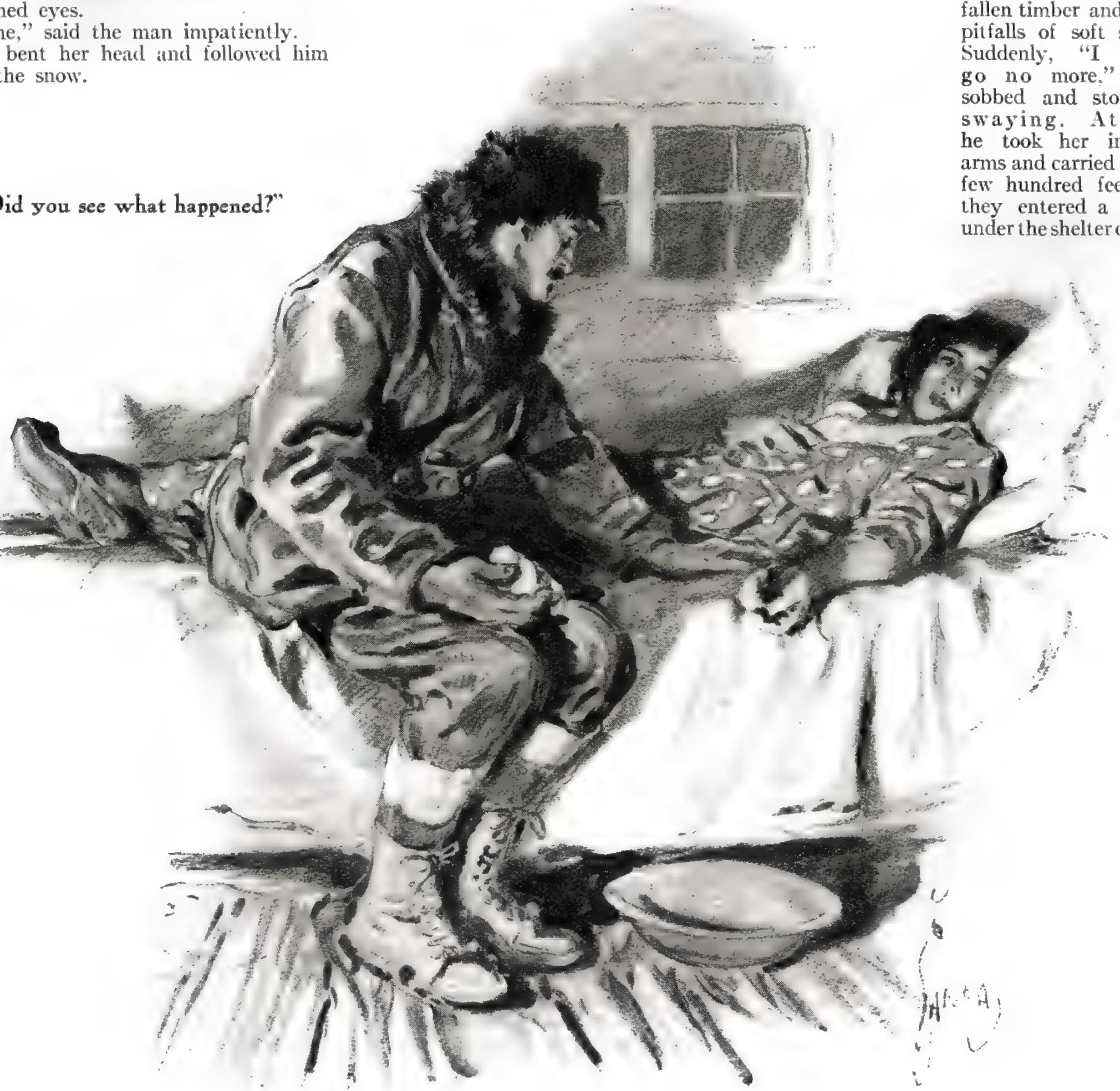
"Yes," said Joan. "Yes. I did mean to go away. But—but it's Pierre."

He bent and began to strap on her snow-shoes. There was a fighting brilliance in his eyes and a strange look of hurry about him that had its effect on Joan. "It's Pierre no longer," said he. "What can you do for him? What can he do for you? Be sensible, child. Come! Don't waste time. There will be snow to-day."

In fact it was to-day. The moon had set and a gray dawn possessed the world. It was not nearly so cold and the great range had vanished in a bank of gray-black clouds moving steadily northward under a damp wind. Joan looked at this one living creature with wide fever-brightened eyes.

"Come," said the man impatiently.

Joan bent her head and followed him across the snow.



"Did you see what happened?"

CHAPTER EIGHT

Delirium

IT IS not the people that have led still and uneventful lives who are best prepared for emergencies. They are not trained to face crises, to make just and prompt decisions. Joan had made but two such resolutions in her life: the first when she had followed Pierre; the second when she had kept Holliwell's books in defiance of her husband's jealousy. Leaving her father had been the result of long and painful thought.

Now, in a few hours, events had crashed about her so that her whole life, outer and inner, had been shattered. Beyond the pain and fever of her wound there was an utter confusion of her faculties. Before she fainted she had indeed made a distinct resolve to leave Pierre. It was this purpose, working subconsciously on her will, as much as the urgent pressure of the stranger, that took her past Pierre's body out into the dawn and sent her on that rash journey of hers in the footsteps of an unknown man. This being seemed to her then hardly human. Mysteriously he had stepped in out of the night, mysteriously he had condemned Pierre, and in self-defense, for Joan had seen Pierre draw his gun and fire, he had killed her husband. Now, just as mysteriously, as inevitably it seemed to her, he took command of her life. She was a passive shipwrecked thing—a derelict. She had little thought or care for her life.

As the silent day slowly brightened through its glare of clouds, she plodded on, setting her snow-shoes in the tracks her leader made. The pain in her shoulder steadily increased, more and more absorbed her consciousness. She saw little but the lean, resolute figure that went before her, turning back now and then with a look and a smile that were a compelling mixture of encouragement, pity and command. She did not know that they were traveling north and west toward the wildest and most desolate country, that every time she set down her foot she set it farther from humanity. She began soon to be a little light-headed and thought that she was following Pierre.

At noon they entered the woods, and her guide came beside her and led her through fallen timber and past pitfalls of soft snow. Suddenly, "I can't go no more," she sobbed and stopped, swaying. At that he took her in his arms and carried her a few hundred feet till they entered a cabin under the shelter of firs.

"It's the ranger-station," said he; "the ranger told me that I could make use of it on my way back. We can pass the night here."

Joan knew that he had carried her across a strange room and put her on a strange bed. He took off her snow-shoes and she lay watching him light a fire in the cold clean stove and cook a meal from supplies left by the owner of the house. She was trying now to remember who he was, what had happened and why she was in such misery and pain. Sometimes she knew that he was her father and that she was at home in that wretched shack up Lone River, and an ineffable satisfaction would relax her cramped mind; sometimes, just as clearly, she knew that he was Pierre, who had taken her away to some strange place, and, in this certainty she was even more content. But always the horrible flame on her shoulder burnt her again to the confusion of half-consciousness. He wasn't John Carver, he wasn't Pierre—Who, in God's name, was he? And why was she here alone with him? She could not frame a question; she had a fear that, if she began to speak, she would scream and rave, would tell impossible, secret, sacred things. So she held herself to silence, to a savage watchfulness, to a battle with delirium.

The man brought her a cup of strong coffee and held up her head so that she could drink it, but it nauseated her and she thrust it weakly away, asking for cold water. After she had drunk this, her mind cleared for an instant and she tried to stand up.

"I must go back to Pierre now," she said, looking about with wild but resolute eyes.

"Lie still," said the stranger gently. "You're not fit to stir. Trust me. It's all right. You're quite safe. Get rested and well; then you may go wherever you like. I want only to help you."

The reassuring tone, the promising words, coerced her and she dropped back. Presently, in spite of pain, she slept.

She woke and slept in fever for many hours, vaguely aware, at times, that she was traveling. She felt the motion of a sled under her and knew that she was lying on the warm hide of some freshly killed beast and that a blanket and a canvas covering protected her from a swirl of snow. Then she thought she heard a voice babbling queerly and saw a face quite terribly different from other human faces. The covering was taken from her, snow-flakes touched her cheek, a lantern shone in her eyes and she was lifted and carried into a warm pleasant-smelling place from which were magically and completely banished all sound and bitterness of storm. She tried to see where she was, but her eyes looked on incredible colors and confusion, so she shut them and passively allowed herself to be handled by deft hands. She knew only that delicious coolness, cleanliness and softness were given to her body, that the pain in her shoulder was soothed, that dreamlessly she slept.

CHAPTER NINE

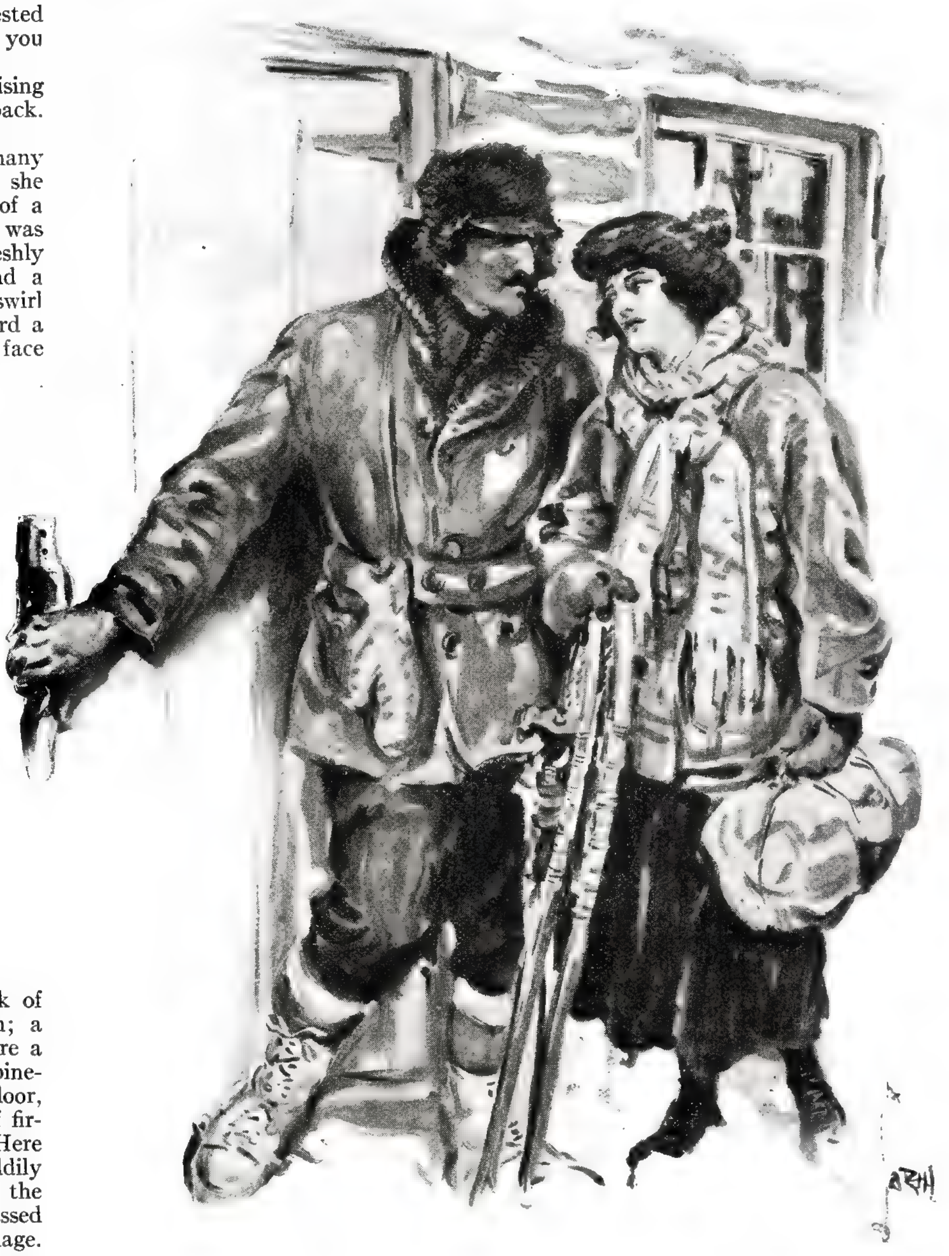
Dried Rose-Leaves

THE house that Prosper Gael had built for himself and for the woman whom Joan came to think of as the "tall child," stood in a cañon; a deep and secret fold of the hills, where a cliff rose behind it and where the pine-needled ground descended before its door, under the far-flung greenish shade of fir-boughs, to the lip of a green lake. Here the highest snow peak toppled giddily down and reared giddily up from the crystal green to the ether blue, firs massed into the center of the double image. In January the lake was a glare of snow, in which also the big firs stood deep, their branches heavily weighted. Prosper had dug a tunnel from his door through a big drift which touched his eaves. It was curious to see Wen Ho come pattering out of this northern cave, his yellow Oriental face and slant eyes peering past the stalactite icicles as though they felt their own incongruity almost with a sort of terror.

The interior of the five-room house gave just such an effect of bizarre and extravagant contrast; an effect too of luxury, though in truth it was furnished for the most part with stuffs and objects picked up at no very great expense in San Francisco shops. Nevertheless, there was nothing tawdry and, here and there, something really precious. Draperies on the walls, furniture made by Wen Ho and Prosper, lacquered in black and red, brass and copper, bright pewter, gay china, some fur rugs, a gorgeous Oriental lamp, bookcases with volumes of sober richness, in fact the costliest and most laborious imports to this wilderness, small-paned horizontal windows, curtained in some heavy green-gold stuff which slipped along the black-lacquered pole on rings of jade; all these and a hundred other points of softly brilliant color gave to the living-room a rare and striking look, and the bedrooms were matted, daintily furnished, carefully appointed as for a bride. Much thought and trouble, much detailed labor had gone to the making of this odd nest in a Wyoming cañon.

Whatever one must think of Prosper Gael, it is difficult to shirk heartache on his account. A man of his temperament does not lightly undertake even a companioned isolation in a winter land. To picture what place of torment this well-appointed cabin was to him before he brought to it Joan, as a lonely man brings in a wounded bird to nurse and cherish, stretches the fancy on a rack of varied painfulness.

On that night, snow was pouring itself down the narrow cañon in a crowded



"You can't go back," said he. "The man tried to kill you. You can't go back."

whirl of dry clean flakes. Wen Ho, watchful, for his master was already a day or so beyond the promised date of his return, had started a fire on the hearth and spread a single cover on the table. He had drawn the green-and-gold curtains as though there had been anything but whirling whiteness to look in, and stood warming himself with a rubbing of thin, dry hands before the open blaze. The real heat of the house—and it was almost unbearably hot—came from the stoves in kitchen and bedroom, but this fire gave its quota of warmth and more than its quota of that beauty so necessary to Prosper Gael.

Wen Ho put his head from one side to the other and stopped rubbing his hands. He had heard the packing of snow under webs and runners. After listening a moment, he nodded to himself, like a figure in a pantomime, ran into the kitchen, did something to the stove, then lighted a lantern and pattered out along the tunnel, dodging the icicle stalactites. Between the firs he stopped and held his lantern high, so that it touched a moving radius of flakes to silver stars. Back of him through the open door streamed the glow of lamp and fire, filling the icicles with blood and flushing the walls and the roof of the cave.

Down the cañon Prosper shouted, "Wen Ho! Wen Ho!"

The Chinaman plunged down the trail, packed below the new-fallen snow by frequent passage and presently met the bent figure of his master pulling and breathing hard. Without speaking, Wen Ho laid hold of the sled rope and together the two men tugged up the last steep bit of the hill.

"Velly heavy load," said Wen.

Prosper's eyes, gleaming below the visor of his cap, smiled half maliciously upon him. "It's a deer killed out of season," he said, "and other cattle, no maverick either, fairly marked by its owner. Lend me a hand and we'll unload."

Wen showed no astonishment. He removed the covering and peeped slantwise at the strange woman who stared at him unseeingly with large bright eyes. She closed them, frowning faintly as though she protested against the intrusion of a Chinese face into her disturbed mental world.

The men took her up and carried her into the house, where they dressed her wound and laid her with all possible gentleness in one of the two beds of stripped and lacquered pine that stood in the bedroom facing the lake. Afterward they moved the other bed and Prosper went in to his meal.

He was too tired to eat. Soon he pushed his plate away, turned his chair to face the fire and, slipping down to the middle of his spine, stuck out his lean, long legs, locked his hands behind his head, let his chin fall and stared into the flames.

Wen Ho removed the dishes, glancing often at his master.

"You velly tired?" he questioned softly.

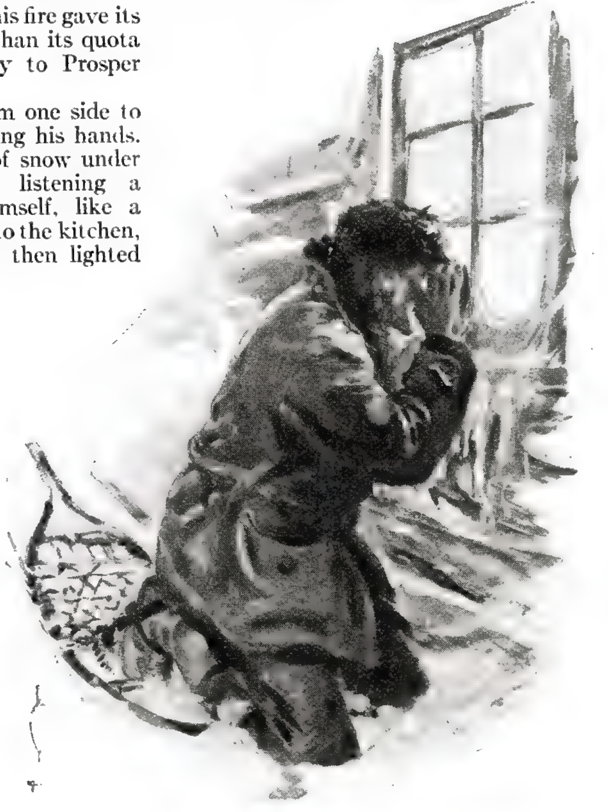
"It was something of a pull in the storm."

"Velly small deer," babbled the Chinaman, "velly big lady."

Prosper smiled a queer smile that sucked in and down the corners of his mouth.

"She come after all?" asked Wen Ho.

Prosper's smile disappeared, he opened his eyes and turned a wicked, gleaming look upon his man. What with the white face and drawn mouth the look was rather terrible. Wen Ho vanished with an increase of speed and silence.



He reached it with a cold heart and slid down to its window, cautiously bending his face near the panes.

Alone, Prosper twisted himself in his chair till his head rested on his arms. It was no relaxation of weariness or grief, but an attitude of cramped pain. His face too was cramped when a motionless hour later he lifted it again. He got up then, broken with weariness, and went softly across the matted hall into the room where Joan slept, and he stood beside her bed.

A glow from the stove and the light shining through the door, dimly illumined her. She was sleeping very quietly now; the flush of fever had left her face and it was clear of pain, quite simple and sad. Prosper looked at her and looked about the big room as though he felt what he saw to be a dream. He put his hand on one long strand of Joan's black hair.

"Poor child!" he said; "Good child!" and went out softly, shutting the door.

IN THE bedroom where Joan came again to altered consciousness of life, there stood a blue china jar of potpourri, rose-leaves dried and spiced till they stored all the richness of a southern summer. Joan's first question, strangely enough, was drawn from her by the persistence of this vague and pungent sweetness.

She was lying quietly with closed eyes, Prosper looking down at her, his fingers on her even pulse when, without opening her long lids she asked, "What smells so good?"

Prosper started, drew away his fingers, then answered, smiling, "It's a jar of dried rose-leaves. Wait a moment; I'll let you hold it."

He took the jar from the window-sill and carried it to her.

She looked at it, took it in her hands and when he removed the lid, stirred the leaves curiously with her long forefinger.

"I never seen roses," she said and added: "what's basil?"

Prosper was startled. For an instant all his suppositions as to Joan were disturbed. "Basil? Where did you ever hear of basil?"

"Isabella and Lorenzo," murmured Joan and her eyes darkened with her memories.

Prosper found his heart beating faster than usual. "Who are you, you strange creature? I think it's time you told me your name. Haven't you any curiosity about me?"

"Yes," said Joan, "I've thought a great deal about you." She wrinkled her wide brows. "You must have been out after game, though 'twas out of season. And you must have heard me a-cryin' out and come in. That was right courageous, stranger. I would surely like you to know why I come away with you," she went on, wistful and weak, "but I don't know as how I can make it plain to you." She paused, turning the blue jar in her hand. "You're very strange to me," she said, "and yet, some ways, you takin' care of me so well and so—so awful kind—" her voice gave forth its tremulo of feeling, "seems like I knowed you better than any other person in the world. I wouldn't like you to be thinkin'—" she stopped, a little breathless.

He took the jar, sat down on the bed and laid a hand firmly over both of hers. "I won't 'be thinking' anything," he said, "only what you would like me to think. Listen—when a man finds a wounded bird out in the winter woods he'll bring it home to care for it. And he won't 'be thinking' the worse of its helplessness and tameness. Of course I know—but tell me your name, please!"

"Joan Landis."

At the name, given painfully, Joan drew a weighted breath, another, then, pushing herself up as though oppressed beyond endurance, she caught at Prosper's arm, clenched her fingers upon it and bent her black head in a terrible paroxysm of grief. It was like a tempest. Prosper thought of storm-driven, rain-wet trees wild in a wind—of music, the prelude to "*Der Fliegende Holländer.*" Joan's weeping bent and rocked her. He put his arm about her, tried to soothe her. At her cry of "Pierre!" he whitened, but suddenly she broke from him and threw herself back amongst the pillows.

"'Twas you that killed him," she moaned; "what have I to do with you?"

It was not the last time that bitter exclamation was to rise between them, more and more fiercely it came to wring his peace and hers. This time he bore it with a certain philosophy, calmed her patiently.

"How could I help it, Joan?" he pleaded. "You saw how it was?" As she grew quieter, he talked. "I heard you scream like a person being tortured to death—twice—a gruesome enough sound, let me tell you, to hear in the dead of a white, still night. I didn't altogether want to break into your house. I've heard some ugly stories about men venturing to disturb the work of murderers. But you see, Joan, I've a fear of myself. I've a cruel brain. I can use it on my own failures. I've been through some self-punishment—no! of course you don't understand all that. Anyway, I came in, in great fear of my life, and saw what I saw—a woman tied up and devilishly tortured, a man gloating over her helplessness. Naturally, before I spoke my mind, as a man was bound to speak it, under the pain and fury of such a spectacle, I got ready to defend myself. Your—Pierre—" there was a biting contempt in his tone—"saw my gesture, whipped out his gun—and fired. My shot was half a second later than his. If he *had* lived, Joan, could you have forgiven him?"

"No," sobbed Joan, "I think not." She trembled. "He said terrible hard words to me. He didn't love me like I loved him. He planned to put a brand on me, so's I c'd be his own like as if I was a beast belongin' to him. Mr. Holliwell said right: I don't belong to no man. I belong to my own self."

The storm had passed into this troubled after-tossing of thought.

"Can you tell me all about it?" asked Prosper. "Would it help?"

"I couldn't," she moaned; "no, I couldn't. Only—if I hadn't left Pierre a-lyin' there alone! A dog that had onc't loved him wouldn't 'a' done that." She sat up again, white and wild. "That's why I must go back. I must surely go. I must! Oh, I must!"

"Go back thirty miles through wet snow when you can't walk across the room, Joan?" He smiled pityingly.

Her hands twisting in his, she stared past him, out through the window, where the still, sunny day shone blue through the shadowy pine-branches. Tears rolled down her face.

"Can't you go back?" She turned the haunted eyes upon him. "Oh, can't you—to do some kindness to him? Can you ever stop a thinkin' of him lyin' there?"

Prosper's face was hard through its gentleness. "I've seen too many dead men, less deserving of death. But hush! you lie down and go to sleep. I'll try to manage it. I'll try to get back and show him some kindness, as you say. There! Will you be a good girl, now?"

She fell back and her eyes shone their gratitude upon him. "Oh, you are good!" she said. "When I'm well—I'll *work* for you!"

He shook his head, smiled, kissed her hand and went out.

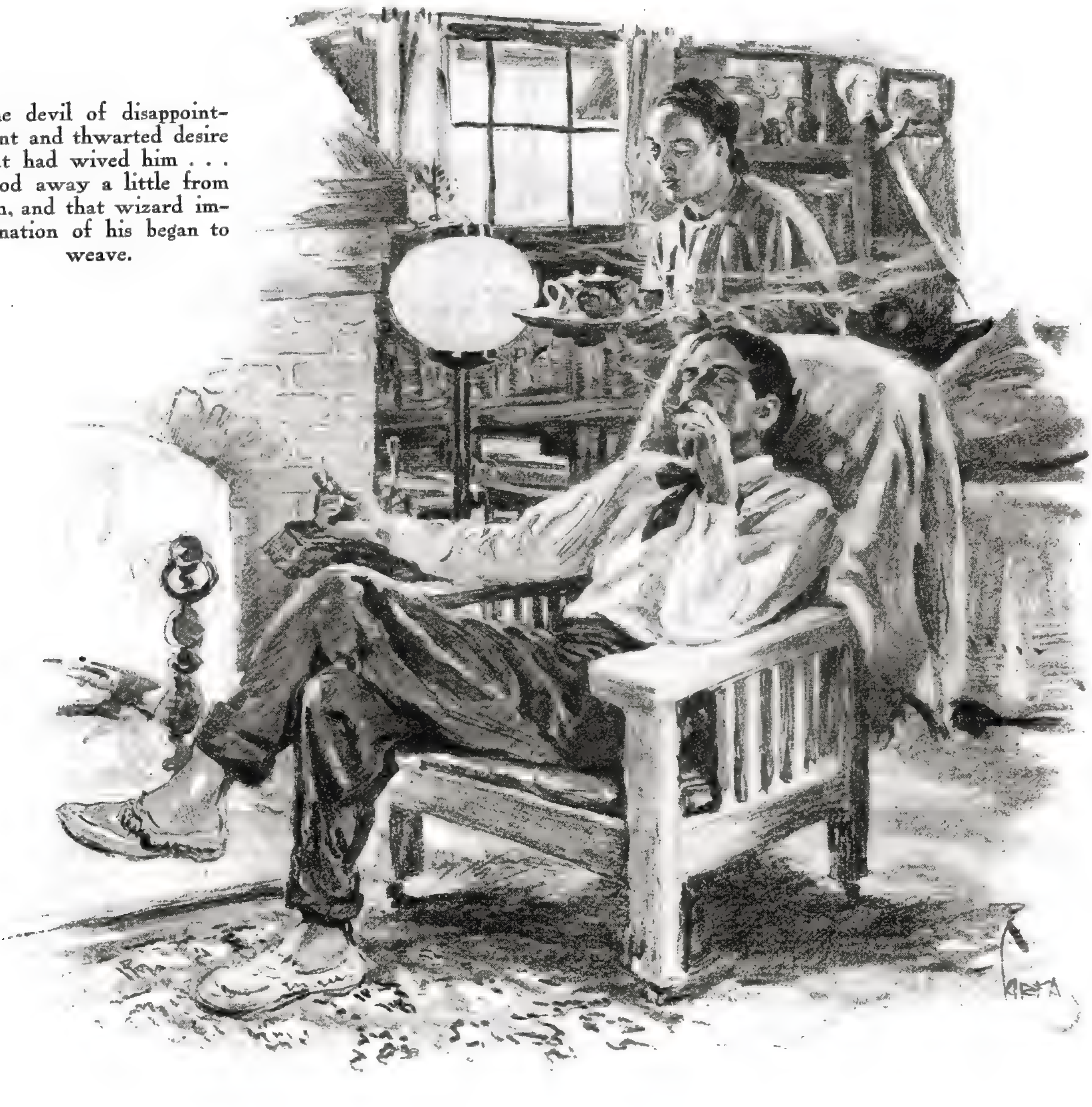
She was entirely exhausted by her emotion, so that all her memories fell away from her and left her in a peaceful blankness. She trusted Prosper's word. With every fiber of her heart she trusted him, as simply, as singly, as foolishly as a child trusts God.

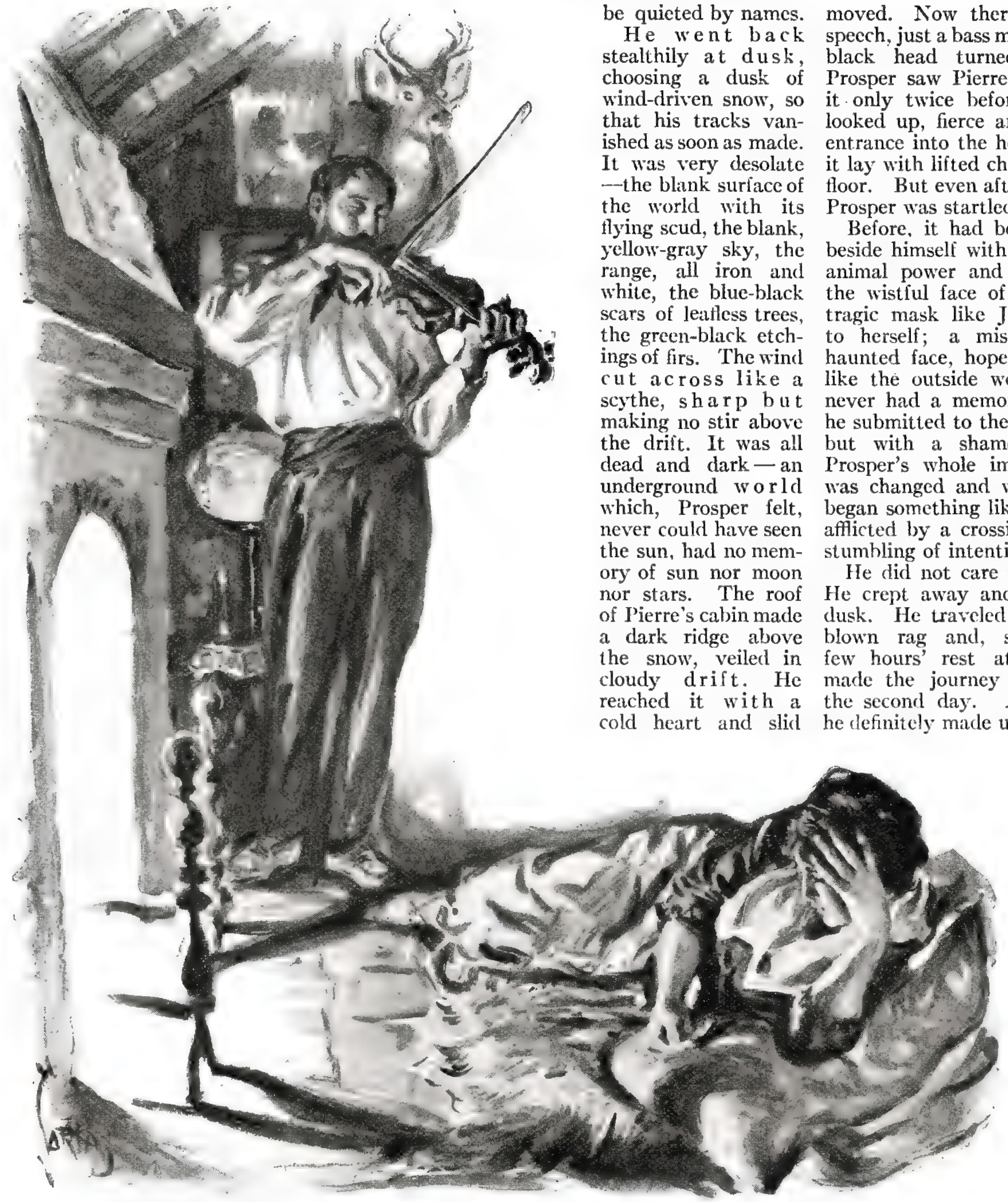
CHAPTER TEN

Prosper Comes to a Decision

PERHAPS, in spite of his gruesome boast as to dead men, it was as much to satisfy his own spirit as to comfort

The devil of disappointment and thwarted desire that had wived him . . . stood away a little from him, and that wizard imagination of his began to weave.





He stood up near her feet, at the corner of the hearth, tucked the instrument under his chin and played.

Joan's that Prosper actually did undertake a journey to the cabin that had belonged to Pierre. It was true that Prosper had never been able to stop thinking—not so much of the tall, slim youth lying so still across the floor, all his beauty and strength turned to an ashen slackness, as of a brown hand that stirred. The motion of those fingers groping for life had continually disturbed him. The man, to Prosper's mind, was an insensate brute, deserving of death, even of torment, most deserving of Joan's desertion; nevertheless it was not easy to harden his nerves against the picture of a man left, wounded and helpless, to die slowly alone.

Prosper went back expecting to find a dead man, went back as a murderer visits the scene of his crime. He dubbed himself more judge than murderer, but there was a restless misery of the imagination not to be quieted by names.

He went back stealthily at dusk, choosing a dusk of wind-driven snow, so that his tracks vanished as soon as made. It was very desolate—the blank surface of the world with its flying scud, the blank, yellow-gray sky, the range, all iron and white, the blue-black scars of leafless trees, the green-black etchings of firs. The wind cut across like a scythe, sharp but making no stir above the drift. It was all dead and dark—an underground world which, Prosper felt, never could have seen the sun, had no memory of sun nor moon nor stars. The roof of Pierre's cabin made a dark ridge above the snow, veiled in cloudy drift. He reached it with a cold heart and slid down to its window, cautiously bending his face near the panes.

He expected an interior already dark from the snow piled round the window, so he cupped his hands about his eyes. At once he let himself drop out of sight below the sill. There was a living presence in the house. Prosper had seen a bright fire, the smoke of which had been hidden by the snow-spray; a cot was drawn up before the fire and a big, fair young man in tweeds, with a face rosy, sensitive and quiet, was bent over the figure on the cot. A pair of large, white hands were carefully busy.

Prosper, crouched below the window, considered what he had seen. It was a week now since he had left Landis for a dying man. This big fellow in tweeds must have come soon after the shooting. Evidently he was not caring for a dead man. The black head on the pillow had moved. Now there came the sound of speech, just a bass murmur. This time the black head turned itself slightly and Prosper saw Pierre's face. He had seen it only twice before, once when it had looked up, fierce and crazed, at his first entrance into the house, once again when it lay with lifted chin and pale lips on the floor. But even after so scarce a memory, Prosper was startled by the change.

Before, it had been the face of a man beside himself with drink and the lust of animal power and cruelty; now it was the wistful face of Pierre, drawn into a tragic mask like Joan's when she came to herself; a miserably harrowed and haunted face, hopeless as though it too, like the outside world, had lost or had never had a memory of sun. Evidently he submitted to the dressing of his wound, but with a shamed and pitiful look. Prosper's whole impression of the man was changed and with the change there began something like a struggle. He was afflicted by a crossing of purposes and a stumbling of intention.

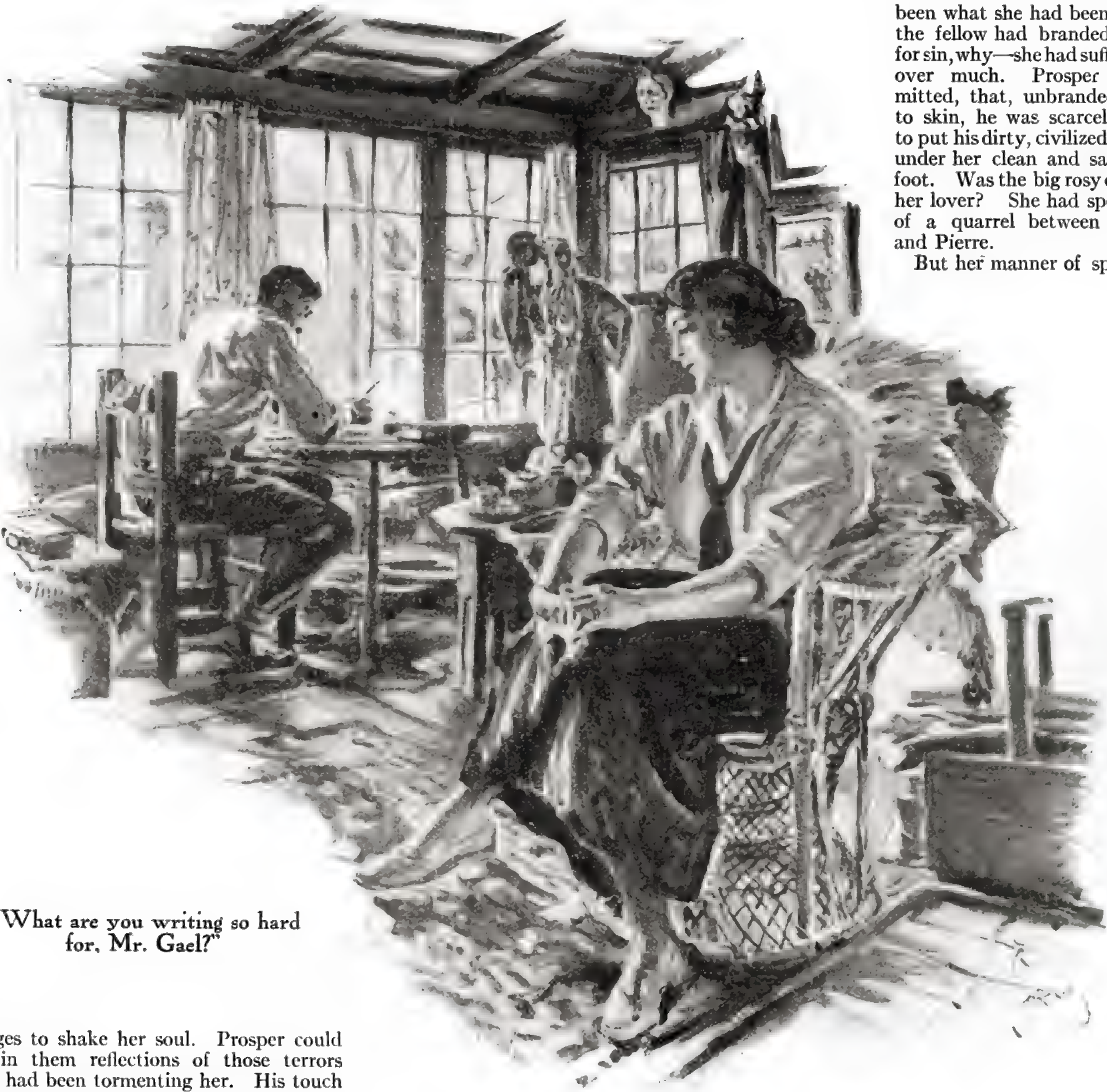
He did not care to risk a second look. He crept away and fled into the windy dusk. He traveled with the wind like a blown rag and, stopping only for a few hours' rest at the ranger-station, made the journey home by morning of the second day. And on the journey he definitely made up his mind concerning Joan.

Prosper Gael was a man of deliberate though passionate imagination. He did not often act upon impulse, though his actions were often those attempted only by passion-driven or impulsive folk. Prosper could never plead thoughtlessness. He justified carefully his every action to himself. Those were cold, dark hours of deliberation as he let the wind drive him across the desolate land. When the wind dropped and a splendid, still dawn swept up into the clean sky, he was at peace with his own mind and climbed up the mountain trail with a half-smile on his face.

In the dawn, awake on her pillows, Joan was listening for him, and at the sound of his webs she sat up, pale to her lips. She did not know what she feared, but she was filled with dread. The restful stupor that had followed her storm of grief had spent itself and she was suffering again—waves of longing for Pierre, of hatred for him, alternately submerged her. All these bleak, gray hours of wind during which Wen Ho had pattered in and out with meals, with wood for her stove, with little questions as to her comfort, she had suffered as people suffer in a dream; a restless misery like the misery of the pine branches that leaped up and down before her window. The stillness of the dawn with its sound of nearing steps gave her a sickness of heart and brain, so that when Prosper came softly in at her door, she saw him through a mist. He moved quickly to her side, knelt by her, took her hands. His touch at all times had a tingling charge of vitality and will.

"He has been cared for, Joan," said Prosper; "some friend of his came and did all that was left to be done."

"Some friend?" In the pale, delicately expanding light Joan's face gleamed between its black coils of hair with eyes like enchanted tarns. In fact they had been haunted during his absence by images to shake her soul. Prosper could see in them reflections of those terrors that had been tormenting her. His touch pressed reassurance upon her, his eyes, his voice.



"What are you writing so hard for, Mr. Gael?"

"My poor child! My dear! I'm glad I am back to take care of you! Cry! Let me comfort you. He has been cared for. He is not lying there alone. He is dead. Let's forgive him, Joan." He shook her hands a little urgently, and a most painful memory of Pierre's beseeching grasp came upon Joan.

She wrenched away and fell back quivering, but she did not cry, only asked in her most moving voice, "Who took care of Pierre—after I went away and left him dead?"

Prosper got to his feet and stood with his arms folded, looking wearily down on her. His mouth had fallen into rather cynical lines and there were puckers at the corners of his eyes. "Oh, a big, fair young man—a rosy boy-face, serious-looking, blue eyes."

Joan was startled and turned round. "It was Mr. Holliwell," she said, in a wondering tone. "Did you talk with him? Did you tell him?"

"No. Hardly." Prosper shook his head. "I found out what he had done for your Pierre without asking unnecessary questions. I saw him but he did not see me."

"He'll be coming to get me," said Joan. It was an entirely unemotional statement of certainty.

Prosper pressed his lips into a line and narrowed his eyes upon her.

"Oh, he will?"

"Yes. He'll be takin' after me. He must 'a' ben scairt by somethin' Pierre said in the town durin' their quarrel an' have come up after him to look out what Pierre would be doin' to me. I wisht he'd 'a' come in time. What must he be thinkin' of me now, to find Pierre a-lyin' there dead, and me gone! He'll be takin' after me to bring me home."

Prosper would almost have questioned her then—his sharp face was certainly at that moment the face of an inquisitor, a set of keen and delicate instruments ready for probing; but so weary and childlike did she look, so weary and childlike was her speech, that he forebore. What did it matter after all what there was in her past? She had done what she had done, been what she had been. If the fellow had branded her for sin, why—she had suffered over much. Prosper admitted, that, unbranded as to skin, he was scarcely fit to put his dirty, civilized soul under her clean and savage foot. Was the big rosy chap her lover? She had spoken of a quarrel between him and Pierre.

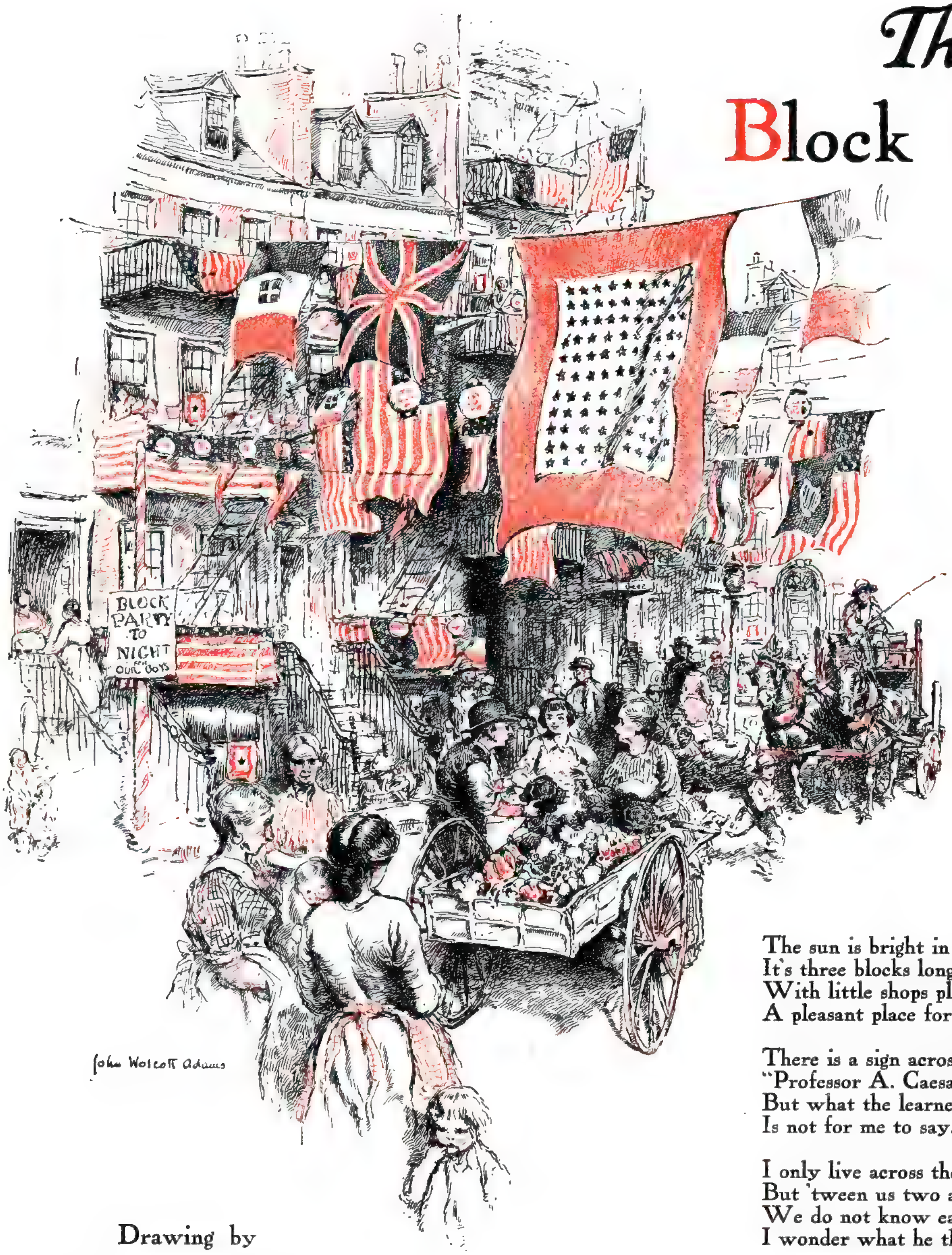
But her manner of speaking of him was scarcely in keeping with the thought, rather it was the manner of a child-soul relying on the Shepherd who would be "takin' after" some small lost one. Well, he would have to be a superman to find her here with no trails to follow and no fingers to point. Pierre by now would have told his story—and Prosper knew instinctively that he would tell it straight; whatever madness the young savage might perpetrate under the influence of drink and jealousy he would hardly, with that harrowed face, be apt at fabrications—they would be looking for Joan to come back, to go to the town, to some neighboring ranch. They would make a search, but winter would be against them with its teeth bared; a blizzard was on its way. By the time they found her, thought Prosper—and he quoted one of Joan's phrases to himself, smiling with radiance—"she won't be carin' to leave me."

In his gay little firelit room, he sat, stretched out, lank and long, in the low, deep red-lacquered chair, dozing through the long day, sipping strong coffee, smoking, reading. He was singularly quiet and content. The devil of disappointment and thwarted desire that had wived him in this carefully appointed hiding-place stood away a little from him and that wizard imagination of his began to weave. By dusk he was writing furiously and there was a glow of rapture on his face.

(*Continued on page 84*)

The Block Party

By Kathleen Kirkwood



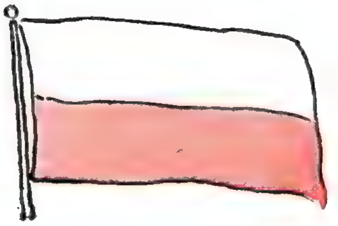
Drawing by
John Wolcott Adams

The sun is bright in Carmine Street,
It's three blocks long, and not too wide,
With little shops placed side by side,
A pleasant place for friends to meet.

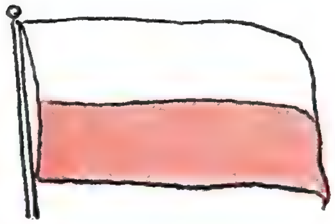
There is a sign across the way,
"Professor A. Caesareo,"
But what the learned man may know,
Is not for me to say.

I only live across the way,
But 'tween us two a gulf is flung,
We do not know each other's tongue.
I wonder what he thinks each day.

But now all's changed in Carmine Street,
We nod and smile so many things,
Our thoughts fly out on colored wings,
And on a bridge of flags, we meet!



MASARYK



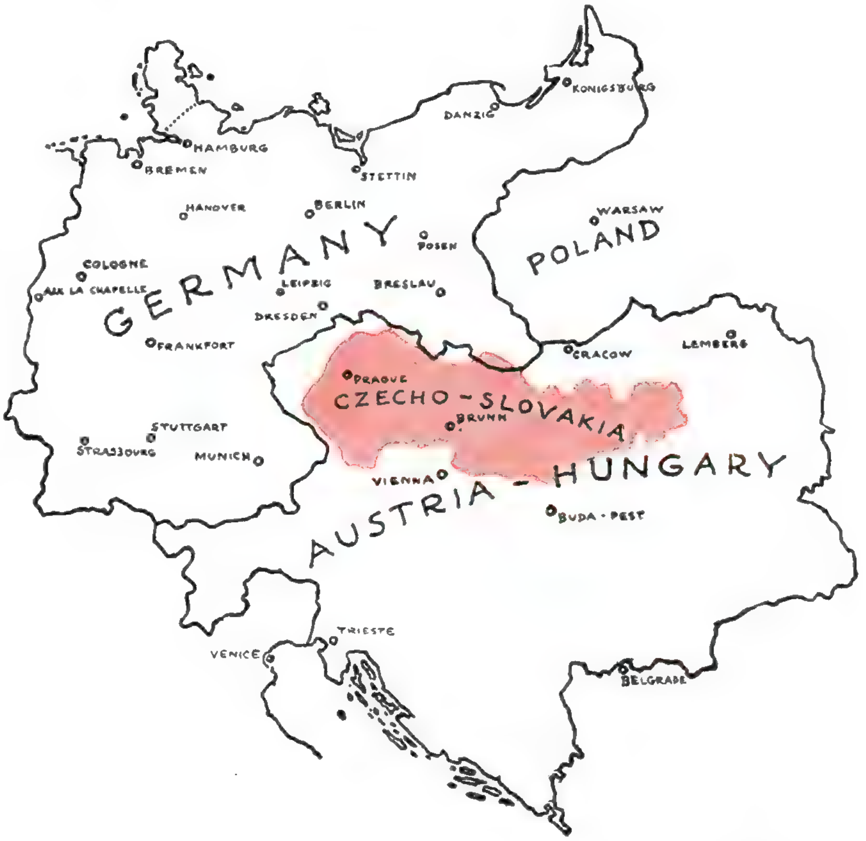
The Greatest Man of New Europe

By William Hard

MASARYK came to the city of Washington last spring and lived in a little flat, quietly, a private person. When he left the city of Washington, a few months later, he was in course of having to go to formal diplomatic dinners at official Washington houses and of having to walk out from drawing-rooms to dining-rooms at the head of all processions of guests and in precedence of even the greatest and most senior of ministers and ambassadors; for he was now in the rank of those who appoint ministers and ambassadors to their posts and send them on their errands. He was the chief executive of a government. He was the first President of Bohemia. He was the received and recognized ruler of a people and a country.

It is sometimes called a small country. But it is by no means tiny or insignificant. Quite the contrary. For population it is the eighth country of all Europe. It has more people than Norway and Denmark and Sweden put together. And it is Europe's central citadel. Fortified by mountains, it dominates the military strategy of Europe between the North Sea and the Ægean. And it is Europe's central interpreter. It looks westward to the great established nations now joined together in the Entente; and it looks eastward and southward to the numerous new nations about to arise in the New Europe of the peace settlement.

For the whole of that New Europe Masaryk has been the most powerful and persuasive spokesman at the ears of the statesmen of Washington and of London and of Rome and of Paris. And for the first country in that New Europe to give itself a genuine effective government, Masaryk has been the chief organizer and the chief diplomat and is now the supreme political head, ruling Europe's midmost fortress from the independent capital of Prague.



The Czecho-Slovak territories out of which the new Republic of Bohemia will be carved at the peace table.

Literature and Liberty

FOR a man who at the age of fifteen was apprentice to a blacksmith, here is success. But here is more than success:

In the fall of the year 1915 Masaryk was at Paris. His property at Prague had been confiscated by the Austrian Government. Even his books had been seized by the police, and also his manuscripts. He had just published two volumes of his learned work on Russia. For most people those two volumes would have been quite enough. When laid on a table, on their sides, the one on top of the other, they stand several inches high. But Masaryk is thorough. He had composed a third volume, as huge as either of the first two. And it lay in his house in manuscript, unprinted. And the Austrians had it.

Would they destroy it? Then all that work would have to be done again. Among Masaryk's enormous worries at Paris that fall, we may be sure that this small worry kept coming up every day in his scholar's mind. And we may be also sure that one of the first things he will do when he reenters Prague in presidential pomp will be to hunt for that manuscript and recover it if it still exists and then sit down in his late evenings and laboriously revise it and bring it to date and send it to the printer—and then, perhaps, begin on volume four.

But at Paris, in the fall of 1915, he was quite unable even to think of volume four; and at Prague he had left hostages behind him a bit more precious than manuscripts after all.

One of his sons was compelled to be in the Austrian army, forced to bear arms for a cause detested by Bohemia. One of his daughters was imprisoned. His wife was at any time likely to be imprisoned. She is of American birth, and Masaryk in his youth had voyaged to America to marry her and take her back to Europe. They had been students together at Leipsic, he of philosophy and she of music. And it was characteristic of Masaryk's views of women that when he married her, he calmly added her name to his own, and, from being Thomas Masaryk, became Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. And when in October of this year, 1918, he finally issued the "Declaration of Independence of the Czecho-Slovak Nation by its Provisional Government," he did not fail to say: "Our democracy in Bohemia shall rest on universal suffrage; and women shall be placed on an equal footing with men, politically and socially and culturally."

Bohemia in the Balance

IN THE fall of 1915 Mrs. Masaryk was in the power of a Government which has not hesitated to execute thousands of women.

And that Government, the Government at Vienna, along with the Government at

Brown Brothers

A new Liberty Bell, duplicate of our own, was forged and rung at Independence Hall for the new nations of central Europe set free by the war.

Berlin, seemed to have a full fighting chance, and more than a full fighting chance, of being victorious in the world war. The British were not ready to take the offensive on the western front. The western front was standing still. And the eastern front was going back. The Russians were in retreat across the Carpathians.

And, finally, the Allies were still blind to the cause of Bohemia and still deaf to Masaryk's arguments. Not one word had they spoken on which Bohemia could rely for its future.

All or Nothing

IN THESE circumstances a clever man, a merely clever man, a diplomat like Talleyrand or even like Bismarck, would have sought for a way by which he could remain on good terms with the Allies and yet be prepared for a compromise with Vienna and with Berlin. At that moment the wisdom of the world would have been to carry water on both shoulders. And at that moment Masaryk took his pen and wrote his manifesto of November 14, 1915, in which he demanded the complete democratic dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, and in which he committed Bohemia totally and irrevocably to the side of the Allies.

This was a million miles beyond cleverness. The Central Powers represented autocracy. The Allies, on the whole, represented democracy. The cause of Bohemia was entirely a democratic cause. Therefore Bohemia must go up with the Allies to triumph, or down with the Allies to the pit and night. With that simplicity, with that grandeur, Masaryk walked into the statesmanship of the great war and shook the hand of Fate for himself and for his country.

A year and a half later, in the spring of 1917, he was in Russia. The Revolution had come. And after the Revolution came the Mensheviki and the Bolsheviki. And in the summer came the last Russian offensive. And the Russians were now running all the way home to their cities and farms. And if the fall of 1915 was black, the fall of 1917 was blacker. And Masaryk went down to the neighborhood of Kief, in Southern Russia, in the Ukraine, where a large number of his countrymen were gathered together.

They were men who had been compelled to serve against their wills in the Austrian and Hungarian armies. They were Czechs and Slovaks, from Bohemia and from the districts immediately to the southeast of Bohemia. They were blood-brethren, speaking the same language and linked by a common hatred of the oppressions practised upon them by the Germans of Vienna and the Hungarians of Budapest. They had revolted against their German and Hungarian officers and had gone over to the side of the Russians. In the last Russian offensive they had been the only troops that had really fought. They fought till the Russians on both their flanks, to the right of them and to the left of them, had run so far to the rear that the whole Czecho-Slovak unit was almost surrounded. Then they retired toward Kief. And to them, to these strenuous soldiers, came Masaryk.

He was sixty-seven years old. He was a professor of philosophy. He was a maker of books. He had written a very good book on "The Concrete Grounds of Logic." He was slender, tallish, with a slight mild stoop of the shoulders, a slow speech, a benignant beard, and gentle brown eyes. And whatever this old man told those young heroes to do, they did.

The Prague Professor

IN THE midst of the anarchy of Russia he had no possible physical control over them. But they knew him. They all knew him for his toil and for his character. And hundreds of them knew him personally. They had listened to his lectures at the University of Prague.

In European universities, more than in our own, it is possible for students to discriminate between professors whom they wish to hear and professors whom they do not wish to hear. The lecture-rooms of certain professors at Prague, as at all other European universities, were frequented by twenty, ten, five students. Masaryk lectured on philosophy. In his lecture-room the students filled all the chairs and they filled the aisles and they filled the window-ledges and they filled the corridor outside, standing on tiptoe and turning their heads to catch his words. He spoke of life and strength and truth to nourish them. And if they ever murmured against him he knew how to rebuke them without sternness.

One such murmuring, one such rebuke, Captain Spacek of the Czecho-Slovak army near Kief could remember and could afterward recount at Washington. It was on the famous occasion when Masaryk had been defending a certain Jew named Hillsner against a charge of "ritual murder." Masaryk believed that Hillsner was probably innocent of any such absurd and abominable crime. Believing so, he said so. But his students were many of them convinced of Hillsner's guilt. They and a great multitude of the people of Prague were resentful of Jewish activity and hostile to Jewish success, and ready to lay hold of any weapon of gossip and suspicion for discrediting the Jews and for overcoming them. So in all Prague there was a great passing anger against Masaryk, and in his lecture-room there was something of a tumult.

Then it was that Masaryk turned to the blackboard and wrote certain words upon it, silently, and let them stand there speaking for him, and turned back to his audience and opened his notes and went on, without further comment, to deliver his stated lecture on applied philosophy. The words were:

"Do not drink. Do not play cards. Work.

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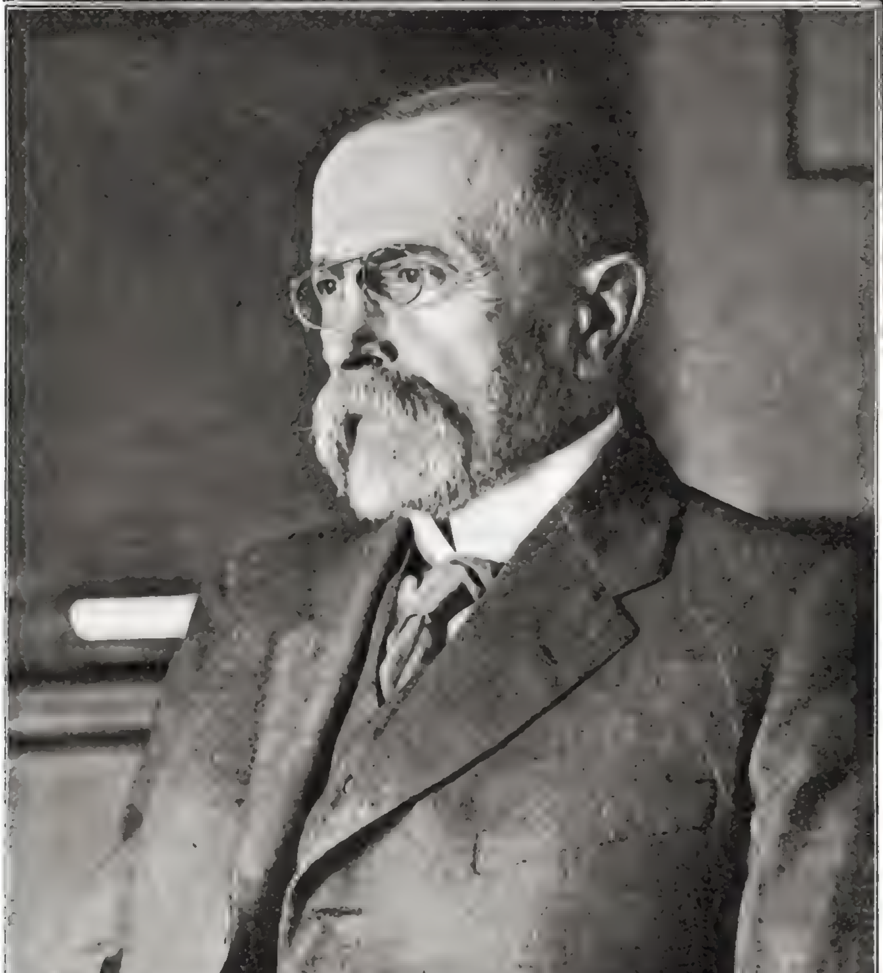
Dr. Masaryk, the "George Washington" of Bohemia, signing the Declaration of Independence of the Czecho-Slovak territories.



Copyright, Paul Thompson.

Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk, first president of the new Bohemian Republic.

That is the only way to meet competition, Jewish or any other."

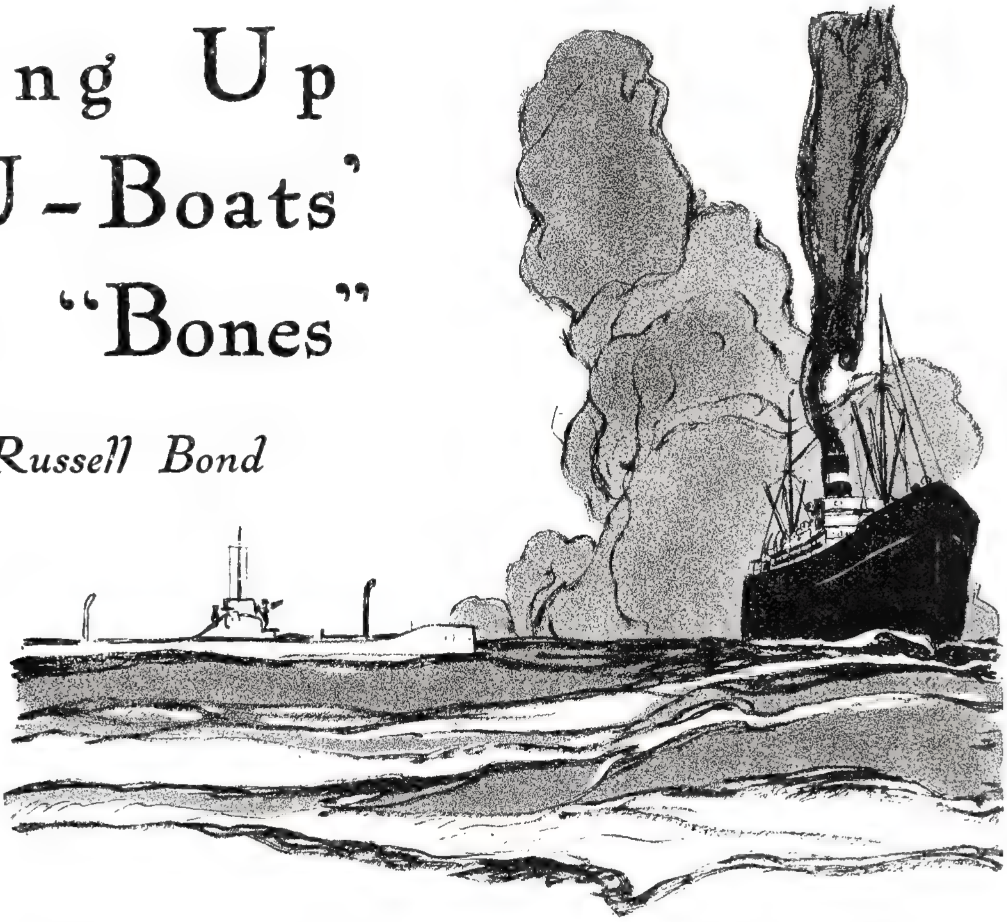
Masaryk himself has always lived up to the rather exacting level of that writing on that blackboard. In fact his austerity, if he were not so unobtrusive about it in daily life, might be heavy to bear for those about him. Drinking, smoking, card-playing, anything that savors of the lures of the flesh, seems to be quite outside his interest. Yet he is indeed altogether gracious about it. He sits amiable and kindly in the midst of men who are offering themselves up as sacrifices to alcohol and nicotine; and it seems to be only at rare intervals (as during the Hillsner incident) that it even occurs to him to suggest to other people that they should be Puritans.

Accordingly, in coming to know him, one does not see for quite a while that he

(Continued on page 93)

Digging Up the U-Boats' Buried "Bones"

By A. Russell Bond



IN MAY of 1917 an article appeared in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* which confirmed a suspicion that had been lurking in the minds of close students of the war. It was at the time when the U-boats had reached the very summit of success. For three months, German submarines had been steadily sinking merchant ships without restriction. March had yielded a harvest of one hundred and twenty ships, and April had shown the tremendous total of one hundred and fifty-two. It looked as if May would set an even higher record. Already Germany was gloating over the ruin of Great Britain. Before the summer was over, she would be brought to her knees and a German peace would be forced upon the world.

It was just at this critical juncture that the *Fremdenblatt* announced that German naval engineers had perfected a process of raising ships from the bottom of the sea. Details were withheld but it was stated that specially equipped salvage vessels would be employed which would be able to operate even in stormy weather. An estimate was given of the value of ships already sunk and it was pointed out that "*most of them lie in favorable positions to guarantee plenty of work and a rich profit for many years after the war.*"

The article received brief notice in American papers, which apparently was overlooked by the general public. To a few, however, it afforded much food for thought. It had long been noted that most of the sinkings of merchant vessels had taken place near shore, in some cases literally within sight of land. The *Lusitania*, for instance, went down only eight miles off Old Head of Kinsale. Many other vessels were actually sunk within plain view of observers on land, and until the activities of the Allied destroyers drove the U-boats out to the deep sea it was the exception for any vessel to be torpedoed at a considerable distance from the coast.

We are familiar enough with the German character to realize that the U-boat commanders were not actuated by any humanitarian concern for the fate of the shipwrecked crews. It was not because they hoped that the life-boats could make shore that they waited until their victims were near land before launching their deadly torpedoes. No doubt it was easier to locate their prey near ports than out on the high seas, and it was more convenient to operate in comparatively shallow water than in deep water, because the sea bottom could be used for a resting-place when the surface was unsafe. But it was observed that there was an additional method in the choice of locality for their evil work.

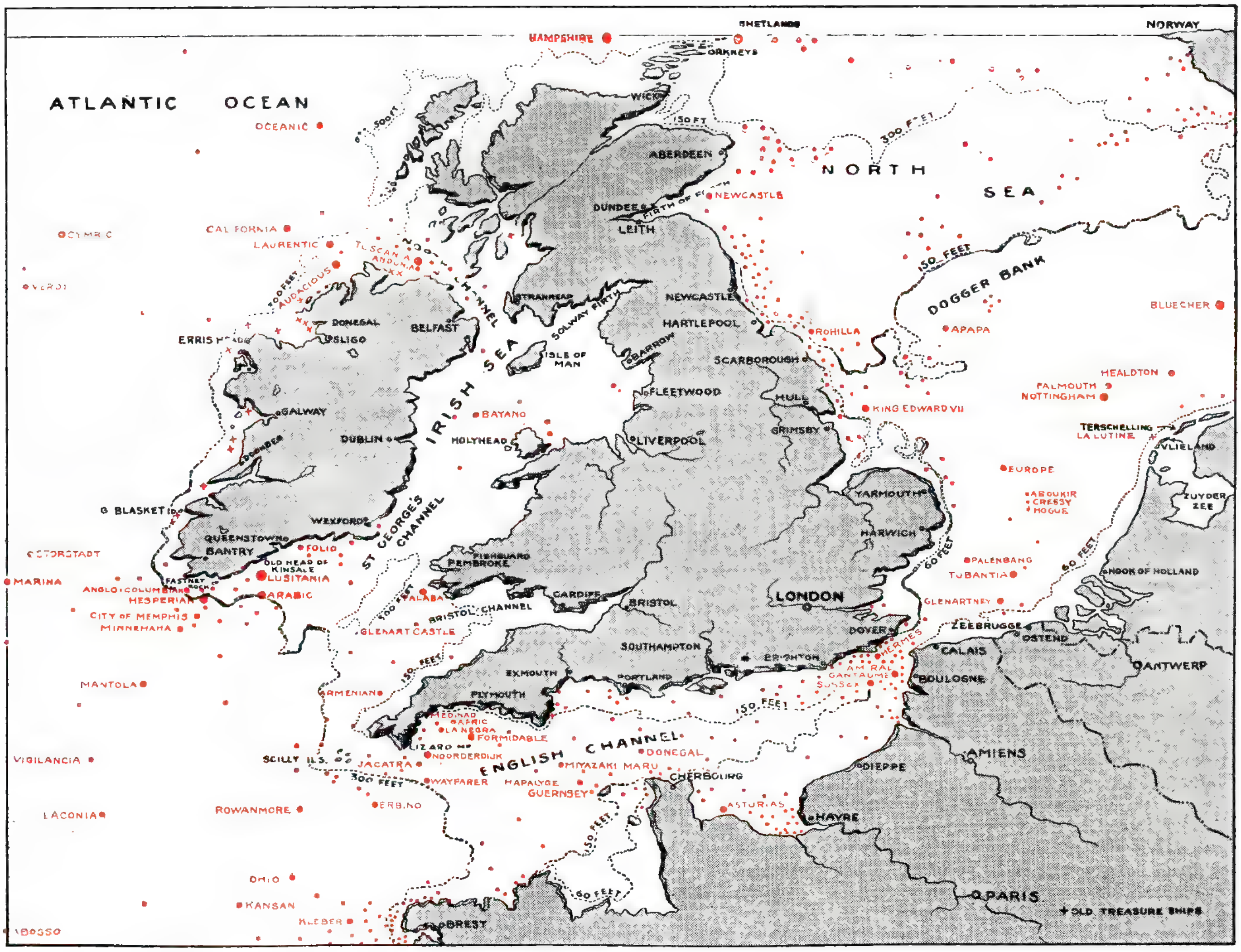
If we look at a map of Great Britain, about which the majority of the U-boat victims lie, we find that most of them are in water less than fifty fathoms deep. A submarine, when completely submerged, is absolutely blind. It is impossible to see fifty feet ahead. There are no lighthouses and no buoys to guide the navigator. He must proceed by dead-reckoning, and there is always danger that he may crash into a sunken wreck. A submarine can maneuver at a depth of one hundred feet. It can not dive with safety to a depth greater than two hundred feet, and even at that depth the weight of the overlying water is liable to strain the plating, if it does not actually crush the boat. So that a ship sunk in water from two hundred to three hundred feet deep would be clear of submarine navigation.

Evidently, when they launched into unrestricted U-boat warfare, the German high-command not only determined upon the destruction of Allied property, but reckoned on the recovery of much of this property at the conclusion of the war. Of course they counted on a German victory which would give them the right to dictate terms. Their U-boats were piling up treasures in the sea, and each vessel that went down was another bone buried, to be dug up at the post-bellum feast. They had to bury them so deep that no other nation could dig them up.

Three hundred feet is no inconsiderable depth at which to conduct salving operations. We shall perhaps understand the significance of this measurement better when we learn that a twenty-four-story building would be completely submerged in water of that depth. It is from such a depth that most of the U-boat victims will have to be raised, if they are raised at all, and it is no small task to hoist a huge hulk of steel to the height of a twenty-four-story building.

The greatest hoisting operation ever undertaken was that on the Quebec Bridge, in 1917. A span of steel six hundred feet long and weighing five thousand tons had to be lifted from the river to a position at the end of the cantilever arms which reached out from the opposite shores, and the lift was but one hundred and fifty feet. Four huge hydraulic jacks were used, one at each corner, and the work had to be done with the utmost care. The year before, a similar attempt had met with failure when one of the supports fell into the river. Considering the time taken to raise the second span, successfully, and the extreme care that was exercised to balance the load on each jack, we can appreciate what a difficult task is ahead of a salvage company that attempts to raise vessels weighing far more than the bridge span to a height twice that of the Quebec Bridge, and from unsteady, floating platforms that are tossed about at the mercy of the waves.

So far only one vessel has been raised from a depth of three hundred feet. That was the American submarine F-4, which mysteriously foundered off the coast of Hawaii. The Navy was determined to raise this vessel at all costs in order to discover the nature of the accident which befell it. After months of effort, which at one time threatened to end in complete failure, the boat was drawn up to the surface and put in dry dock. Our navy can pride itself on having established a salvage record far beyond that ever attained by any other country in the world. But the F-4 was a tiny craft—a small boat even for a submarine. Its dead-weight was but two hundred and fifty tons, and its salvage can hardly establish a precedent for the refloating of even a common five-thousand-ton freighter.


ATLANTIC OCEAN
NORTH SEA
HAMPSHIRE
SHETLANDS
ORKNEYS
NORWAY
WICK
150 FT
500 FT
300 FEET
ABERDEEN
DUNDEE
FIRTH OF FORTH
NEWCASTLE
LEITH
OCEANIC
CYMRIC
VERDI
CALIFORNIA
LAURENTIC
TUSCANIA
ANDANIA
AUDACIOUS
100 FEET
CHANNEL
STRANRAER
SOLWAY FIRTH
NEWCASTLE
HARTLEPOOL
ROHILLA
150 FEET
DOGGER BANK
APAPA
BLUECHER
ERRIS HEAD
DONEGAL
SLIGO
BELFAST
IRISH SEA
ISLE OF MAN
BARROW
SCARBOROUGH
HULL
FLEETWOOD
KING EDWARD VII
HEALDTON
FALMOUTH
NOTTINGHAM
TERSCHELLING
LA LUTINE
VLIELAND
GALWAY
BAYANO
DUBLIN
HOLYHEAD
LIVERPOOL
GRIMSBY
EUROPE
ABOUKIR
CRESSY
HOGUE
ZUYDER ZEE
G BLASKET ID.
WEXFORD
ST GEORGE'S CHANNEL
YARMOUTH
HARWICH
QUEENSTOWN
BANTRY
FOLIO
STORSTADT
OLD HEAD OF KINSALE
LUSITANIA
FISHGUARD
PEMBROKE
60 FEET
PALENBANG
TUBANTIA
HOOK OF HOLLAND
MARINA
ANGLO-COLUMBIAN
FASTNET ROCK
HESPERIAN
ARABIC
CITY OF MEMPHIS
MINNEHAHA
FALABA
100 FEET
BRISTOL CHANNEL
CARDIFF
BRISTOL
LONDON
GLENARTNEY
DOVER
ZEEBRUGGE
OSTEND
GLENART CASTLE
SOUTHAMPTON
BRIGHTON
HERMES
AMIRAL GANTAUME
SUSSEX
CALAIS
BOULOGNE
ANTWERP
MANTOLA
150 FEET
EXMOUTH
PORTLAND
ARMENIAN
PLYMOUTH
MEDINA
CAFRIC
LA NEGRA
FORMIDABLE
ENGLISH CHANNEL
LIZARD HD
DONEGAL
VIGILANCIA
SCILLY ILS.
JACATRA
NOORDERDIJK
MIYAZAKI MARU
300 FEET
WAYFARER
HAPALYGE
GUERNSEY
CHERBOURG
AMIENS
DIEPPE
ERBINO
ASTURIAS
LACONIA
ROWANMORE
HAVRE
150 FEET
OHIO
KANSAN
KLEBER
50 FEET
BREST
PARIS
BOSSO
+ OLD TREASURE SHIPS

Most of the U-boat victims were sunk where the Germans could easily recover them.

Depth of water is not the only bar to salvage. A ship sunk in but twenty fathoms of water may be absolutely unrecoverable. The exposure of the site to storms and tidal currents is a serious factor to be reckoned with. One of the most interesting wrecks on record is that of the British frigate *Lutine*, which was sunk off the coast of Holland in 1799. It was customary in those days to carry much gold and silver on war-vessels, and this particular ship was known to have one thousand and nine hundred gold bars and five hundred bars of silver with a total value of over $6,000,000. It was driven aground in a storm and sank in comparatively shallow water. Great Britain at that time was at war with France, and Holland, an ally of France, claimed the frigate as a prize of war. The water was so shallow that at low tide it was possible for a fisherman to reach it with scoops and grapples and recover some of its treasure. A salvage company organized by the Dutch people to recover the wealth of the *Lutine* succeeded in getting not more than half a million dollars worth of gold and silver. The position of the wreck, however, was decidedly unfavorable. It was in an exposed spot and the bottom was swept by strong tidal currents. Gradually it became buried in sand, and all salvage operations had to cease.

In 1857 the currents had scoured away the sand from the ship, and another attempt was made to recover the gold. In the meantime, the King of Holland had given the ship to the King of England, and he had turned it over to Lloyd's, who had lost some $4,500,000 of insurance on the frigate. At this second attempt to recover the treasure of the *Lutine*, divers were employed, but they found it impossible to raise the precious metals because they had been stored close to the ammunition and the iron had rusted in a big mass around the gold and silver. One diver found a solid block of Spanish dollars, four feet thick, which he was absolutely unable to do anything with. A few years later, another diver reported a rusted mass of iron and silver twelve feet square. The ship had rotted away and many of the heavy pieces had fallen through the sides. Some of the bullion had fallen out through the breaks in the hull, and a certain amount of gold and silver was recovered from the outside of the vessel. Then, although the ship was known to hold millions of dollars worth of treasure, and although it lay at a depth of but forty feet, efforts to save it or its precious cargo were given up. Again it was buried by the sea currents in a mass of sand. Just before the war another desperate effort was made to recover the treasure of the *Lutine*. In this case magnets were used to lift the masses of iron, and in that way recover the gold and silver inclosed within them.

There are other rich treasures in the sea. In Cumana Bay, Venezuela, lies the wreck of the Spanish flagship, *San Pedro*, with $2,000,000 worth of gold on board, which so far has defied all attempts at salvage. The richest treasure of all is probably a Spanish galleon, sunk off Lizard Point on the Cornish Coast, in 1784, which is believed to have aboard $85,000,000 worth of gold.

But we need not go so far afield for valuable wrecks. Our own Lakes are filled

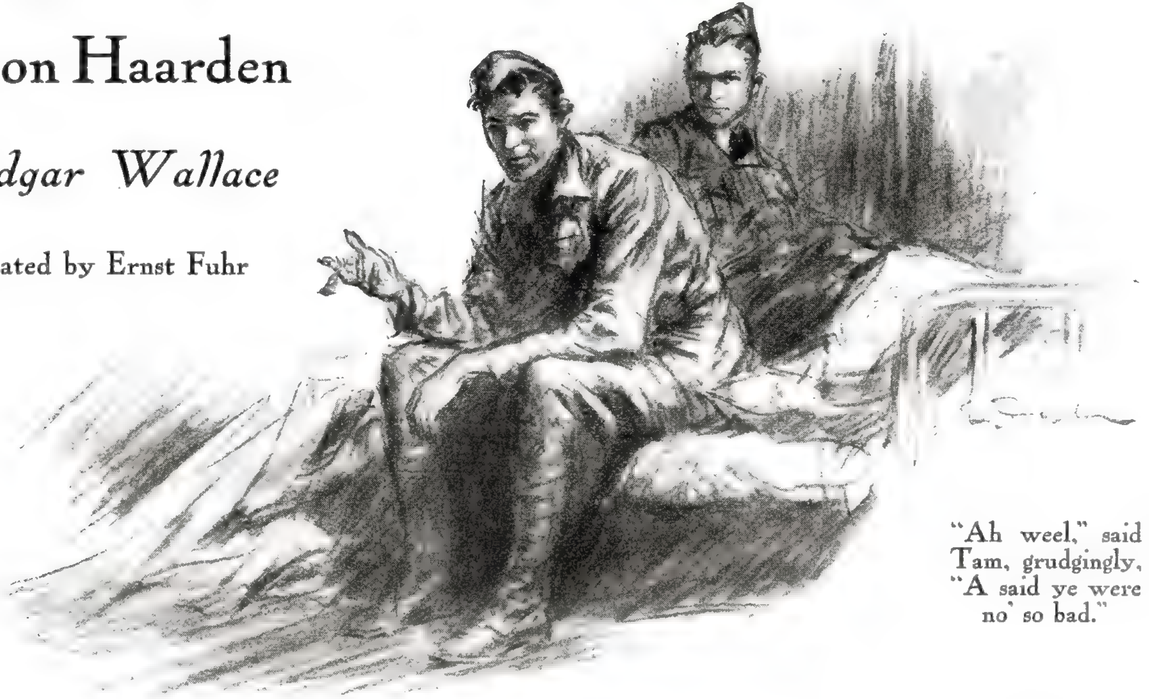
(*Continued on page 67*)

TAM o' the SCOOTS

The Wager of Rittmeister von Haarden

By *Edgar Wallace*

Illustrated by Ernst Fuhr



"Ah weel," said Tam, grudgingly, "A said ye were no' so bad."

THERE is among the children of all countries, and this has been true through all the ages, a certain test of courage which varies according to locality and according to the standard which local tradition demands. Blessed indeed is the boy of that town which has a suicide's tree to which shivering youth can make a midnight pilgrimage, bringing back proof of his valor; or great deeds can be accomplished and prowess proved beyond any question, if there are inaccessible cliffs which may be climbed, what time parents are blissfully unconscious of the narrow margin which separates the smoothness of their daily life from the upheaval consequent upon a fashionable funeral.

Not so many years ago the small boys of the village demonstrated at once their agility and daring by making lightning dashes across the path of motor-cars, he who missed the mud-guard by the narrowest space being acclaimed a hero, and holding his position until some rival who strove to emulate his deed, miscalculated the distance and made that form of test unpopular amongst the mothers of the village.

Cadet William Best was standing beside his Hepworth Kitten gazing a little dubiously at the sky when Tam crossed the aerodrome in his direction.

"Ye're goin' up, Billy," said Tam solemnly. "A thocht A'd come and say good-by to ye."

Billy Best, who was chewing gum with extraordinary regularity, made no reply. His eyes were wistfully fixed upon a streak of cloud which was passing all too quickly across the heavens

"Ye're a good boy as far as ye go," Tam went on in his most sepulchural tones. "There's a grand poem that A've got in ma heid for ye.

> Puir Billy Best
> Is noo at rest,
> He's burrit somewhere handy.
> We'll miss his face
> Aroond the place,
> But oh! we'll miss his candy!"

"Say," said Billy between bites, "were you ever cheerful?"

" 'Tis a lang way ye're goin'," said Tam, ignoring the question, "on a bit machine that has no parteecular merit except that ye canna be seen if ye get behint a machine-gun bullet. The air-r is filled wi' skeelful and cunning Huns—A doot if A'll ever see ye again. Did ye leave the seegairs where I could find 'em?"

Billy jerked his head to the waiting mechanic and stepped gingerly into the fuselage.

"Before ye go," said Tam, "do ye know yer way?"

"Aw! Rats!" snarled Billy Best. "Contact!"

The mechanics swung the propeller round once, twice, and then it caught hold with a surprisingly loud roar for so small an engine.

Tam stood with a smile in his eye as the little Kitten zoomed steeply up from the aerodrome. He watched it circling for height, and then, a tiny speck in the sky, he saw it turn and make toward Mossy Face Wood. He was in his own machine in two seconds and was climbing as steeply after his friend before the speck which represented the Kitten was out of sight.

Tam's scout was the fastest of the squadron. He might reasonably hope to overtake Billy before Mossy Face Wood was reached, but he made no such attempt, keeping well to the left and crossing the line just below Queant.

It was not until a quarter of an hour later that he saw Billy. Even then he would not have spotted him but for the fact that the air above Mossy Face Wood was filled with white and black shell-bursts.

Tam circled round and came to the east of the wood, and, looking down, saw the swift Albatross squadron climbing up to engage the intrepid disturber of their peace, for Billy had evidently carried out his promise, had dived to the sacred aerodrome and had loosed his machine gun at the indignant members of the chasing squadron lined up ready to rise.

Tam dipped for the nearest machine and sent it down out of control. Billy was now on the home stretch and there was nothing to be gained by waiting for certain trouble, for some of the Mossy Face squadron were certain to be in the upper regions of the air and moving in a fury to cut off the raiders.

Billy reached home a few seconds ahead of his companion and came down with one smashed strut, divers injuries to his wings, a leaking radiator and a groggy elevator. Otherwise he was sublimely happy, for he had climbed the cliff and visited the haunted tree and crossed ahead of the motor-car. In other words, he had bearded the Mossy Face squadron in its lair, a feat which all good young airmen accomplish if they have the opportunity.

His face was radiant and shining with

pardonable pride when Tam came over to him.

"Bad luck, Billy," said Tam; "you didn't get there, I see!"

Billy stared at him.

"Didn't get there?" he demanded wrathfully. "What do you mean? Of course I got there. I dived to within five hundred yards of the ground . . . a dozen machines came up after me . . . I loosed my gun——"

"Did ye noo?" said Tam incredulously. "Noo watching the ficht close at hand I thocht ye were intercepted by the watchful Hun. 'Puir Billy,' ses A, 'brave lad,' ses A to mesel'."

"Did you see me?" demanded Billy heatedly.

"Oh, I saw ye," admitted Tam.

"Did I go down over Mossy Face Wood?"

"Ye did," said Tam.

"Very well then," said the triumphant Billy.

"Ye did," repeated Tam, "and ye owe me the box of seegairs A bet ye."

An outrageous claim which left Billy speechless.

Now the relationship between the Imperial Flying Corps of the German army and the flying corps of their enemies is a remarkable one. There are no written laws, no verbal arrangements, no discussions and agreements which bind other parties to any of the curious laws which have grown up in the course of the war and which govern both sides equally. For example, it had never been arranged that the flight over the aerodromes east of Mossy Face Wood should be regarded as a test of the quality and courage of British or American airmen, and no reciprocal arrangement had been reached by which the aerodrome of the Umpty-fourth should serve the same purpose for the recruits of Boelke's or Immelman's squadrons. It was "understood;" but how that understanding was reached is a mystery, that the post-graduate course of flying should include the difficult exercise represented by a trial flight from one aerodrome to the other.

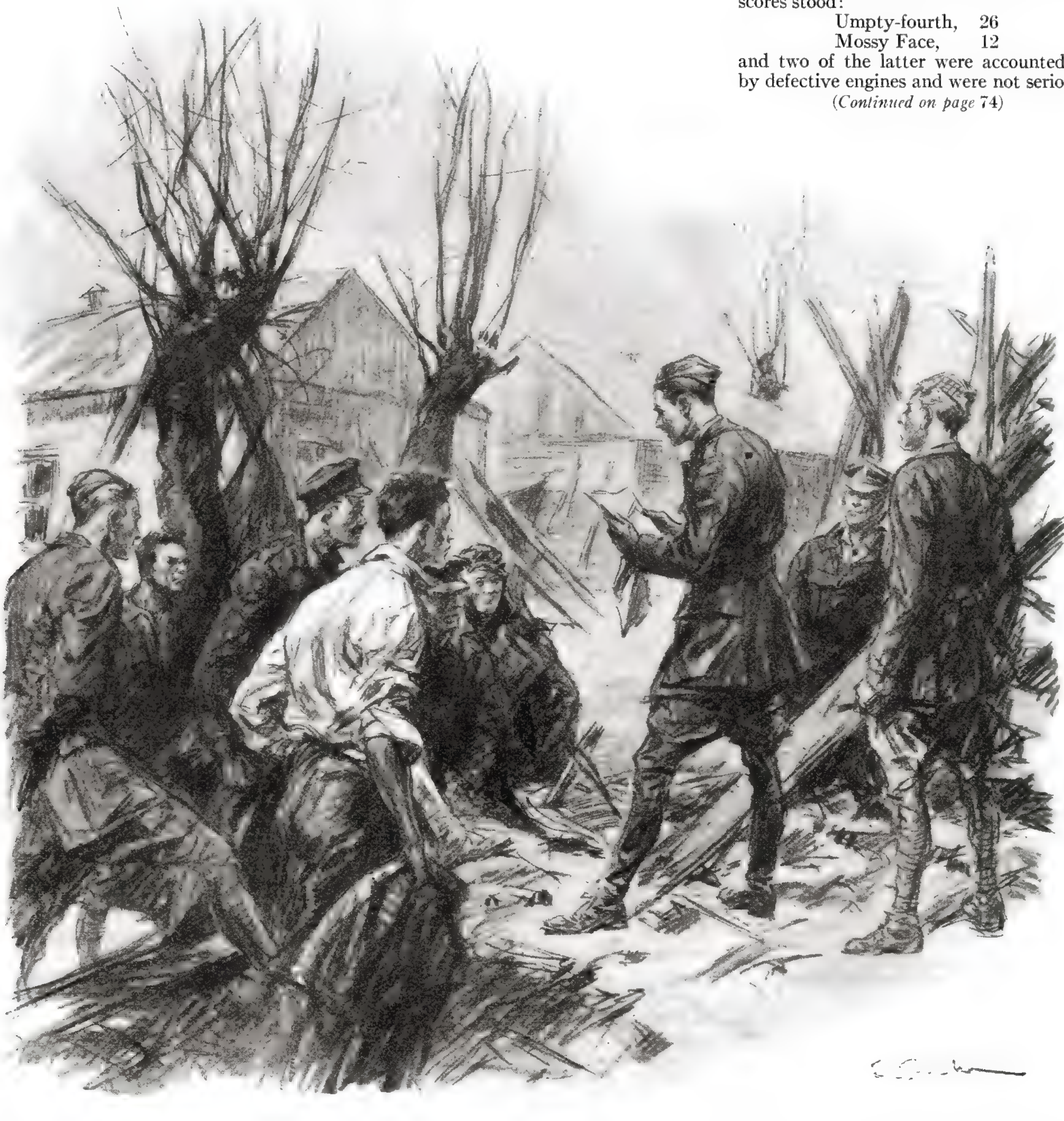
It was understood too, that by way of signaling his arrival at the enemy goal, the student should endeavor to the best of his ability to shoot or bomb any odd gentleman of the squadron who happened to be in billets or in the open below, and it was equally understood that if the aerodrome thus attacked succeeded in shooting or driving down the rash visitor so that he crashed to his death, the side which obtained this success scored one.

The rivalry between Mossy Face Wood and the Umpty-fourth was a particularly keen one at the moment when Billy Best went out and returned in safety. For the scores stood:

Umpty-fourth,	26
Mossy Face,	12

and two of the latter were accounted for by defective engines and were not seriously

(*Continued on page* 74)

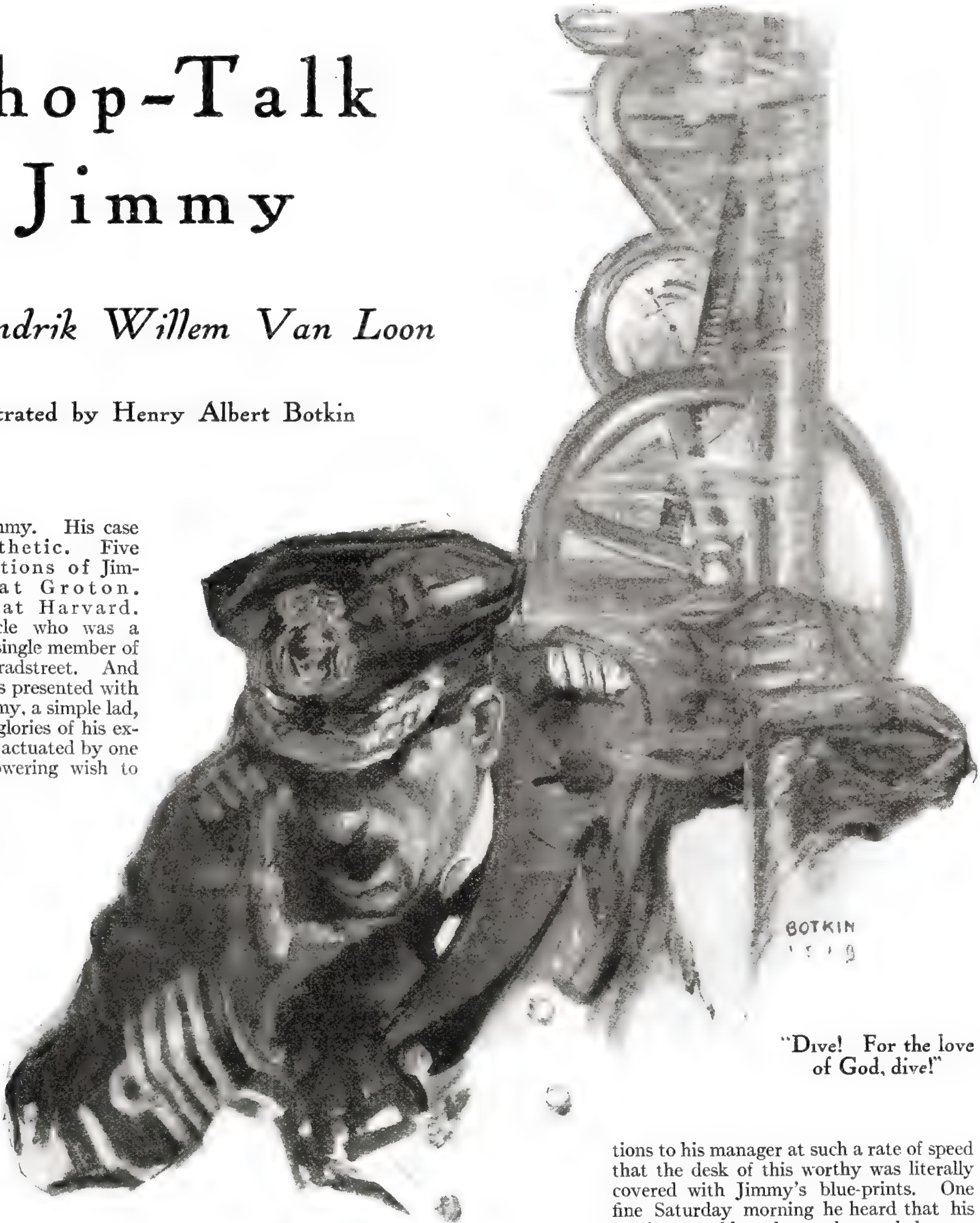


"Listen to this," he read: "'Today I come once, tomorrow or perhaps next day, or some other time propitious, I come twice, and show you that it is simple for German airmen to come.'"

Shop-Talk Jimmy

By Hendrik Willem Van Loon

Illustrated by Henry Albert Botkin



"Dive! For the love of God, dive!"

POOR Jimmy. His case was pathetic. Five generations of Jimmies at Groton. Eleven at Harvard. One uncle who was a bishop and every single member of the family in Bradstreet. And here the world was presented with a new kind of Jimmy, a simple lad, indifferent to the glories of his excellent family and actuated by one desire—an overpowering wish to know the why and wherefore of all things, both human and divine.

It had been bad enough at school. It was worse when he went to the university. A certain interest in learning and science was, of course, a very good thing. The strict code of his neighbors, however, demanded that intellectual curiosity be made subservient to the normal human concern about games and batting averages, sunshine and pleasure. When Jimmy refused to obey the unwritten law of his own clan, he was promptly punished.

Where the name came from I do not know. Some say that he got it at Groton. Others that it was bestowed upon him while at Harvard. Suffice it to say, that all the world knew him as "Shop-talk Jimmy," a strange although lovable boy who hated games, who spent his money upon books, who tinkered with every engine that came within his reach and who, morning, noon and night, was willing to talk shop upon every conceivable subject.

He graduated at the age of twenty-one. He wanted to study engineering but the family tradition demanded that he be caged in the subdivision of a bank to learn the ancestral profession and grow rich. He was in the bank just four months. He managed to make a thorough nuisance of himself. He asked questions that could not be answered. He investigated policies that ought to have been left alone. He upset all polite traditions of sound business and he was fired without regret and without ceremony.

Next he was an assistant to a large contractor. Within six weeks he introduced so many new methods of saving both time and money that the union objected. He was forced to resign.

With his bent for machinery he was then apprenticed to a large firm of automobile manufacturers. For eight months he worked as a common laborer. He kept sending confidential reports and suggestions to his manager at such a rate of speed that the desk of this worthy was literally covered with Jimmy's blue-prints. One fine Saturday morning he heard that his services would no longer be needed.

He went home for a rest. His family regarded him as a failure. His old friends began to shun him. Of course, he was a very bright fellow. Upon that everybody agreed. If only he would leave well enough alone. The world had managed to do without his advice quite nicely, these last five million years. And people quoted the words of that unforgettable and wise diplomat, the late Duke de Talleyrand, whose counsel still rings in our ears: "My friends, whatever you do, be not over-zealous."

Fortunately Jimmy was still very young. His disappointments might have taught him a lesson. But a terrible thing happened. He fell in love. The inquisitive child had reached the stage where he wished to explore the most wonderful mystery of all, the desire to surrender one's soul and become reborn through the love for another being. Her name was Margaret and she was fair to behold. Of the great world outside her own pleasant circle she knew nothing. Of men she knew little. She was a delightful creature with a lot of golden hair, a love of dogs, and a practical enjoyment of all the good things of life.

Romantic Jimmy turned his goddess into a miracle of sweetness and wisdom. She would have liked him to take her as she was. She did not care to hear him talk of gas engines or the future of the white race. But if he had kissed her she probably would have thought it very nice.

It was the last day of the vacation and it was after luncheon. Jimmy had smuggled the object of his affection out of the house and had dragged her willing feet to a hidden path in the garden. It was a splendid day. There was frost in the air, and wavy clouds proclaimed a strong east wind. Together these two young people wandered forth. Their feet trod the earth; but their minds wandered in the realm of that paradise which only opens its gates to true lovers.

And then poor Jimmy made his mistake. They had reached a bend in the road and before them, a hundred yards away, lay the silvery strip of the Sound. It made Jimmy sentimental. "There," he said, "that is what I mean when I talk about the world. You could take a little boat. You could start right here and you could go down-stream and you could keep going all your life, and wherever you went you would find people suffering and miserable and waiting for the great day of freedom. And it is our job to help them and work out a scheme that will set it all right and help them do things. That is what I have been thinking about, and I want to give myself to it with all there is in me."

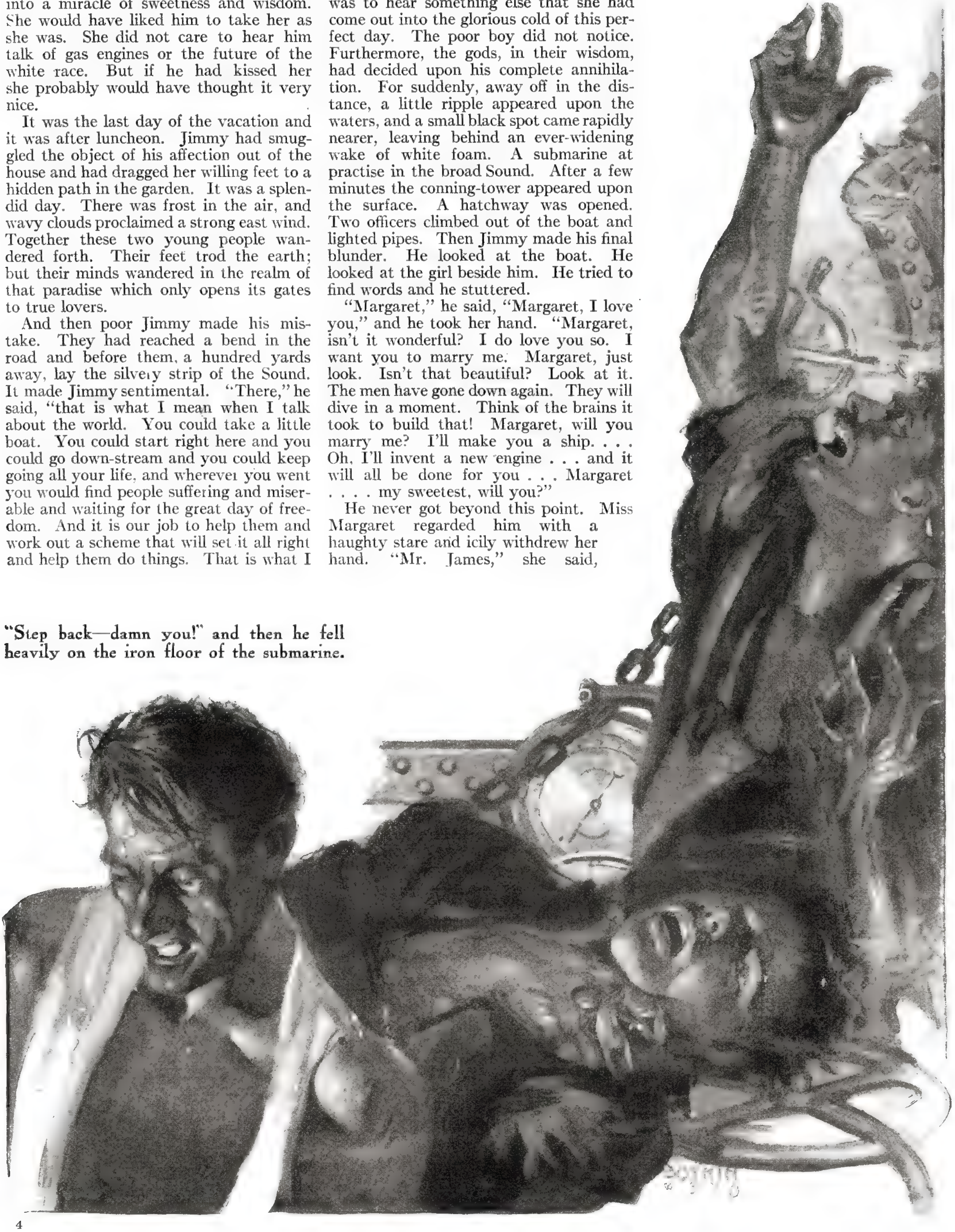
Alas, alas, this was not a lover's speech! But Jimmy was a strange bird and the desires of his heart were most weirdly interwoven with the aspirations of his soul.

Margaret was shocked. She answered with a few words of polite indifference. The ills of the human race were sad, but it was to hear something else that she had come out into the glorious cold of this perfect day. The poor boy did not notice. Furthermore, the gods, in their wisdom, had decided upon his complete annihilation. For suddenly, away off in the distance, a little ripple appeared upon the waters, and a small black spot came rapidly nearer, leaving behind an ever-widening wake of white foam. A submarine at practise in the broad Sound. After a few minutes the conning-tower appeared upon the surface. A hatchway was opened. Two officers climbed out of the boat and lighted pipes. Then Jimmy made his final blunder. He looked at the boat. He looked at the girl beside him. He tried to find words and he stuttered.

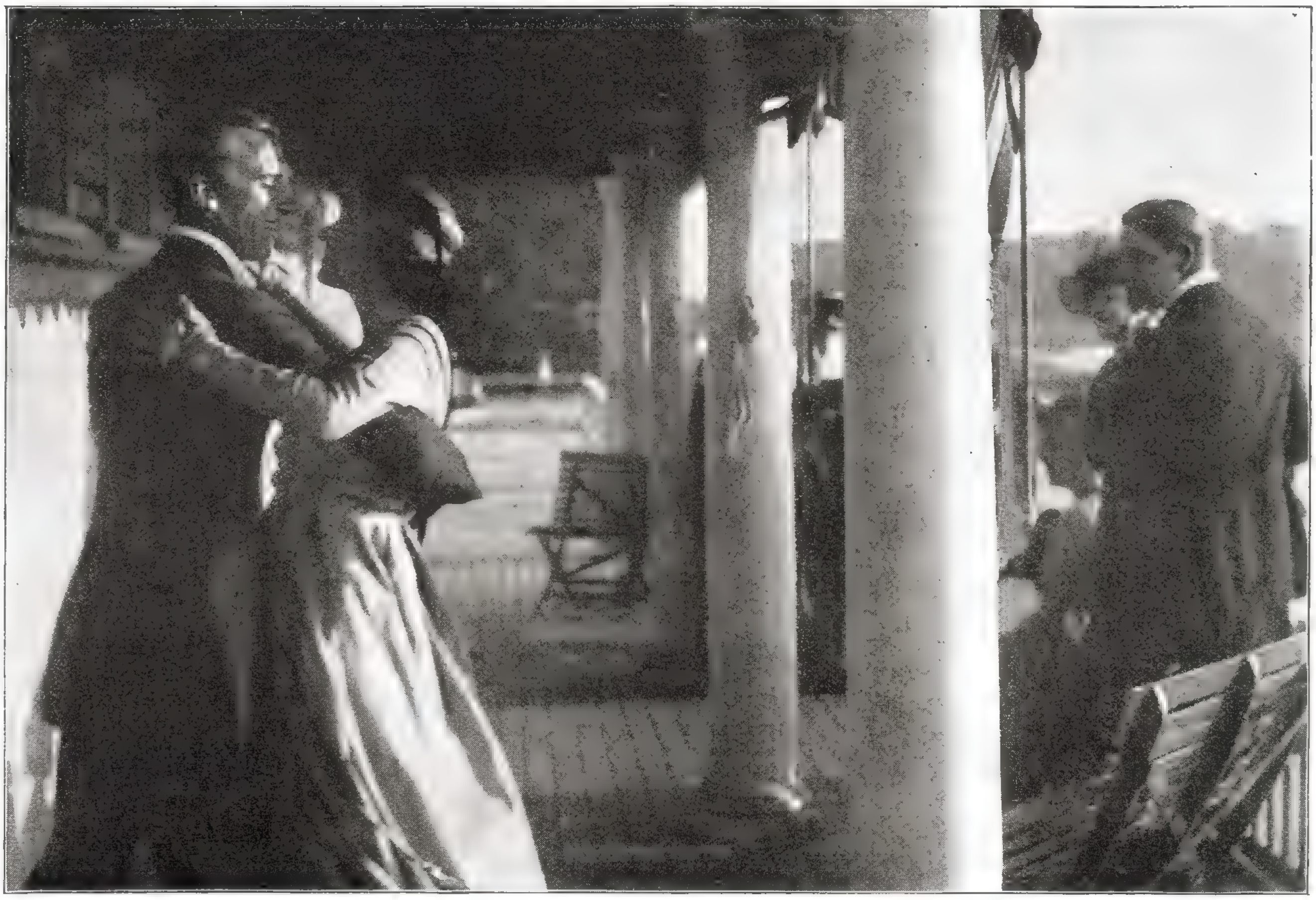
"Margaret," he said, "Margaret, I love you," and he took her hand. "Margaret, isn't it wonderful? I do love you so. I want you to marry me. Margaret, just look. Isn't that beautiful? Look at it. The men have gone down again. They will dive in a moment. Think of the brains it took to build that! Margaret, will you marry me? I'll make you a ship. . . . Oh, I'll invent a new engine . . . and it will all be done for you . . . Margaret . . . . my sweetest, will you?"

He never got beyond this point. Miss Margaret regarded him with a haughty stare and icily withdrew her hand. "Mr. James," she said, "will you remember that I have never yet given you the right to call me by my first name? And the next time you propose to a young lady I would advise you not to talk shop. . . ."

(*Continued on page 78*)



"Step back—damn you!" and then he fell heavily on the iron floor of the submarine.



Just for fun! The Castles in an impromptu dance on the country club veranda.

My Memories *of* Vernon Castle

By Irene Castle

IN HIS life, Vernon Castle was, to most of us, merely the master of our lighter hours. We little knew, we little cared, about the real man who lived behind the dancer's mask. And when he gave his life for a deeper cause, we did not understand.

This is the fourth instalment of what has been an inspiring revelation of the man, by one who knew him best, from the days of their first meeting, their early struggles in Paris, their successes in Europe and here, down to the time when the dancer answered the greater call, and left a brilliant career to enter the Royal Flying Corps and fight on the western front.

THE press-clipping you sent me was a lot of rot. I'm not attached to the French Army, and I'm no hero. I've done good work here, they say, and have made about one hundred flights over the German lines. I have led many bombing attacks, but that is no more than heaps of other pilots have done.

That is the way in which Lieut. Vernon Castle (afterwards Captain) described his experiences as an aviator. In reality, his work began at Newport News, Virginia, where he was first trained. He then went to a number of flying-schools in England and subsequently had considerable experience in France. He was sent back as an instructor to the Royal Flying Corps at Camp Mohawk, Desoronto, Canada. With the Royal Flying Corps he went to winter quarters at Camp Benbrook, Texas, where he was killed in the attempt to avoid collision with another machine which rose just in front of him. In France he was awarded the *Croix de Guerre.*

In May, 1916, as soon as I was released from my work in "Watch Your Step," I hastened to England to see Vernon before he was sent with his squadron to France. I was scheduled to be back by the end of the month to start work on a new moving picture, so I booked a round trip on the *St. Louis,* which allowed me six days in England—just six short days. We were nearing the landing and I had gone to my cabin to put on one of those last touches that I might look my best, when one of my fellow passengers tapped on my window and told me that Vernon was outside. I raced for the deck and there, below me, on a tender, he stood. It was my first glimpse of him as a soldier, and it is one which I shall always carry with me. He had received his "wings" that morning and I am sure no one could have looked smarter or prouder. We both waved frantically and conspicuously and jumped up and down with impatience. When the gangplank between the two boats was lowered he tore across it and into my arms. Those were proud moments for me, I can tell you. He had jumped aboard the tender just as it was pulling off. As his air was very businesslike and as he wore a uniform, no one questioned him, though it was impossible to meet the liners except on official business. If any one had had a mind to question his errand after he met the *St. Louis,* I am sure that our happy meeting and the joy in our faces would have led them to condone his fault, if it was one. How lucky we were! All day long we waited just off the dock, not allowed to go ashore. The other poor passengers could only wave weakly at their friends and relatives on the pier below.

It was a very trying day for most on board. There were many Canadian women taking over sweet little children to see their daddies—perhaps for the last time. One very charming little girl had taken a great interest in my monkey Rastus. When I told her that Rastus was going over to see his daddy too, she was much impressed and demanded to know whether

"Vernon's aviation cap was rather like a monkey's cap and worn in a decided monkey fashion."

or not his daddy looked most like us or most like a monkey. I jestingly had told her that he was sort of between the two and that she would soon see for herself. When I pointed him out to her, she didn't seem disappointed, for Vernon's aviation cap was rather like a monkey's cap and worn in a decided monkey fashion.

The day after my arrival in England we danced at a benefit performance given at the Drury Lane Theatre before Queen Alexandra. Both Vernon and I were very nervous about this performance, for we had not danced together for more than six months. Fortunately, we found in London the colored orchestra that we had taken abroad with us several years before. This relieved our anxiety tremendously, for we were so accustomed to the music of negro musicians and they understood dance music thoroughly.

We never got a chance to rehearse on the stage, as it was occupied by other acts that needed rehearsal more than we did. All we had time to do was to hum over a few tunes to our colored friends of the orchestra and to instruct them to watch and follow us closely. They were accustomed to doing this, and that part of our work was easy. I wore a black chiffon dress that was in no way unusual. I did wear, however, something conspicuous—a diamond anklet. Vernon wore his dress clothes; he was not allowed to dance in uniform.

We waited back stage what seemed hours and hours until our coons struck up one of our old favorites. Hearing the music in a theatre again took us back several years, and the encouraging and admiring faces of our colored friends—they were seated on the stage—gave us an added confidence. We forgot the crowded audience that filled the house everywhere. We forgot even the Queen Mother and danced as we had never danced before. Our nervousness disappeared completely, and as we danced the almost forgotten steps, the general rotation of our numbers came back to us as naturally as if we had never ceased continuous dancing.

It was glorious! Our hearts sang at the memory that surged up within us, and when we finished we came back to bow first to the audience and then to the Queen Mother, who was smiling sweetly and even applauding. Surely this must have been the beautiful dream or the fairy-story of two dancers come true. We didn't know whether to be happy or to cry. This was praise for work well done together. We had climbed the ladder so patiently side by side.

Then came three happy days in London,

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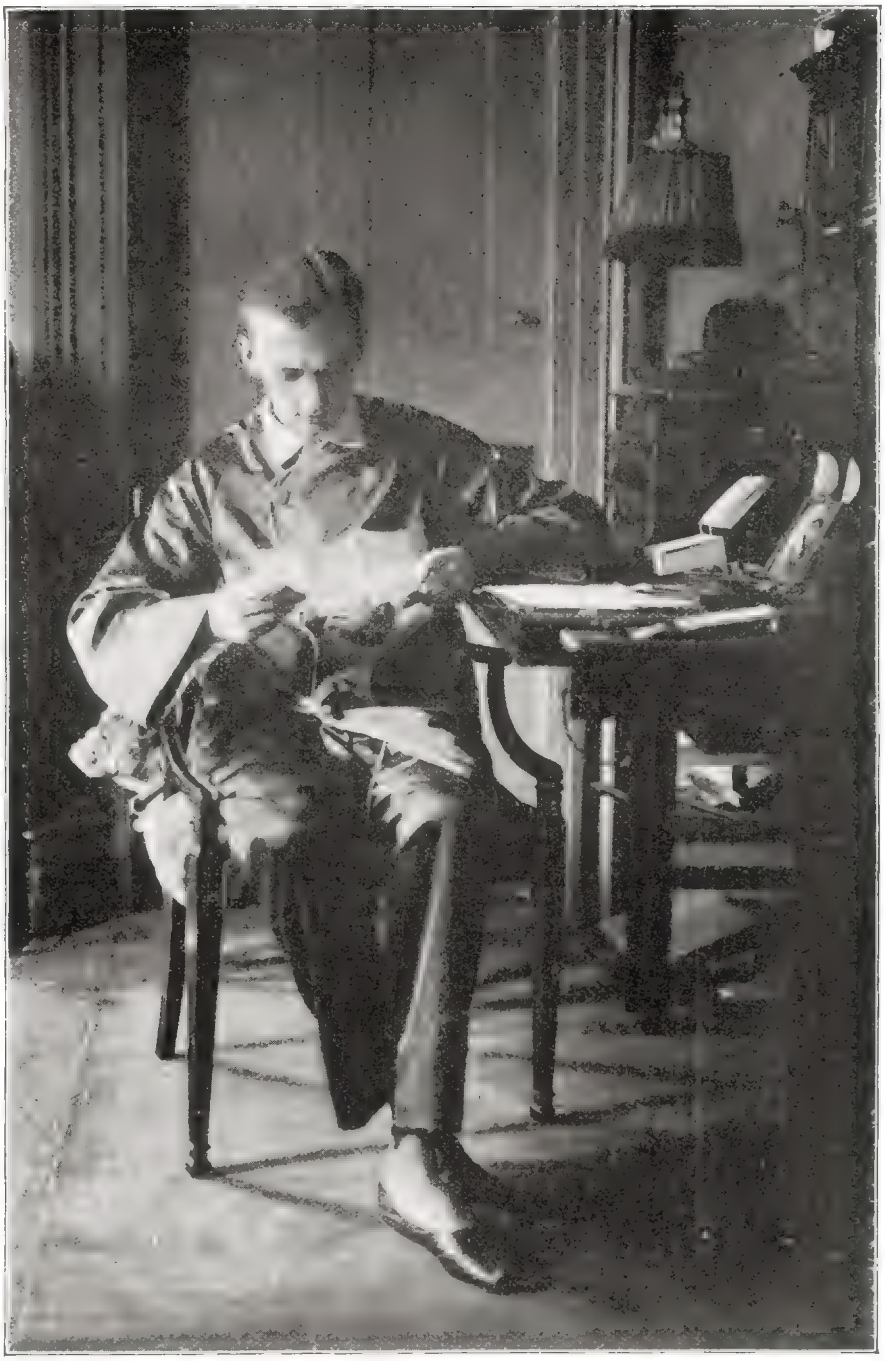

Ira L. Hill's Studio.

"Later all business details were turned over to me."

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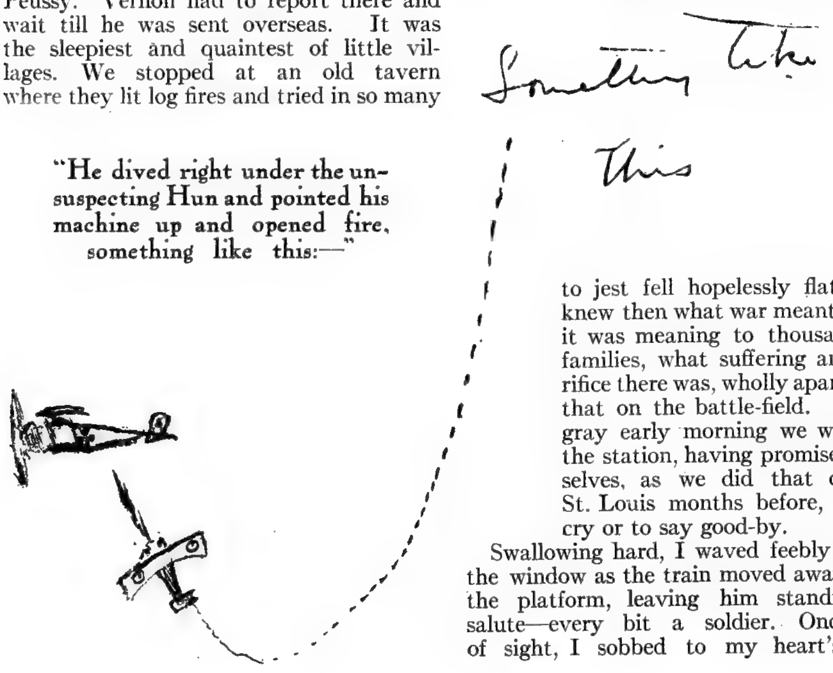
One of the Castles' most popular dances.

filled with theatres, dinners and parties. We danced every night till early morning to get our fill, knowing full well the months would be long and weary before we could know such happiness again. Always there hung over us the time of our parting, the time when my six days would be over. We didn't speak of it, but each knew that the other thought of it.

The day before I sailed we went to Peussy. Vernon had to report there and wait till he was sent overseas. It was the sleepiest and quaintest of little villages. We stopped at an old tavern where they lit log fires and tried in so many ways to make us comfortable. I'd have liked to stay forever, but I had to pose and act before the camera in far-away America before the end of that month and any minute might bring Vernon his orders which would take him to France.

Our last dinner in the little town was a painful, silent affair. My tears could not be kept back and Vernon worked very hard at serving nothing. Our few attempts to jest fell hopelessly flat. We knew then what war meant, what it was meaning to thousands of families, what suffering and sacrifice there was, wholly apart from that on the battle-field. In the gray early morning we went to the station, having promised ourselves, as we did that day in St. Louis months before, not to cry or to say good-by.



"He dived right under the unsuspecting Hun and pointed his machine up and opened fire, something like this:—"

Swallowing hard, I waved feebly out of the window as the train moved away from the platform, leaving him standing at salute—every bit a soldier. Once out of sight, I sobbed to my heart's content, and as the fields and hills rolled by, hastily I wrote the following little prayer for him. It's poor I know, but I quote it because he wore it tied around his neck with a dirty little string for the next nine months. With him it went over the front again and again at Ypres.

Almighty God, if Thou art there,
Listen to my humble prayer
And keep him safe.

Keep him in your care alway,
Watch o'er him through this weary day
And keep him safe.

Make him feel my love and sorrow,
Bring him back some near to-morrow
And keep him safe.

Shortly after my leaving England, Vernon was sent to the front with his squadron. He soon got into the thick of things. His interest in flying and the work he was doing was never so absorbing that he forgot to write letters home or to take an interest in our pets or the other things that had so delighted him. His love of the theatre and dancing he kept, for night after night he appeared at barrack or other entertainments. His love of sport and games was always with him. As an entertainer he acquired added reputation and prestige in the service, and he was most popular. He thought of a thousand and one things to do for the men at the front. He sent home for many things that would make life easier or pleasanter for some one. On arriving in France he

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"As we danced the almost forgotten steps, our numbers came back to us as naturally as if we had never stopped."

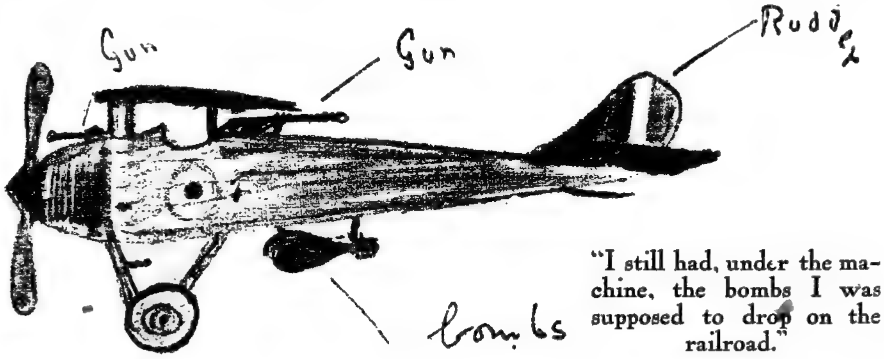
found that there were many Americans with the Canadian aviators. He sent home to me for American magazines and papers for them, as at that time little home news that would interest them penetrated to their section.

When he was mess president (I believe that is the term that he used in his letters), he found many ways to amuse the men and to lighten the monotony of a branch of the service which may only require a few hours' work a day. I do not wish, however, to give the impression that he was entertainer at war, following his own pursuit or trade. He went about the serious business of war good-naturedly and with a big spirit. He was interested not only in what he himself did, but in what his comrades accomplished. In one of his early letters from France he wrote:

> I've really had quite an exciting morning. I was flying very low, about four thousand feet, when I saw a Hun machine about ten thousand feet up, and just over our lines. I don't think he saw me, or if he did, he didn't give me a thought because I was so low. However, I thought I had better start climbing and if I could get above him, I might have a chance to bring him down. I climbed. My machine was not the fastest we have, so it was very slow work, and all the while the German was going round in big circles just over our trenches. When I was about seven thousand feet and the Hun still about ten thousand, I looked up. Another machine diving down from about seventeen thousand came into view. At that distance, I couldn't see whether it was one of ours or theirs. When it got closer, I discovered it was one of our fastest scouts and that he was coming at terrific speed. He dived right under the unsuspecting Hun and pointed his machine up and opened fire, something like this. (See sketch on page 52.)
>
> Well, the bullets must have gone into the gasoline tank, because, with a big explosion, the German machine burst into flames and went crashing to the ground. The poor pilot (I really felt sorry for him) jumped out long before the machine touched the ground, but of course there was nothing left of him when he hit.
>
> Our pilot who did the job was so excited, and really it was a splendid piece of work.

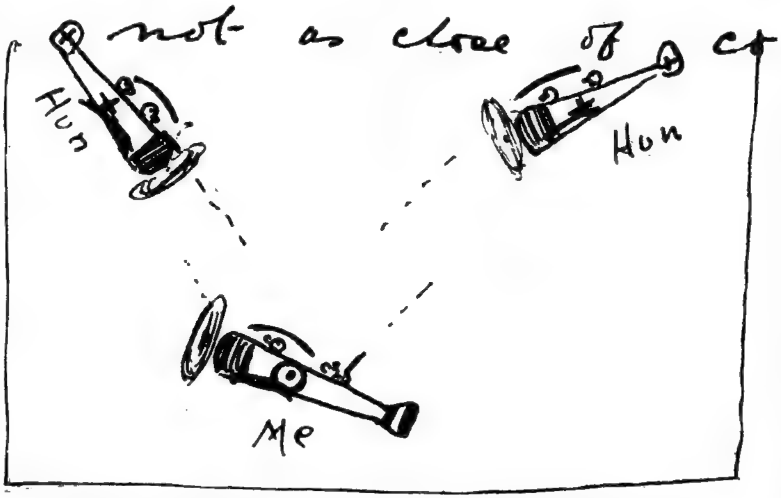
I had promised Vernon to return on the completion of my serial picture in October, but the movie dragged on and it was not until early January, having rushed East from California, with just enough time to make the boat, that I was able to set out once more for England. The trip was stormy, cold and miserable, but as we neared Liverpool, my spirits soared and I began eagerly searching the faces of those waiting on the pier. A dozen times I thought I saw Vernon among the British officers who were there, but each time with sinking heart I found I was mistaken. I was handed some cables and searched rapidly among them for some word of welcome, but there was none. There is nothing so lonely in all the world as watching the joyous meetings of others. Every one on the boat except me had some one to wave to or to call to them excitedly. I had the fear that something had happened to him and they had not dared to tell me. From Liverpool to London I pictured him wounded or dead, and made myself thoroughly miserable.

On arriving in London I found that his leave had been postponed, but that he would probably be over from France in a week or ten days. Finally I got a wire that he was flying across the Channel the



"I still had, under the machine, the bombs I was supposed to drop on the railroad."

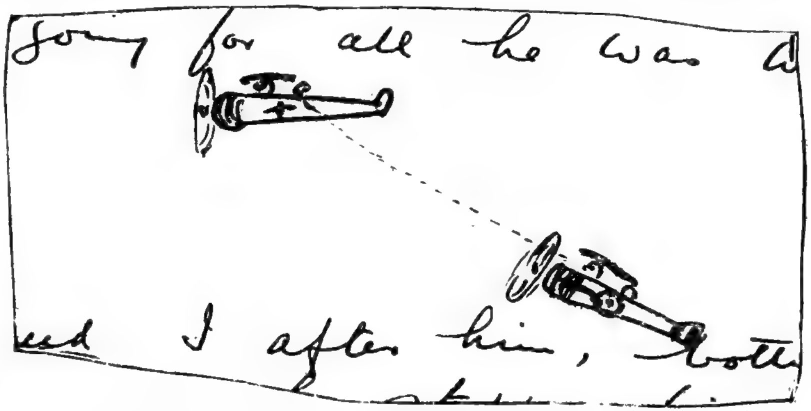
same day. In the late afternoon he arrived, wrapped in a leather coat and many mufflers. From the inside of his coat peeped the comic little face of a monkey which was his mascot at the front. Vernon picked him up in Paris at a Red Cross bazaar. No one else wanted to buy him, and he looked so pathetic. Vernon could never resist such an appeal. Of course they became the very best of friends and this particular monkey acquired quite a reputation as a flyer in Vernon's squadron.


not as close of c
Hun
Hun
Me

"They started to dive at me—not so close, of course, as in this drawing of mine."

On this visit Vernon told me of much concerning his work flying over the German lines. He told me of some of the experiences he had had while bombing, but one of his letters describes this better than I can do:

> I had to get up at 3:30 so that I could fly and drop some bombs on a railroad before it got too light. It wasn't a very nice morning, but I went up, and then it came over very cloudy and I got lost in the clouds. I couldn't see a speck of ground, so after flying a bit I shut off the engine and dived down, but on coming out through the clouds I was immediately shelled. Having no idea where I was, except that I was not over a friendly country, I climbed back into the clouds again. I decided that I had been flying for about twenty-five minutes, so I pointed my machine due west and flew about for thirty-five minutes. When I came down again, by a great stroke of luck I was almost over our own aerodrome. I landed, but not without a great deal of fear, because I still had under the machine the bombs that I was supposed to drop on the railroad.
>
> I enclose sketch showing you the position of the bombs, and as they are exploded by contact you will see that it was no fun landing with them. This concludes my little story.


oing for all he was
ed I after him, bott

"Going for all he was worth for Hunland, and I after him—"

It was on this same visit that Vernon was made very happy and proud on receiving the telegram informing him that he had been awarded the *Croix de Guerre*.

I remember with what childish enthusiasm he ran out and bought one of the medals and many bits of red-and-green-striped ribbon for me to sew on all of his uniforms. He had received it for bravery shown in many flights over the German lines and his fearlessness in attacking and bringing down enemy planes. He always delighted in talking of his first flight over the German lines.

He had been commanded to take twenty four pictures of the enemy trenches. Now, picture-taking is the job most dreaded by the flyers, and therefore always given to men on their arrival at the front, to test their nerve and to prepare them for the worst, for the worst it is. They are bound to fly low enough to be within range of the anti-aircraft guns all the time, and the pictures themselves would be difficult enough to get, even under the calmest and most ordinary circumstances. The flyer is given a pin-point on a little map, with the instructions that that is to be the center of the picture and bounded on all four sides by objects which are described.

All the aviator has to do is to keep his camera straight, the central object in focus, and to fly his machine under the very trying conditions which the Germans provide so well. It is not at all an easy matter, as Vernon soon learned.

He was very much concerned and distracted by the bursting shells. One would go off right in front of him and he would lose track of the pin-point that he was to photograph. Another went off carelessly near the tail of his machine, and in looking around to see what harm had been done the machine would become tilted a little sideways.

In order to prevent the guns below from getting a direct range, he zigzagged and flew all around the country between each picture.

He was exceedingly shaky about it all and not a little distressed, but finally he got what he thought he had been sent out for, and flew home radiant with the satisfaction of a job that is well done.

The next morning his commanding officer sent for him and said: "Castle, did you take these pictures?" Vernon saluted him in true soldier fashion and said: "Yes, sir," with great pride in his voice and expecting to have something pinned on his chest. Then to his surprise and disappointment, the commanding officer tore up the pictures and told Vernon they were hopeless, out of focus, crooked and worthless. He used rather strong language and left no doubt in Vernon's mind about the failure of his little expedition over the German lines.

Then he demanded to know why Vernon hadn't done better. By this time Vernon, thoroughly humbled, explained that they (meaning the Boche) had been firing on him pretty heavily and that he had been forced to abandon his course very often because of the bursting shells. This, it seems, was the worst thing he could have said. His squadron commander was a man of boundless courage. He knew no fear; he had attracted a great deal of attention because of his bravery in flying, and he had only contempt for those who admitted the slightest fear; all this Vernon learned afterward from his fellow flyers.

He told me that he felt much like a child who, having been severely punished, hopes to be run over in the street so that his parents may feel truly sorry for their cruel, harsh treatment. He got into his machine, very hurt and angry, but determined that he should not be sneered at a second time, and so, flying low in a straight line over the German front and never wavering from his course (though on such missions the flyer is supposed to circle around after each picture to make it more difficult for the gunners below), he took his twenty-four pictures all over again. Flying bits of shell tore holes in the planes of his machine, one hit through the collar of his coat, and finally his rudder was so badly ripped away that he had great difficulty in landing.

I doubt if on this trip he ever heard the guns, for his mind was so determined and his heart so wounded. When he landed, his machine told the story, and the splendid pictures he turned in were proof of his courage.

After that experience there were few things the enemy could do on earth or in the air to disturb him in carrying out any mission on which he was sent.

The prettiest part of this little story is that his commanding officer and he became very fast friends from that time on, and it was he who finally sent Vernon over to Canada, after he had had a bad fall in France, for fear that something else more serious might happen to him.

That was Vernon's first flight over the German lines. Of his first fight with a Hun he wrote:

It was a terribly cold day and I was detailed to go up on a parole. I had just got into my machine and started up the engine when I suddenly realized I hadn't my little prayer around my neck. Of course I am far too superstitious to go up without it, so I stopped my engine, got out of the machine and went to my hut, where I found it. I was too bundled up and had no time to undress, so I tied it round my wrist.

Well, I got up in the air about ten thousand feet, when I suddenly spotted four Huns. Then I was glad I had gone back for my prayer, because I thought to myself, "Here's where I get it." I beetled off after the Huns, who were well over our side of the lines and only a few miles from the aerodrome.

I gradually caught them up, and when they saw me the two behind turned on me, and as they were higher, they started to dive at me, one from the front and the other from the back like this (see sketch on page 54).

Of course not so close as in this drawing of mine. My observer opened fire at the one driving at the back and apparently frightened him away, or wounded him, because he beat it. The Hun in front of me had me cold, really, because I couldn't tilt my machine up enough to range on him, but I fired my gun anyway, and he, like a fool, turned off, which gave me the opportunity I wanted, which was to get under his tail. Now we were like this (see sketch on page 54).

"Then came three happy days in London."

He was going for all he was worth for Hunland, I after him, both blazing away. Presently he stopped firing, and I guess either I must have hit the observer or his gun jammed. Then the Hun pilot tried to turn and shake me off his tail, but he couldn't, and every time I could get the light on him I blazed away. By this time we were across the lines on his side and the Hun Archies were firing at me, but I was so darned excited that I didn't notice anything.

Well, we kept on for some time, when suddenly his machine tipped over sideways and downward, and then started spinning like a top. I knew I had hit him. He fell right through some clouds and I lost sight of him forever.

When I came home I reported it, but of course as I didn't actually see him hit the ground, I couldn't very well claim him as a certainty; but while I was at lunch one of our pilots who was working with the artillery in that vicinity said he saw the machine come through the clouds and crash into the ground. So after it was verified I got full credit for it. It was very exciting, because all the chaps at the aerodrome could see the fight.

I don't like killing things, as you know, but I certainly *saw red* that time. Gee, I was excited.

Ze Star Spanngold Baneur

FRANCE has fought for us—and with us—and taken our boys to her heart. Here is another beautiful proof of her fine friendliness—this "pronunciation and literal translation" of "The Star Spangled Banner." For it is no light thing that the French tongue should twist itself to the strange syllables of the American national anthem, as *Le Matin* has so carefully taught it to do. There's just one way to reciprocate—learn the French words of "*La Marseillaise.*"

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

ZE STAR SPANNGOLD BANEUR
(LA) (ÉTOILES) (PAILLETÉE) (BANNIÈRE)

Prononciation et traduction littérale des deux premières strophes

PREMIERE STROPHE

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light
O, sè, cann iou si, baï ze donnz eurlé laïtt
(o) (dites) (pouvez) (vous) (voir) (par) (de l') (aube) (première) (lumiere).

What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming
houot sô praoudlé oui hèld att ze touaïlaïtts lastt glimign,
(ce que) (si) (fièrement) (nous) (saluâmes) (a) (du) (crépuscule) (dernier) (rayon)

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
Houz brodd straïpss annd braïtt starz srou ze pèrileuss faïtt
(dont) (larges) (bandes) (et) (brillantes) (étoiles) (à travers) (le) (périlleux) (combat)

O'er the ramparts we watchd, were so gallantly streaming
ôeur ze rammpartss oui ouotchtt oueur sô galanntlé stirmign
(au-dessus du) (les) (remparts) (nous) (veillons) (étaient) (si) (vaillamment) (flottant)

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Annd ze roquettss rèd glèr, ze bombz beurstign inn èr
(et) (les) (fusées) (rouge) (éclat) (les) (bombes) (éclatant) (dans) (air)

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there
guèv prouf srou ze naïtt zatt aeur flag ouoz still zèr
(donnait) (preuve) (à travers) (la) (nuit) (que) (notre) (drapeau) (était) (encore) (là)

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
o, sè, deuz zatt star-spanngueuld baneur iett ouèv
(oh) (dites) (est-ce-que) (cette) (étoile) (pailletée) (bannière) (encore) (flotte)

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave
ôeur ze lannd ov ze fri annd ze hômm ov ze brèv
(sur) (la) (terre) (de) (les) (libres) (et) (le) (foyer) (de) (les) (braves)

DEUXIÈME STROPHE

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep
Onn ze chor dimlé sinn srou ze mistss ov ze dip
(sur) (le) (rivage) (obscurément) (vu) (à travers) (les) (brumes) (de l') (abime)

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
Ouèr ze fôz hoté hôstt inn drèd saïlennss repôzess
(où) (la) (ennemi) (arrogante) (troupe) (en) (redoutable) (silence) (repose)

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
Houot iz zatt ouitche ze briz ôeur ze taorign stip
(quel) (est) (cela) (que) (la) (brise) (sur) (le) (dominant) (talus)

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
As itt fittfoulé blôz, haf connciiz, haf disclôzess?
(comme) (elle) (irrégulièrement) (souffle) (moitié) (cache) (moitié) (découvre) ?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
Naô itt catcheuz ze glim ov ze mornignz feurstt bimm
(tantôt) (cela) (attrape) (la) (lueur) (de) (le) (matin) (premier) (rayon)

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
Inn foull gloré réflèctedd, naô chaïnnz onn ze strimm
(en) (pleine) (gloire) (réfléchie), (tantôt) (brille) (sur) (le) (fleuve)

'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh long may it wave
Tiz ze star-spanngueuld baneur, ô logn mè itt ouèv
(c'est (la) (étoile) (pailletée) (bannière), (oh) (longtemps) (puisse) (elle) (flotter)

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ôeur ze lannd ov ze fri annd ze hôm ov ze brèv
(sur) (la) (terre) (des) (libres) (et) (la) (maison) (des) (braves)

Getting Acquainted

By

Dorothy Culver Mills

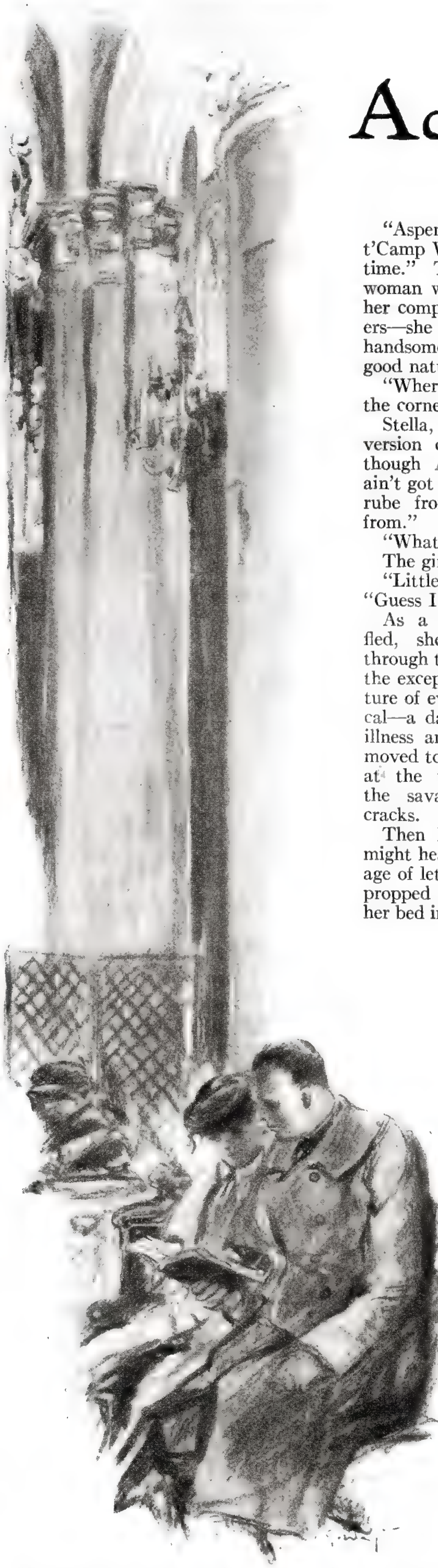
Illustrated by George Wright

THERE were to have been fourteen golden hours—that perhaps would have to last her all her life. Yet she had told herself that it would be a ticklish day that could easily be spoiled. So it was to have been a mild sunny Sunday—not unknown in January—with a walk in the park, a picnic lunch on the lee side of some pavilion, and a ride on the river boat where one could get supper in the warm cabin. He was not to come to the house for her aunt and Stella to laugh at; their teasing would be like tearing apart a live butterfly; they could think what they chose. And now——

The girl standing by the window clenched her fists as she saw herself bringing Harry into this kitchen reeking with fumes of gas stove and tobacco, here where her aunt and Stella and their latest admirers, far more dreadful than the last, were established for the day in armchairs from the icy parlor, with cards, Sunday papers, and the phonograph. Yet she did not know where else to go. For the conventional old city, a barren enough waste on a Sunday at best, was caught between the fangs of zero weather and a coal famine; walking was torment, the river was icebound, the trolleys were little better than the streets, and there was no fire in the cellar beneath her. This was one of the moments in the long hour she had been waiting for the telephone to ring, when she was afraid that he might come after all.

She started as a voice addressed her from a green plush rocker behind her, the husky voice of a fat man who was eyeing her slim silhouette with frank pleasure. "Gosh, Aspen, that there cold shoulder's givin' me the shivers! Let's see them dimples once."

From a kitchen chair tilted against the wall beside the blazing gas range the second man, younger and undersized, with an evil complexion and a shapeless mouth, added his bit: "Seein's nothin' extra out of a frosted window anyhow, kid—even if your eyes do look good to me!"



The two sat through the service, their mittened hands touching over the hymn book.

"Aspen's grouchin' for some fellow down t'Camp Wadsworth who writes her all the time." This came from her aunt, a large woman with coarse skin and voice whom her companions, and some of her customers—she was a dressmaker—considered handsome. There was curiosity as well as good nature in her teasing.

"Where'd you find him, kid? Round the corner?" inquired the fat man.

Stella, the protégée, helper and younger version of the dressmaker, answered as though Aspen were not present. "She ain't got the pep for that. Guess it's some rube from up country where she come from."

"What's the name, tightwad?"

The girl did not stir.

"Little girl lost her tongue," he chided. "Guess I'll have to come and hunt for it."

As a rocker creaked suggestively she fled, shouts of laughter pursuing her through the bitter halls to her room. With the exception of the kitchen, the temperature of every spot in the house was identical—a dangerous numbing cold, fostering illness and depression. She instinctively moved toward the shallow bay of sunshine at the window, but drew back from the savage drafts that penetrated the cracks.

Then leaving the door open that she might hear the telephone she drew a package of letters from under the mattress and propped herself against the headboard of her bed in the center of an irregular mound of sweater, coat and blankets that cased her like a dumpling. The letters would make the time pass more quickly—till what? Aspen was not the first to cry over weather that wantonly threatened her very happiness. Yet selected passages were soon winning misty smiles.

> What if I hadn't just happened to find you that Sunday in the park? I can't believe it was only just an hour—it seems always. I sure was blue and lonely, thinkin' of goin' off Wednesday and nobody to care — and a strange city.
>
> My boss is a peach. He called me in Tuesday before I went and said to call on him if he could ever do anything. He asked if I had a girl and—you mustn't mind—I said yes before I thought. But don't worry—I won't forget it's what you call makebelieve. But still—well, you know what I'd like to say. And here I don't suppose you could call us really aquainted yet!

She gave a little chuckle at the next:

They doled me out wristers yesterday and I wondered if they was the ones you was knittin' that Sunday I found you in the park, or if some skinny old maid did them. I tried to think it was you but it didn't work very well, for once in so often I'd see that skinny old dame clawin' them over. And then when your muffler came this morning—and I don't have to pretend. I got it on now and it don't seem I deserve to be wearin' things an angel did for me.

(NOTE:—*Angel* was spelled correctly because Harry had been a typesetter before he was a soldier.)

The last letter held this:

I'm goin' to get leave, no matter how short, and come up. If they hadn't transferred me way down here it wouldn't take so much time travelin'. But I got to see you before I go, and get acquainted. It's funny to think of you in the city—you seem to belong in the country, where you come from. I don't belong in the city, neither, not in a great big eastern city like that. I thought I lived in a city back home—but it was only just a little country town compared. But that's what I like too. Some day——

She kissed that letter and picked up the telegram that had arrived next, happily while she was out front alone sweeping the steps. She lifted the yellow sheet to her lips; then shaking her head vigorously she laid it down again. It was not as though Harry had actually written those words and no one touched them since.

As the muffled whine of some indistinguishable tune reached her from the kitchen she felt a familiar paralyzing homesickness for the old Sundays in the cottage with her father. Her mother, her aunt's sister, had died at her birth. Her father had been a tall, kind man, a carpenter whom everybody trusted; he had named her Aspen after his favorite tree, and on Sunday he would read Longfellow's poems to her. He had died on her seventeenth birthday, nearly a year ago.

A sneeze choked a starting sob, the conflict drawing a wry smile from her just as she heard a tentative ring below. In an instant she was in the sewing-room lifting the receiver before the long clear call could summon her aunt.

Then came the voice she expected—friendly and a little protective and, just now, brief and businesslike. "That you—Aspen?"

Her own was faint. "Yes."

"I'll be right up—it was frozen switches and we were lucky it wasn't worse."

"No," she heard herself answer. "I'll be right down. It's better—I'll tell you later."

"It don't much matter where, so it's right away," he laughed. "Only wrap up. It's awful cold."

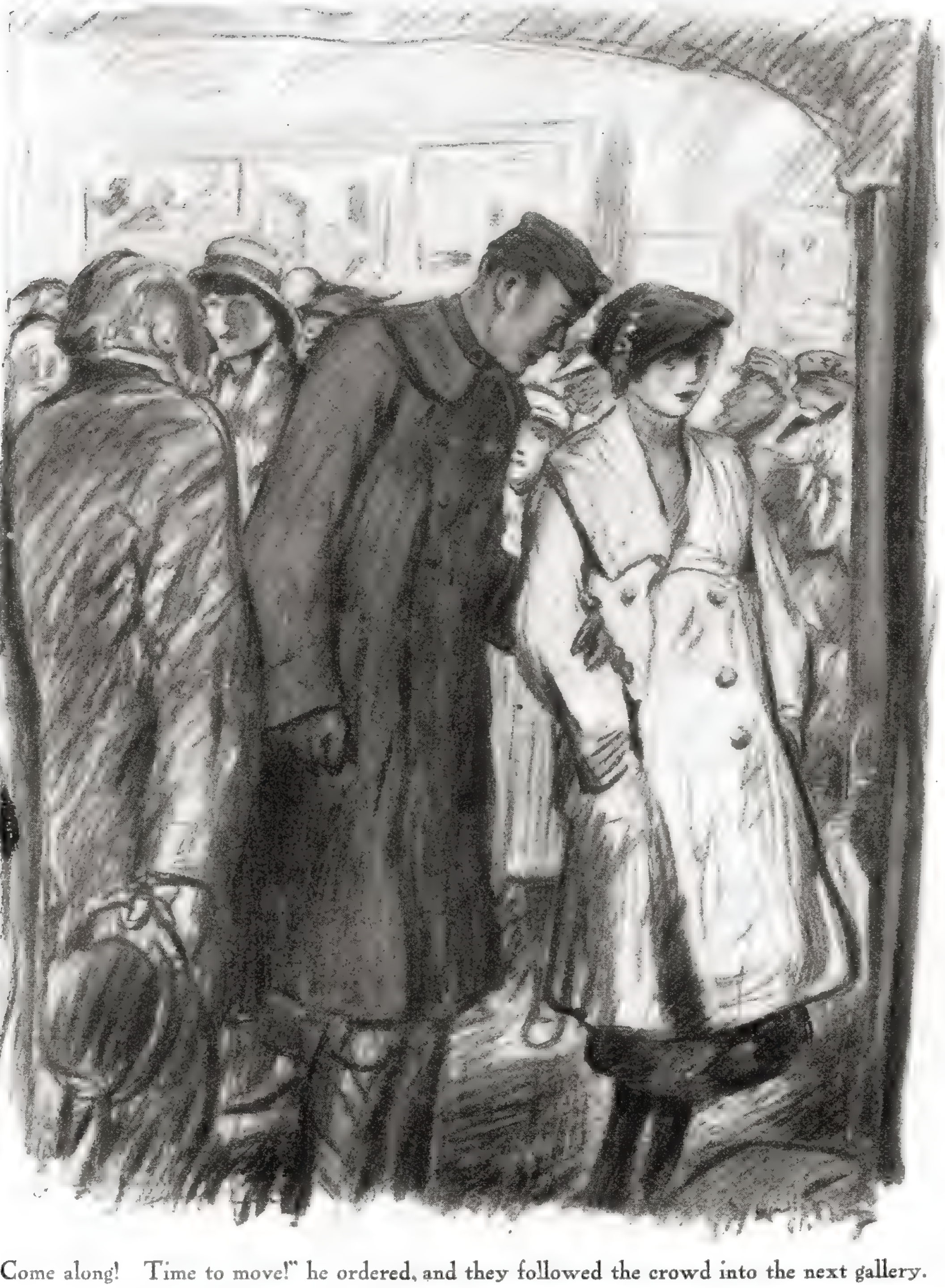
"I will," she promised.

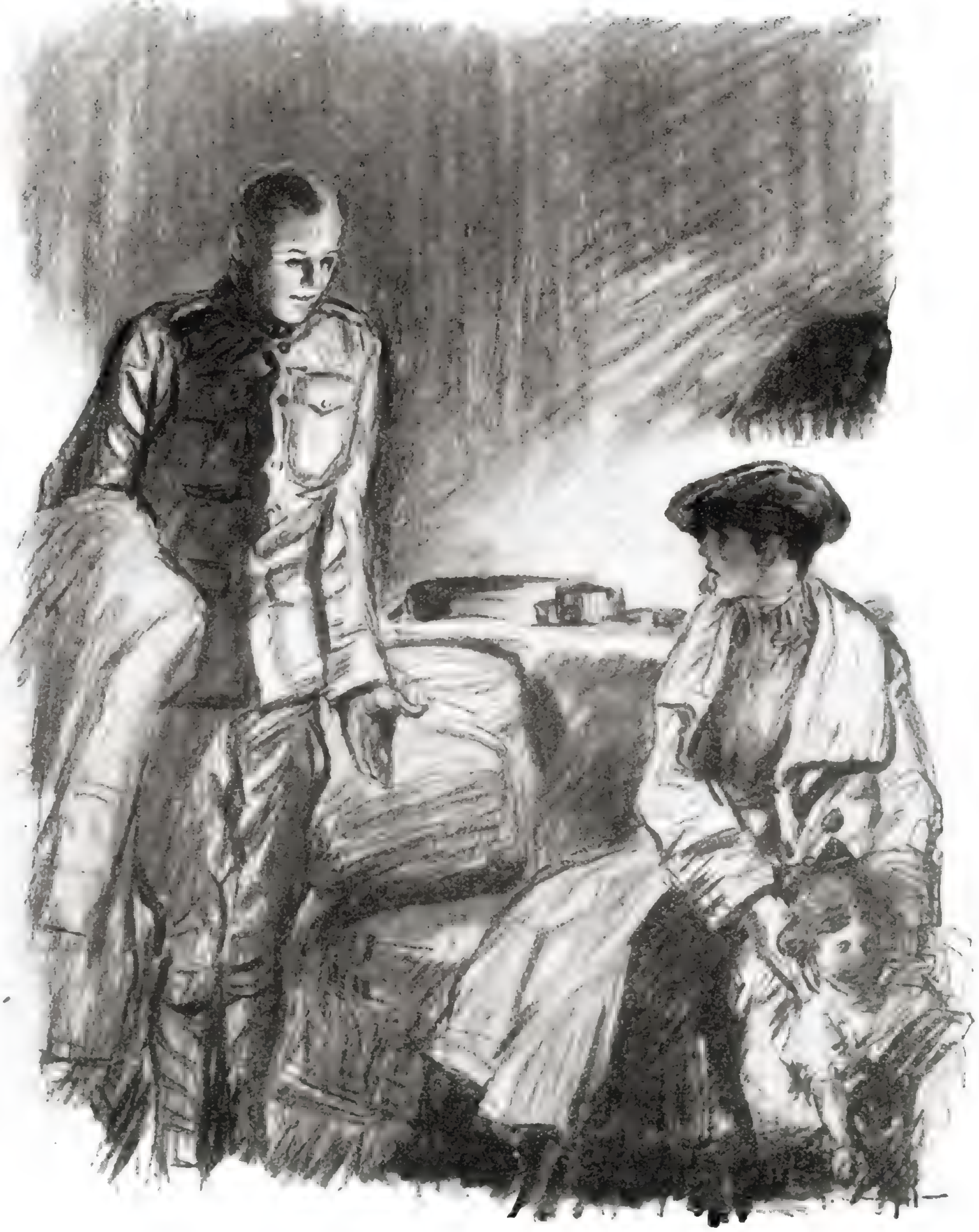
Clad in sweater and a topcoat of grayish cast, with a tasseled tam-o'-shanter of green velvet falling back from her childlike face, she appeared reluctantly at the kitchen door, to be met by mingled exclamations dominated by her aunt's voice:

"For the love of Pete, you ain't sore! We was only kiddin'!"

"I'm going out for a while. Don't worry if I'm late," she said tranquilly, then slammed the door shut, running away from the questions and calls that followed her.

She set out highheartedly. Something had snapped within her at the sound of Harry's voice. Now that he was here it mattered not at all that for the life of her she could not see one moment beyond their meeting, nor that her feet and ears and fingers were already tingling painfully. She only knew that he was never to see those others. It was not only that their teasing would kill her, but he would see that she did not like them and be troubled over something that could not be helped, for her aunt was good to her and she knew nowhere else to go. This instinct to save Harry from knowing how she was


"Come along! Time to move!" he ordered, and they followed the crowd into the next gallery.



Harry found her still clutching the doll, her face hushed. His mysterious, jubilant beckon was arrested at the sight.

fixed was the nearest she had yet come to admitting the vague fear with which she was beginning to regard her aunt's and Stella's latest friends and even some of the more recent customers.

When she first glimpsed him at the station scanning an opposite entrance, she had a brief panic, but at the clasp of his hand and his swift, warm smile her terror slid into a trust and delight that left her equally dumb. From his tanned face above his soldier's overcoat his direct blue eyes shone even bluer than in September, and his teeth still whiter between lips that said things she loved to hear; and less than ever did he betray the twenty-one years his country asked for.

She explained haltingly about the coal famine, an empty furnace, and a kitchen crowded with her aunt's visitors. "And the rest of the house—it's as cold as this station." They were stamping sensation into their feet as she spoke. "So I thought ——"

"You thought right," he told her as he drew her arm through his. "Where now? Wish I'd boarded in a decent place. We could go there some."

"I thought a church might be warm for a while; and the music might be nice. It's a funny idea——"

"A church ain't so bad. Let's hunt for one and get over a register. You coughed then—got a cold?"

"Not really."

They found a church after five minutes' walk facing a wind that froze to silence even the casual sentences they tried. Relief from the worse cold without lent the marble monument at first a fictitious warmth that rapidly vanished. There were few worshipers and no perceptible registers, and the brave song of the white-clad choir rose in a chilly mist as they trod the aisles. Yet the two sat through the service, their mittened hands touching over the hymnbook, their shoulders rubbing in prayer. For all its shivers it was an intimate hour that tantalizingly postponed the getting acquainted which it was momently making more urgent. When they emerged once more into the sunshine that glittered on the streets without tempering the air, he took the situation in hand.

"Let's eat," he said briefly.

A longer walk this time, each step painful to the feet that no longer seemed a part of her except that they hurt, brought them to a herd of marble-topped tables tethered in a restaurant almost, but not quite, warm enough. The tables were long, but the patrons were scattered, and in a far corner they found what could nearly pass for solitude. He chose to sit opposite her that he might see her better. The ordering was a momentous affair, patently tedious to the young woman standing over them, for Aspen's experience had not included menu cards, and the prices opposite the items were a revelation that took what little appetite excitement had left her.

When at last it was accomplished and the young woman had frisked away, a preliminary silence fell.

Then Harry began, purposefully: "What do you do all day?" he asked. "I've often wondered what you were doing while I was drilling down there."

"Just sew, and run errands and do chores."

"Girls like to sew, don't they?"

"I like to sew pretty things, for babies and children."

"Don't you?"

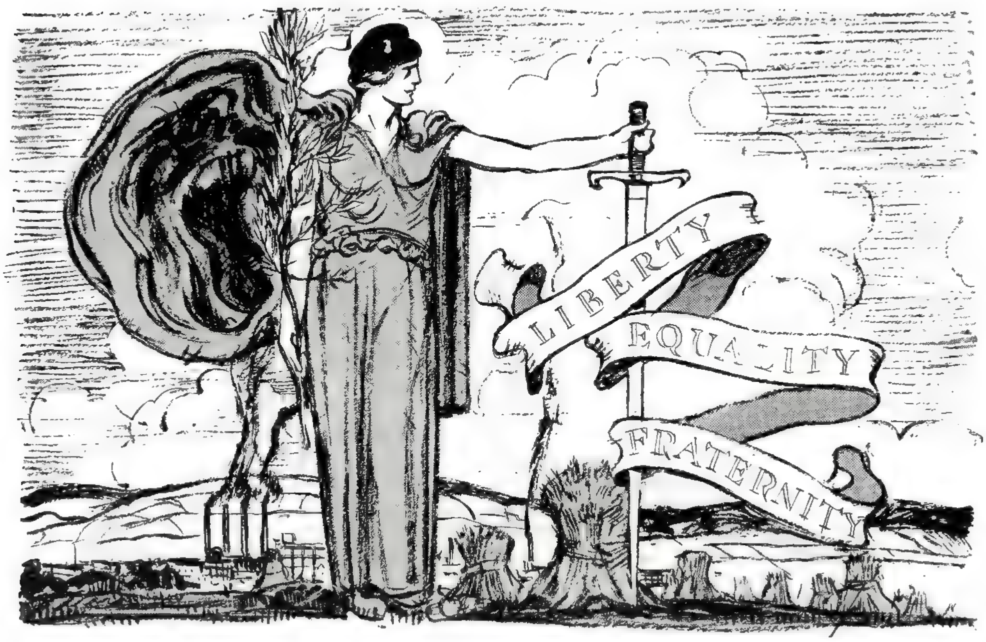
"No. It's for ladies. Only I don't guess you could call them that."

"What do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, nothing," she hurried on. "Only they're all so fat and red and tight. And their clothes aren't pretty; they bring awful stripes and great big plaids. I'll tell you a joke on me to show you how green I was. They kept saying they wanted them 'made up Vogueish' and I thought they said they wanted them 'made up roguish.'"

He did not laugh. "What's Vogueish?"

(Continued on page 88)



Decoration by C. B. Falls

AFTER PEACE—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

THE end of the war has left us to create a world out of a chaos; has left us, unprepared, to solve problems unforeseen, transcending all experience. The war was the greatest in history; the problems—of industry, trade, finance, social organization, domestic life, education, government and international relations—which it has left are the greatest in history as well. It has brought into play new forces, thrust into the light new conditions affecting profoundly the lives of all of us. To understand them and to meet them they need the fullest and most open-minded discussion.

Eight months ago Everybody's began in these pages such a discussion, and from its open forum platform men of all points of view, all interests and connections have spoken, and from it in the coming months, when these problems will hold the world, many other men and women will speak whose views are not only interesting, but will be of weight in one phase or another of the work of reconstruction.

Freedom

By Samuel Gompers, President, American Federation of Labor

WHAT will come out of this war for labor?

In one word—disenthralment from every vestige of wrong and injustice.

After this war the men and women of labor will stand upright. For no longer can the workers of the democracies of the world be looked upon as the world has looked upon the man with the hoe. The workers of America and of the other democracies already stand erect, and they purpose to continue to stand erect, look the world straight in the face, render their service, do their duty, and be regarded as the equal of all men.

To me the war seems to have stirred the very essence of the human soul. It was a brutal, unintelligent thing, which, of course, ought never to have happened. Yet, having sought to read history aright, I know that there has never been any great cause in all the history of the human race that did not have its baptism in blood. But what we take to be a new concept among mankind—the question that has been behind every struggle, every calamity of civilization, the question propounded thousands of years ago and now again—"Am I my brother's keeper?"—that concept, that question, the war and the democracies of the world are going to answer conclusively in the affirmative: "*Yes;* each of us is his brother's keeper!"

The war demonstrated more than that. It demonstrated, even to the Germans, that men do not know endurance until they call all men brother.

And it demonstrated, too, how essential a part is performed by the workers of the world in any great world endeavor.

Upon the shoulders of labor there was placed in the war a burden of service just as important as that upon the man at the front. The work of those men at the front was more hazardous; they suffered more physically; nevertheless, through many years the workers have suffered too, until I may say that in my memory more unnecessary sacrifices of human life and human health have been made in industry than in all the war and all its battles combined.

A new liberty was born in our Declaration of Independence. It is but now coming to maturity. It is but now spreading round the world, attaining its fullest strength; making clear to all men that they have certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We must not think that soldiers are the only agencies of world progress. It is conceivable even, as has been pointed out, that victory may register a step backward. Great waves of national emotion: of fear, terror, of danger of subjection; great all-comprehending factors such as sacrifice, reaction from tyranny and oppression—these do their work as well. That is why we are doing more now, here in America, for democracy, in every month than we did before the war in any dozen years. There can be no question that righteousness will prevail between the nations of the world. There can be little question that here in America no one shall be again enslaved, no castle enthroned.

For kings are to be relics. Thrones are to be curios.

And the workers of the world will, at last, come into their heritage.

The Central Problems

By Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor

THE first problem of reconstruction is the *Business Man*. As Brooks Adams said four years ago, in his impressively conservative book on "The Theory of Social Revolutions," the modern business man—"capitalist," Mr. Adams calls him—has been evolved under "the stress of an environment which demanded excessive specialization in the direction of a genius adapted to money-making under highly complex industrial conditions," to which "money-making attribute all else has been sacrificed," so that he "thinks in terms of money more exclusively than the French aristocrat or lawyer ever thought in terms of caste." With this socially blind and for the present politically powerful class, our country must reckon thoughtfully and justly. To the extent that reconstruction solutions make it necessary to subordinate accustomed proprietary interests to justice and fair dealing, uncompromising opposition must be expected from all business interests that are rooted in or affiliated with monopoly.

The second problem of reconstruction is *Labor*. We have become so habituated to thinking of labor exclusively in terms of "hiring" and "firing" and "wages" and "labor turnover," and "lower classes," that we neglect vital distinctions. We must learn to realize that labor is the antithesis of idleness, not of capital or business, not of industrial investment, leadership or management. It ranges all the way from the most impoverished worker to the most prosperous manager of work, in so far as their work is socially useful. When, therefore, we think of Labor as wage-working classes in contradistinction to employing classes, we find ourselves in a dizzy whirlpool of thought—the so-called "conflict of labor and capital." But since we must take the public mind as we find it, we shall have to face the labor problem as a conflict between employing classes and wage-working classes. Yet we may think of the former as composed of useful workers as well as privileged idlers, and of the latter as a class of which some are as parasitical as the idle rich, though less expensive to society. We must not forget, either, that all of us depend upon the wage-working class for a living. This is an impressive fact which the "labor shortage" in war time has emphasized. We must realize, too, that all wage-workers depend for work upon working opportunities which employing classes control—many of which they control arbitrarily, unjustly and destructively.

Those two problems are factors in every other problem of reconstruction. If legitimate and useful business interests continue their alliance with privileged and harmful business interests, or if wage-working interests continue to be dealt with as if the relationship of Business to Labor were one of master class to working class, then the other reconstruction problems will, of necessity, be inefficiently and dangerously dealt with. But if reasonable solutions of the business-man problem and the labor-class problem are accepted, other reconstruction problems will almost solve themselves.

The more conspicuous among the subsidiary problems may be summarized about as follows:

(1) *Collective bargaining* between organized business and organized labor. This would lead to reasoned-out and cooperative adjustments of labor disputes.

(2) *An open thoroughfare to natural resources* for all workers. Their socialization in permanent and convenient locations under assurances of profitable and congenial work, such as government could wisely give, would solve a multitude of reconstruction problems; for it would automatically maintain the general supply of employable workers at a level likely to prevent unreasonable exactions by Labor and oppressive exploitations by Business.

(3) Perpetuation of *public ownership* of the postal, railroad and telegraphic service, and extension of the principle to all other utilities which emanate from the public in order to be operated for the public. This would subordinate to common uses those national agencies of common service which have been too long at the mercy of money-making specialists.

(4) *Socialization of the social value of all privately owned natural resources.* This would put an end to capitalistic monopolies of water-power, of oil and other mineral deposits, of natural forest growths, of unused agricultural and grazing areas, and of city sites. For those resources we are indebted to nature, not to financial legerdemain; and for their values we are indebted to social progress, not to antique ancestors. It would also abolish, or at least greatly lighten, the burdens of taxation on useful business operations.

Other reconstruction problems confront us. Some may be different in form of statement, but in substance most of them differ hardly at all from those enumerated above. Whatever they may be, however, there are few, if any, but will glide into their places without much friction and be solved with a minimum of confusion if the enumerated problems are dealt with in social good faith and with administrative intelligence.

What Reconstruction Means to Me

By William B. Colver, Chairman, Federal Trade Commission

THE United States has played a part in the world war that squared with the holiest of traditions and the highest of ideals.

Slow to anger; loath to turn from the arts of peace; reluctant to enter the bloody shambles—the nation, its patience outworn, turned to war with wholehearted dedication. In an incredibly short time our young men were gathered, trained, seasoned and equipped, and sent abroad—two and a half million of them.

The rate of embarkation soon arrived at was nearly fifteen thousand per day, or the equal of a steadily marching line of ten men a minute day and night, flowed across the sea.

A ship was sailed on an average of every ten minutes day and night—Sundays included—and ten freight-cars of food, supplies, and munitions was put on board ship here and the same amount unloaded "over there" every minute—day and night, Sundays included.

And now all this tremendous head of steam must be turned to arts of peace.

Truly, reconstruction is as colossal a task as was the war itself.

The reconstruction program must be founded upon an understanding of the profound change resulting from the war, in the relation of the United States to the peoples and nations of the world and in the no less fundamental change in the relation of the people of the United States to their own Government.

Internationally, the United States finds itself a great creditor nation. Other nations and peoples are indebted to it in terms of billions of dollars. It must largely rebuild Europe and for a time feed it, and all before Europe's ability to pay can be established.

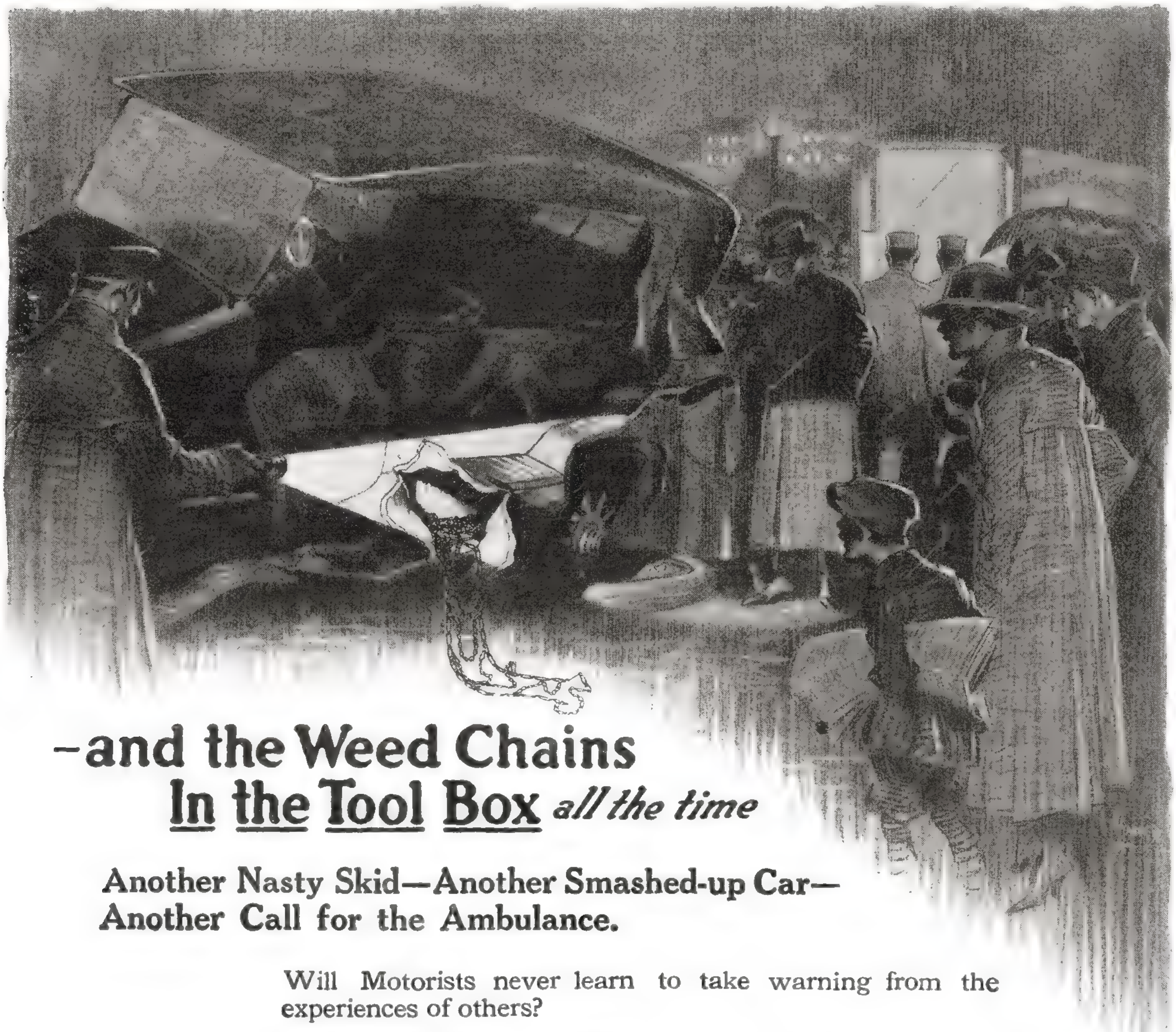
If we were, as formerly, a debtor nation and had obligations abroad evidenced by the foreign holding of American securities, it might be possible, for a time, profitably, to foster a "favorable" balance of trade—that is to say, to export more in value than we import, and to credit the balance upon our obligations abroad.

But a nation can not be a creditor nation and an exporting nation without taking goods in exchange for its exports, and eventually, liquidating its credit balance through surplus imports, unless it build up abroad a constantly increasing credit balance.

To leave the present credit balance unliquidated and to add to their huge total by an excess of exports over imports, would be to build up a world-wide commercial empire; to cheapen our dollar and to increase, constantly, our cost of living.

Commercial imperialism was what Germany sought and upon this foundation was built the war-machine of Germany. The Pan-Germanic program for world-wide economic and financial domination was Germany's death warrant. Being unable to feed the monster by peaceful trade expansion, she was compelled to invoke war.

A reconstruction program for the United States looking to building on top of the present credit balance unending



–and the Weed Chains In the Tool Box *all the time*

Another Nasty Skid—Another Smashed-up Car—Another Call for the Ambulance.

Will Motorists never learn to take warning from the experiences of others?

A chainless car on a slippery pavement is an ***uncertain car.*** You know this as well as we do, and are expected to be prepared.

Being prepared doesn't merely mean carrying tire chains in your tool box—what earthly good can they do there?

When It's Wet or Slippery Tire Chains Belong *On the Tires*

You shouldn't hesitate a moment in hauling them out of the tool box ***at the first drop of rain.*** Use ***Pre***caution as well as ***C***aution.

You are to blame if your car skids. ***You*** are responsible if it swings into a pedestrian.

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THE NAME WEED ON EVERY HOOK

mountains of international credits, will tend not only to make the United States the most hated nation in the world, but to mark her for destruction. It means commercial imperialism. It has been well said that poverty is the death of kingdoms and riches of republics.

It would seem, then, that reconstruction in the international sense would argue for a fair exchange of commodities between nations, with such adjustments that we may export those things of which we have the greatest surplus and which through nature's bounty and American industry, energy, and invention, we are able to sell most cheaply, taking in exchange those things which we most desire from every quarter of the globe and which, through nature's arrangement, can not be advantageously produced here. This, with a fair field in the world's markets for competitive goods, would make each transaction profitable both to buyer and seller and would permit the gradual liquidation of such part of the money debt that the world owes to the United States as may not be usefully employed as international credits and working capital for the facilitation of our world commerce.

As a trophy of war the United States will have a great merchant marine which, operated at cost by the nation, can carry our goods over every sea, as a great public utility in the service of American manufacturers and merchants.

The needed factors in rebuilding foreign trade on permanent foundations are, first of all, a knowledge of the business methods and the needs and tastes of the peoples with whom we would trade. We must give them what they want and as they want it. We must go on the theory that "the customer is always right." Next comes cost of production, quality of goods, transportation and banking facilities. Comparatively low cost of production is essential, as the bulk of international commerce is in staples and is sold on price basis.

Naturally, our ships, to give low freights on exports, must bring back freight revenue producing cargoes.

The transaction will be more profitable as we export less of our precious raw material and more of our finished products. As to certain basic raw materials, notably metals, the export may well be kept, for a time at least, under control. Certainly the manufacturers of the United States must not be made to bid against a world desperately in need of our own basic raw materials.

It does not accord with our ideals to consider that either the scalping of a market or a dumping upon it, is a real building up of business. Profit lies in repeat orders; and good-will in the foreign market, based on quality goods and fair-dealing, will come to be the great national asset as to foreign trade.

In the domestic aspect, reconstruction must likewise proceed from an understanding of changed relationships. The nation emerges from the war with a victory dearly bought in blood and treasure. An enormous national debt remains.

This debt takes the form of billions of dollars of bonds to represent the money-cost of the war, and an everlasting obligation to the young men of the United States and to their children and to their children's children, which the nation has incurred by putting in jeopardy their lives, when they crossed the sea and shed their blood gladly that liberty, democracy, and the right to live, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, might be everlastingly preserved.

These two debts must be liquidated.

The money debt must be paid. To the payment of the billions of dollars of Liberty bonds are pledged the natural resources of the nation and the first fruits of man's labor and of nature's bounty. This would seem to mean that an end has come to the exploitation of the nation's natural resources, and that the surplus above a generous return for capital and energy and initiative shall be devoted to the liquidation of the national debt.

The second debt, the blood-debt, owing to our millions of young soldiers of the Army of Liberty and no less to their mothers, and their wives and children, must be paid by making this country—and, in so far as our voice shall be heard, making the world—safe for democracy; which is to say, safe for human rights, the right of every child to be well-born, well-fed, and well-clothed; and the right of every child to have a fair opportunity in life.

These things are not idealistic, they are practical, they are real. It will not lie well with any man to say to the boys who went "over the top" at Château-Thierry and at St. Mihiel; to those who cleared out machine-gun nests at Sedan with naked steel, and to those who patroled the ocean searching out the assassins of the sea, that the thing they were fighting for was a mere gossamer, a thing of dreams and not of reality.

The thing that they were fighting for *was* real and its realization is a debt we owe them. They have proved their right to the inheritance of free men; they have kept the fire burning on the altar of liberty, and no special privilege, no exploitation of resources, or of labor, any more than any disregard of property rights, can find a place in a real program of reconstruction which shall be in accord with and find its foundations upon those principles upon which the war was fought. The nation's debt to its sons and daughters is not a scrap of paper.

Reconstruction, then, seems to mean a high and honorable place in the family of nations—and not a lust for empire; and, at home, opportunity for all, special privilege for none. And this carries with it in the fullest measure the completest protection and validation of the rights of property, which in turn for such protection must be regarded as the useful servant of mankind.

Education After the War

By James P. Munroe, Vice-Chairman, Federal Board for Vocational Education

WE ARE inclined to think that everything is in the melting-pot, and that after peace all the bad things will be gone and we shall be ready for a new world. It is probable, however, that human nature will reassert itself, and that while some things will be better, others will be worse.

One activity that will be profoundly affected is education—and this for two reasons. First, because, more than any other human activity, education has been severely put to the test by the war; and secondly, because before 1914 we were on the brink of a great change in education as a whole. The effect of the war on education will be, it seems to me, to make it at once more idealistic and more practical. It will be made more idealistic because for the first time in generations the whole civilized world has been shaken to its depths, and, in America there is scarcely a family and scarcely a youth who will not have been brought face to face with great ethical questions. Furthermore, by this war, Democracy has been lifted from a mere name to which we did lip service to a visualized idea for which we gave everything most precious.

On the other hand, education will become more practical, because the war has shown that our national unpreparedness was due, in great measure, to the fact that American education had almost no relation to the needs of modern life.

After peace we shall be striving, in education, to do these things on the idealistic side. First, to give youth a real vision of genuine Democracy; second, to assimilate the peoples of other nations and to give them a similar vision; third, to give every boy and girl the largest opportunity that can possibly be provided. On the practical side we shall be striving to make the most of our resources, both material and human, to prevent waste and to teach genuine economies.

To enable education to perform this far broader service to these ideal and practical ends, there are certain essentials. First, more money, in order that teachers may be paid more and that their classes may be smaller; second, thorough reform in the administrative control of public education; third, real cooperation among all the agencies which make for the education of children and youth; fourth, different and higher standards in the training of teachers; fifth, a much larger proportion of men teachers, especially in the secondary schools; sixth, entire emancipation from text-books and from text-book domination; seventh, all-day sessions of the schools.

With education thus put on an efficient basis, we should inaugurate universal service for both men and women between the sixteenth and twenty-fifth years; this service to include some military training, a larger amount of training in hygiene and gymnastics, and a major part of the time to be given to specific training along vocational lines fitting for real service to society.

With these weapons of money, men, and better administration, the next generation in education should be able to get at and

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educate practically every boy and girl as an individual; should be able to give him genuine vocational guidance and effective vocational training, whether he is to be a carpenter, a lawyer, or a college president; should put a stop, in large measure, to the waste in human and material resources which disgraced us before the war; should be able to infuse youth, not only with an understanding, but with true devotion to Democracy; and, finally, should stimulate and perpetuate that understanding and that true knowledge which teaches that the only genuine living is a life of service.

Keeping Our Ships

By Irving T. Bush, President, Bush Terminal Company

WHEN the history of the past war is written, the greatest single economic achievement will be the transposition of the United States from a country almost without a merchant marine in foreign trade, to the position of the greatest ship-building nation in the world, within a period of twelve months. All along the three coasts of this country, ship-building yards have sprung into existence like magic. Some of those may be temporary in character, and will be dismantled now that the war emergency is past, but by far the greater number of them are of permanent construction, and are now ready for a permanent ship-building program, if the disabilities under which this country has in the past labored in the maintenance of a merchant marine can be removed.

Hundreds of cargo carriers are building in these yards, and at the conclusion of peace, the Government of the United States will have under its ownership a great fleet of merchant vessels, and in the shipyards of the country there will be already trained a force of several hundred thousand American ship-builders.

One of the greatest economic after-the-war problems requiring an immediate solution will be, how these facilities are to be operated in the interests of the industry of the United States, and what is to be done with these shipyards and ship-building labor which have been developed by the war emergency. Are we to drift back into the position with which we have apparently been satisfied since the decline of the old American merchant marine which began just before the Civil War, and permit other nations to carry our goods to the markets of the world, or shall we take advantage of the great strides which have been taken during the war toward the reestablishment of our merchant marine?

The American public, for the first time in years, is taking an interest in ship-building. The people of the Middle West, who have held that they have no interest in the development of an American merchant marine, have seen their goods waiting on the wharves of our seaports because there were no bottoms in which they could be carried to their customers in other lands.

For the first time they are beginning to realize that though they may live a thousand miles from the ocean they have a definite and personal interest in seeing that a system of transportation for their produce to the customers on the other side of the ocean is maintained under the American flag. They are ready for a constructive program, providing one is developed which they are convinced is in the interest of the country as a whole, and not in that of any particular section or class. They have heretofore been deeply suspicious of a shipping subsidy, or of any policy which involved the payment of money from the Treasury of the United States into the pockets of any group of individuals for the purpose of enabling them to operate vessels in foreign trade.

In the past there have been two obstacles to surmount in the development of an American merchant marine. First: It has been necessary to build the vessels in the limited ship-building yards then in existence in this country—yards which were not built for the construction of any standard type of vessel, and with such a limited output that there would sometimes be on the ways of a single yard a war-ship, a coastwise vessel, a ferry-boat, tow-boats, yachts, and smaller craft. A construction program of this character can never be made economical, but at the conclusion of peace we shall have many yards equipped to build vessels of a standard type and in charge of men experienced in building vessels of that character.

It is true that the fabricated, standard type of freight-ship is not adapted to all trades, and special construction must be adopted in many cases; but with the yards in existence, a trained body of mechanics available, the fabricating shops in the interior of the country accustomed to turning out the structural parts of vessels, great concerns like the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company in full swing as engine builders, there is no reasonable doubt that a great part, if not all, of the difference in the cost of building ships between this country and England, can be wiped out. If this be accomplished, one of the difficulties under which we have labored is ended.

The second difficulty is the difference in the cost of operating the vessels, once they have been built. Unless the upheaval in labor conditions all over the world, which has been brought about by the war, increases the cost of operating the vessels under the foreign flags much more than is expected, this country must for years to come continue to labor under a considerable handicap, due to higher cost of vessel operation. This increased cost has been brought about by the standard of wages and living demanded by the American, whether on sea or on land, and it is doubtful if it can be eliminated. It probably must be faced as a permanent burden under which the American merchant marine must labor.

If some way of eliminating it is not found, the inevitable tendency will be for the American tonnage to drift under foreign flags, and the progress which we have made in the reestablishment of our merchant marine be ultimately lost to us. If it is met, it must be from the public purse, and one of the first great problems which must be decided now is the clearly defined issue of whether we are to keep our merchant vessels on the high seas through a system of subsidies, or whether there is to grow up in this country a government monopoly of American vessels in foreign trade.

We can not become a permanent factor in the foreign markets of the world without owning our own ships, controlling our own foreign banking and insurance companies, and developing our own trading concerns. If we are to pay tribute to other nations in every transaction involved in foreign trade, we can not maintain a permanent position in foreign markets in accordance with the size and importance of this country.

There is involved, therefore, in the finding of the right answer as to how to continue in peace the ships and shipyards which we have built because of the war, the settlement of many of the questions which must be determined if we are to hold a fair part of the foreign trade which we have gained, and become, as many hope, one of the great exporting countries of the world.

TO THE EDITOR, EVERYBODY'S:

You ask, "After the War—What?" It is a question of increasing interest to every one as events move rapidly on toward an American-made peace.

There is a phase of the war that your readers may not have thought about.

We men who have gone through some training in the United States Army are different men than we were some months ago. We are learning to stand hardships, to overcome obstacles, to think more than we did before. We will come back from the war physically fit and with a high degree of personal efficiency that will enable us to handle peace-time problems in a more direct way than those who have not had our training.

We will come back from the war looking for the bigger jobs of civil life, and we expect to get them, unless you people of America take enormous strides forward while we are gone.

Had you thought of that?

Very truly,
Candidate W. P. ELSON,
F. A. C. O. T. S.,
Camp Zachary Taylor,
Louisville, Kentucky.

The CROCK *of* GOLD

(*Continued from page 32*)

But for a long time he, and all life, lacked all semblance of verity for her. Life was a dream, and he a figure woven into its tissue. She went about; she was feverish in her devotion to the good works that were done for the relief of Belgium; few of those who knew her marked any change in her. Randolph did, but Randolph was in love with her. And because of the thing that had come to her, and been taken away, he alone of all the dream figures who in those days peopled her world came to life. Very gently she killed his hopes.

SLOWLY she awoke to the consciousness of longing unappeased, of endless yearning. The war went on. The *Lusitania* was sunk. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Hope rose and fell. Reality took hold of her again. The swift succession of her moods frightened her. There was a phase of bitter anger, of fierce scorn of him. That ended forever when in the papers there was a report that he was missing. After that one thing was fixed; after that, while she still groped for understanding, she loved him, just loved him, and wanted him.

That report that he was missing gripped her heart for hours only; it was swiftly contradicted. She read of him often enough now. He was an ace; she read his name with Guynemer's, and the names of those others who revived, above the hell of the earth-bound struggle of poison gas and every foul and ugly thing, the memories of knightly champions of a cause thought holy.

She knew now where he had lived; there were few days in which she did not contrive to pass through Shelby Road and catch a glimpse of an old man. He sat, when the evening air was warm, on a chair planted upon the flags of a stone walk leading from a rose-covered fence to a tiny house buried in a great vine that blazed with crimson every June when it bore its triumphant load of blossoms.

He sat there coatless, his chair tilted back, smoking a short, black pipe, his waistcoat open. His cheeks were red still, old though he was; a gray stubble of short beard robbed him of all resemblance to his son. Because she came so often, because, once or twice, he caught her looking at him, she thought he knew her, in a way; thought that she could see in his old eyes a fugitive echo of the fire that had gleamed for her in Jerry's. Sometimes he read a paper; sometimes he was just sitting still when she passed, after the manner of old men. And sometimes he was reading a letter. All America came to know Jerry Byrne and to ring with his praise. Violet heard his name, after America went into the war, time after time. But Fairmount did not claim him. Service flags appeared everywhere; in Shelby Road and on Crest Hill. But there was no star in Fairmount's service flag for Jerry Byrne; the town knew nothing of the greatest name it had ever had the right to claim.

And slowly, out of the realization of that, she came to understand. She understood the old man, sitting still, waiting; going about his work, day after day, scorning, as Jerry would have had him scorn, the things he might have claimed. And for herself, she scorned them, too. Still she groped, but now she was near to the end of her groping. Words that he had uttered on that last night had a new meaning for her. Never, in his rare letters, had he repeated them. For all the answer that he made he might never have set eyes upon a word of all the words that she had written to him. Cheerful his letters were, always; brief chronicles of what he had done and was about to do; letters in which, save for a phrase, she must read between the lines to find what always she wanted most from him. But always there were the three words that made the rest seem of no moment. And always it was as if his voice were in her ears, saying: I love you.

For a long time, perhaps, she knew what she would do. Little things gave her pause; irrelevant things. But one day they served no longer. And on that day she walked to Shelby Road. The shadows were long; the summer dusk was falling. She came to the rose-covered gate beyond which the old man sat nodding. She lifted the latch, and as the gate moved the scent of the roses was sweet about her. Her coming roused the old man. He peered at her out of keen blue eyes—eyes as blue as Jerry's own.

"I'm Violet Stanton, Mr. Byrne," she said.

He got up and bowed to her.

"You do me honor, ma'am," he said.

"Oh, no," she cried. "Mr. Byrne, I know your son, Jerry. And I want to come to see you, and talk to you of him. I want you to tell me of him—I want you to tell me everything that you remember of him since he was born!"

He considered her. Perhaps he was too old to be surprised. She caught her breath.

"Because, you see," she cried, "I love him, Mr. Byrne! When he comes home we shall be married!"

And with a little rush she went to him, and clung to him, shaken by her sobbing.

"Jerry!" he said. "Is it so! Is it so! He knew you, and made love to you, and you to him, and I never knew! Ah, well, he'd not be telling me."

"He meant for me to tell!" she said. Her eyes were blazing. "I know that now. I know what he meant! And every one shall know. Ah—to tell them—to own him!"

"There'll be others claiming him," said the old man. "You'll see. But he'll stay mine—and yours. We've kept him so."

"Mine!" she said. And the word was torn from her as a groan might have been. "Oh, but I'll make him mine!"

Every day, now, she went to the little house in Shelby Road. She was proud as she had never known that she could be proud; she held her head high. Fairmount, stirring, marked her going; wondered, spied upon her behind its lifted blinds; held back its questions as long as curiosity allowed. She waited for them. And:

"Yes!" she said. "And yes!"

That was when the questions came.

"Don't you know? Doesn't Fairmount know its own heroes? Don't you know that Major Byrne—yes, *the* Major Byrne, of the Lafayette Escadrille—comes from here? It's his father I go to see in Shelby Road, because Jerry Byrne and I are to be married when he comes home again!"

IT MUST have been that very day, that day when Fairmount hummed with her tale, that a blazing incendiary bullet pierced the tank of Jerry Byrne's *avion*; so much, weeks later, Violet understood. It was as Fairmount claimed him as its own for the first time, made pilgrimage to the shrine the little house in Shelby Road had become, that he went hurtling down in a flying streak of flame, seared by the leaping fire. They found him in time. They dragged him from the blazing wreck. His lips were moving as a surgeon bent over him.

"He spoke your name," the doctor wrote to Violet. "And his squadron commander had a letter he had left with him, with a request that some one should write to you, and send you certain things. And he said something about a rainbow and a crock of gold, and spoke your name again, and then he fainted, and gave us a chance to save his life. But that was charmed, I think—no Boche could kill Jerry Byrne!"

Her laugh rang out, high and clear, as Jerry's father read that. The old man, nodding, smiled at her. Her back was to the setting sun. She flung out her arms as if they could reach across the sea and bring him to her.

"Go Slow—Think Fast"

"There's a dangerous curve ahead. Think of that when you see me by the roadside. And think also of this:

"The reconstruction period is starting. Taxes will be high, living will be high, and it is the time to get the utmost in value for every purchase made.

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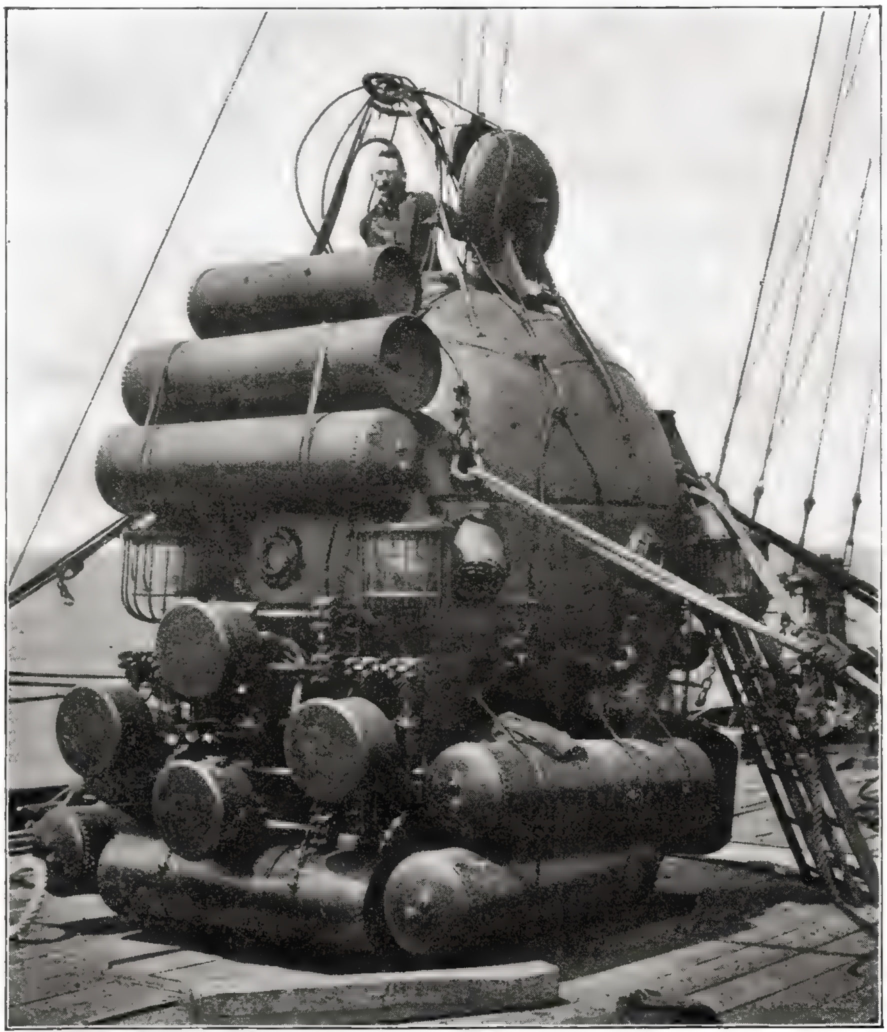
DIGGING UP *the* U-BOATS' BURIED "BONES"

(*Continued from page 45*)

with them. In fact, Lake Huron is known locally as the "Lake of Sunken Treasure." It is estimated that some $12,000,000 worth of gold and silver are buried in the deeps of the Great Lakes. One notable wreck, the *Pewabic*, lies in water one hundred feet deep and contains a cargo of great value. A number of fruitless efforts have been made to raise this treasure-ship. Two divers who went down to it were brought up dead. A few years afterward a diver equipped himself with a rubber suit, reinforced with metal rings, so as to reduce the pressure of the water upon him. He made one successful trip in which he explored the *Pewabic*, but the next day something happened to his suit and he also lost his life.*



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A new giant submarine chamber equipped with searchlights, electromagnets and steel drills to grapple sunken ships.

With this record of difficulty at comparatively shallow depths, it would seem almost absurd to think of recovering vessels or cargoes buried under three hundred feet of water. However, salvage work is really a branch of engineering, and it has been the engineer's boast that, if he were given money enough, there would be no limit to what he could accomplish. Up to January first of last year, according to figures given out by the British Admiralty, twelve million tons of allied or neutral shipping had been sent to the bottom. Before the war, a ship was commonly valued at $125 per ton. But in the present shortage of labor and materials and the great demand for cargo vessels, the estimate has nearly tripled. Adding this to the value of the cargo, we arrive at $550 per ton as a fair average for the present value of a ship plus its cargo. And so the losses, up to the first of last year, would amount to $6,000,000,000. More than half of this was incurred in 1917 when losses averaged close to $10,000,000 per day, $400,000 per hour. To be sure much of the cargo will be ruined by the salt water, and after the war ships will not be worth as much as they are now, but there will be enough recoverable treasure to spur engineers to heroic efforts. Somehow the work is going to be done, either by the invention of some brand-new apparatus or by the elaboration of one of the standard methods.

There are two standard systems which might be used. In both of them the water is used to do the lifting. If the decks and bulkheads of the ship are in good condition, divers are sent down to close all hatches and deck openings. The hole that sank the vessel, provided it is near the bottom, is left open. Then air is pumped down into the hold to replace the water and force it out through the hole. After enough of the water has been driven out, the ship becomes sufficiently buoyant to float to the surface, when it can be towed to a dry-dock and the damage to the hull repaired. Unfortunately, the decks of the ship are constructed to withstand pressure from above, not a lifting pressure from below, and they are liable to give way.

If the ship can not hold the air-pressure, it may be fastened to vessels that can, which brings us to the second method, of attaching chains or cables to the wreck and securing them to pontoons sunk alongside. When the water in the pontoons is blown out by pumping air into them, they float to the surface, bringing the wreck with them. The pontoons have to be fully as large as the vessel they are lifting, because they must carry not only the deadweight of the sunken ship and its cargo, but their own weight as well. So big must the pontoons be, and so cumbersome to handle, that they have not been used extensively hitherto. It has not paid to build such enormous cylinders for occasional use. But after the war salvage will be conducted on a wholesale basis, and cost of equipment will be a secondary consideration.

The main trouble, however, will be to get hold of the sunken vessels. So frail are they that they can not be lifted by the ends without breaking in two in the middle. Except at the bow and stern, these boats have vertical sides with flat bottoms; in fact, they are practically rectangular in section. The smooth sides offer no hold for any hoisting-tackle. Being flat-bottomed, they do possess the advantage of landing on an even keel, in the majority of cases; but it would be easier to get hold of them were they to lie bottom upward, because the hooks could catch under the lip of the hull. The only way of making fast to a ship, as now built, is to pass chains or cables under it; and this has to be done at frequent intervals throughout its length. Sometimes the cable is slipped under the stern or bow and then worked fore or aft by drawing it back and forth. But in most cases, it is necessary to dig under the ship, and in some cases actually to blast away rock, in order to get the cables in the proper place. In the days of intensive ship construction, when we were launching an enormous fleet with the full realization that a large percentage of the boats were going to be sunk, it did not seem to have occurred to any one that provisions should be made to lessen the task of the salver. For instance, shackles might have been provided at the deck line, firmly secured to the ship's framing; certainly the decks and the bulkheads should be so strongly constructed that it would be a comparatively simple matter to pump the

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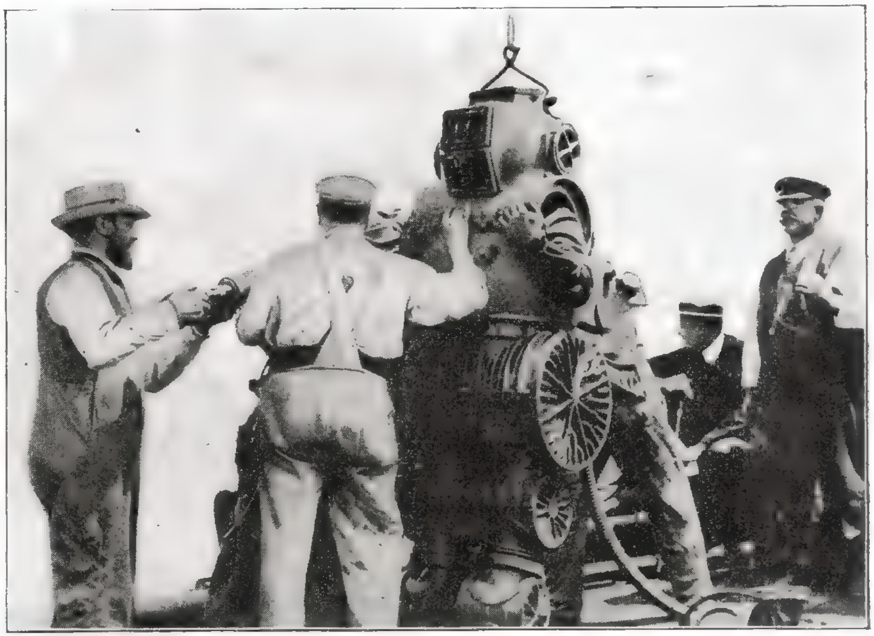
*Recently, by means of a new diving armor, the wreck of the *Pewabic* has been thoroughly explored and a great portion of the cargo recovered, including hundreds of tons of virgin copper ingots.—THE EDITOR.

Underwood & Underwood

hull full of air and bring it to the surface in that way.

No matter how ships are salved, no system has so far been developed by which a vessel can be raised without actually sending a man down to it to do much important work. In the present state of the art, then, the limit of depth to which a diver can descend marks the limit of depth from which a vessel may be raised. A few years ago it was a brave diver who dared go down a hundred feet. Three years ago, when the F-4 was salved, our divers penetrated the sea to a depth of three hundred feet, "and lived to tell the tale thereof." It is because we know how pressure affects the human system that such depths are now possible.

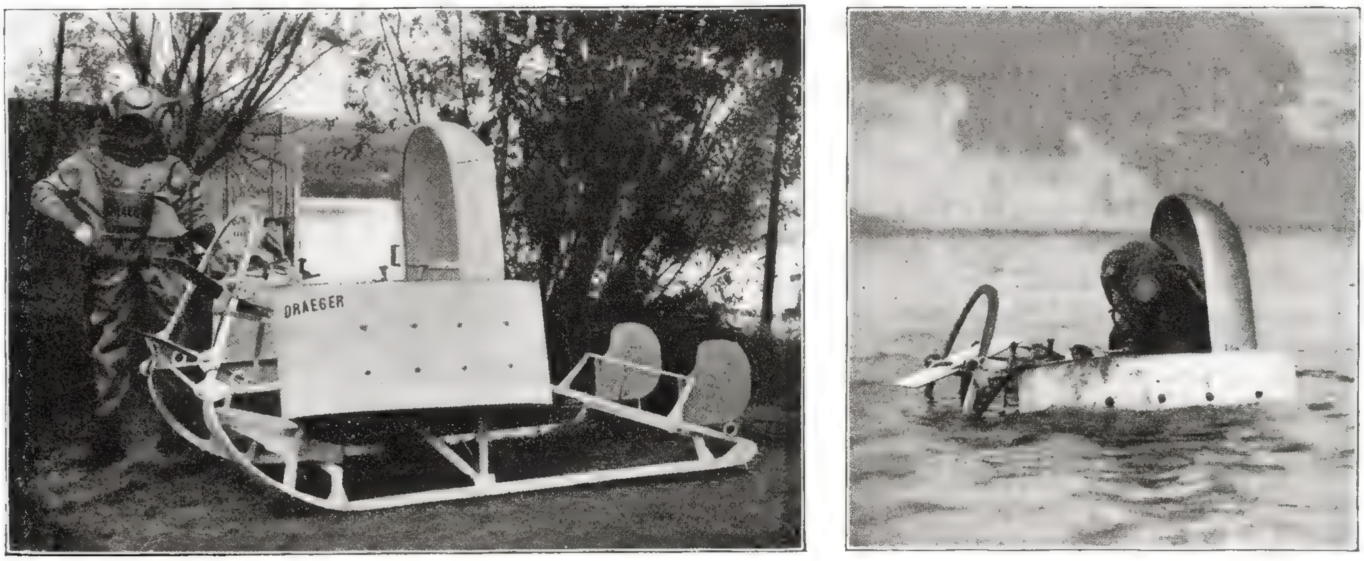
The ordinary diver's dress consists of a brass helmet and a rubber suit which does not protect him from the weight or pressure of the overlying water. The farther he descends, the heavier becomes the pressure. At a depth of ten feet, he feels the pressure of four and one-third pounds on every square inch of his body. At the depth of three hundred feet, the pressure is one hundred and thirty pounds to the square inch, or a total of two hundred and seventy thousand pounds on the entire body of the diver. That is more than the weight of a heavy freight-locomotive. No man could stand such a weight were it not counterbalanced by an equal pressure within his body. This internal pressure is supplied by pumping compressed air down to the diver. The air enters his lungs and the pressure permeates his entire system. The higher the pressure, the more air he takes into his lungs at each breath. At a depth of three hundred feet he would be breathing nearly ten times as much oxygen as he would out in the open. Oxygen is highly exhilarating, and he is apt to work under forced draft, so that on coming back to normal air-pressure he finds himself very much exhausted. But the disadvantage of high pressure lies in the fact that the pumped air is four-fifths nitrogen. When compressed air is introduced into the lungs, the oxygen is largely consumed and exhaled as carbon dioxid, but the nitrogen is absorbed by the blood. The longer the pressure is maintained, the more nitrogen is taken in, until the blood becomes highly charged with nitrogen gas.



Underwood & Underwood

Underwood & Underwood.

One of several forms of armored diving-suit recently invented to withstand the cruel pressure of the deep sea and enable the diver to reach submarine victims at great sea depths. An automatic oxygen supply is carried, and one can stay on the sea bottom for hours.

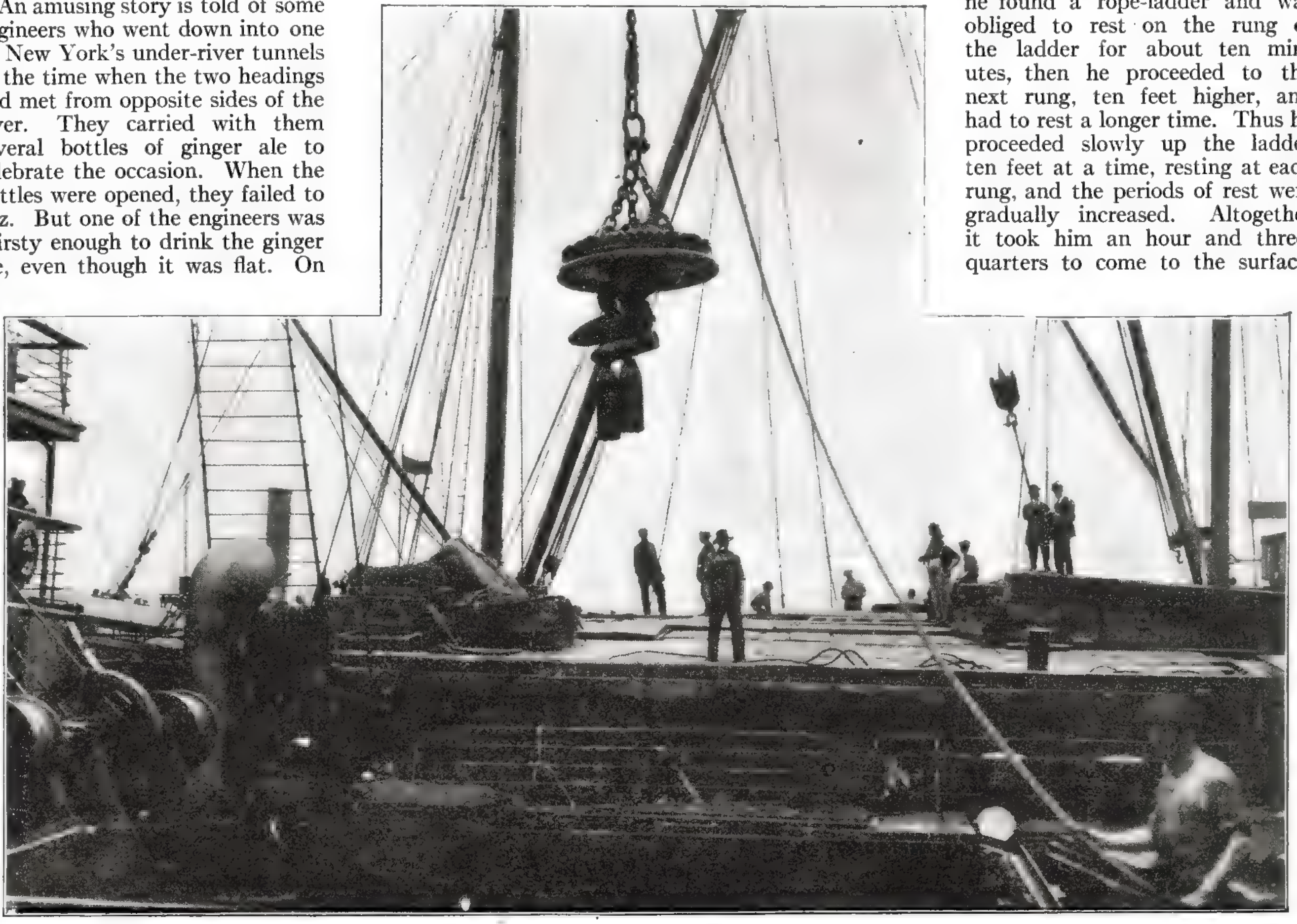


The submarine sled, a German invention intended to be used by German divers in joy-rides of exploration for their hundreds of U-boat victims. It is towed by a motor-boat and designed to float on the surface or glide on the sea bottom.

The diver feels no discomfort at all while this gas is in his system, provided the pressure outside is maintained. But when he is brought back into an atmosphere of lower pressure, the nitrogen begins to form in froth, just as the gas in soda water does when the stopper is removed. The froth fills his veins and is liable to burst the tiny capillaries, causing him intense pain and often death. This is the secret of the "caisson disease" which used to be such a puzzling malady. Now that we have learned the nature of the disease, we know how to treat it and also how to avoid it.

An amusing story is told of some engineers who went down into one of New York's under-river tunnels at the time when the two headings had met from opposite sides of the river. They carried with them several bottles of ginger ale to celebrate the occasion. When the bottles were opened, they failed to fizz. But one of the engineers was thirsty enough to drink the ginger ale, even though it was flat. On their way out, while they were in the air-lock, undergoing decompression, the corks blew out of their bottles with a loud report that frightened every one, and then it was realized that the ginger ale had refused to fizz because the pressure in the tunnel was higher than that of the gas in the bottles. In fact, the tunnel pressure had actually increased the charge in the ginger ale by introducing compressed air into the liquid, with the consequence that the stoppers could not hold. The one who realized this fact most acutely, however, was the engineer who had imbibed a bottleful of the apparently flat ginger ale.

It is easily possible to reduce the pressure of gas in a bottle of soda-water so gradually that no bubbles will form, and that is what has to be done to a diver who attempts to penetrate enormous depths of water. One of the divers who went down to the F-4 descended in five minutes, because there was no danger of frothing while the pressure was building up in his system. He stayed down twelve minutes and then started up. He was hauled quickly for about half the distance. There he found a rope-ladder and was obliged to rest on the rung of the ladder for about ten minutes, then he proceeded to the next rung, ten feet higher, and had to rest a longer time. Thus he proceeded slowly up the ladder ten feet at a time, resting at each rung, and the periods of rest were gradually increased. Altogether it took him an hour and three-quarters to come to the surface.



A giant electromagnet recovering a sunken cargo of steel shells.

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The earliest advance information from Paris on the new silhouette—saving you from the costliest of all errors, a wrong start.

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Paris hats; appropriate gowns, veils and coiffures.

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Patterns, weaves, colors, materials favored for Spring.

Paris Openings **Mar. 15**
The inimitable models of the Grandes Maisons, determining the mode.

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The full pageantry of the Spring mode unfolded, with dollars-and-cents information in every line.

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The bride, the bride's mother, the bridesmaids, the gifts, the breakfast, the luggage, the wedding trip, the reception, the new home.

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Everything from doorstops to coffee-cups; not forgetting the loveliest clothes for all the occasions of country life.

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Please send me the **NINE** numbers of Vogue as described. I will forward $2 on receipt of bill. (OR) I enclose $2 herewith. It is understood that if this order is returned promptly, you will send me an extra complimentary copy of the Southern Number, making **TEN** issues in all.

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City..............................
State..............................
E. M. 2-19

This gave the nitrogen bubbles throughout his system, even in the tiny capillaries, a chance to pass off without turning into froth.

We do not know what particular salvage methods the Germans may have in view, but a catalog which has come into the writer's hands since the beginning of the war, shows that a great deal of attention has been given to the care of divers at great depths. For instance, this catalog shows a submarine rest-station for divers, fitted with electric light, telephone and means for getting air and supplies of food from the surface. Into this rest-station the diver may enter by means of an open door on the under side. He may remove his suit and eat a hearty meal or strengthen himself with a cup of coffee. He may even lie down for a nap and get thoroughly rested before resuming his labors. In this way he may avoid the hazards of undergoing decompression, which would be necessary if he came to the surface.

The submarine sled is a peculiar craft that is towed by a motor-boat; it is designed to float, but is also fitted with runners, so that it can glide along the bottom of the sea. It has a rudder forward, with which it may be made to dive under the waves or come up to the surface, and a rudder at the rear by which it may be steered laterally. The diver is connected to the towing-boat by means of a telephone cable so that he can communicate his discoveries and also direct the steersman of the boat. By this means, the sea floor can be explored over a wide area without any fatigue on the part of the diver who merely sits in the sled, clothed in his self-contained diving-suit, and notes his surroundings.

One of the most remarkable German inventions for divers' use is the oxytorch, by means of which metals can actually be burned under water. It seems almost incredible to think of heating iron to the melting-point when it is surrounded by a mass of water, but the oxy-acetylene flame is encircled by a cylindrical jet of air that blows away the water. The heat is very intense and highly localized, and as a result the temperature is raised enough to eat through iron and steel.

These inventions give us the hint that Germans are planning to make extensive use of divers, but they give us no hint of their plans for raising wrecks from a depth of three hundred feet. It seems hardly possible that the use of a rest-station will enable divers to perform any large amount of work at such a depth. It is highly probable that some special means of protecting divers against the enormous pressure of the deep sea has been devised, or else that some way has been found of taking hold of a sunken vessel without having recourse to the use of divers.

The deep sea has been a most alluring field for inventors. The idea of using steel instead of rubber for a diver's suit was suggested long ago. If such a suit could be designed, the diver would be able to descend to any desired depth, because instead of depending upon air to counterbalance the pressure he would rely on the thick steel walls of his suit to keep the water from crushing him. But when an armored suit is subjected to considerable pressure, its joints will "freeze," that is, they will be jammed so tight that they can not be moved. Then, too, the pressure of the water tends to squeeze an object down to its very smallest dimensions. It is almost impossible to move the arms or legs without increasing one's bulk to some slight degree, and this is resisted by the tremendous weight of water overhead. A diver is dependent largely on the sense of touch, because he can see very little in most waters. At the depth of three hundred feet, he would be in semi-darkness, even with clear water overhead. It would be entirely out of the question for him to have his hands bare, as they are in the common diver's suit, because at such a depth the pressure would be so tremendous that the hand would immediately be mashed to a pulp and forced back through the opening in the sleeve of the suit. And so the armored suit must be provided with special hooks and devices by which a diver can do a small amount of work. But being practically blind and without the sense of touch, it is apparent that he would be helpless in an armored suit, even if the joints did not "freeze."

THE armored suit is really a one-man submarine chamber. In a recent interesting, though rather fantastic, invention, the chamber has been enlarged to hold a number of men and some machinery. This chamber is in the form of a sphere of steel, strongly protected against the pressure of the sea, and is supplied with air from a tender overhead. The pressure of the air does not need to be higher than that of the atmosphere, owing to the strength of the chamber. The sphere is lighted by electricity and is in telephone communication with the tender; a cable carries electric power down to a certain operating machinery and to a set of powerful electromagnets. The men in the sphere can look out through portholes glazed with heavy plate glass, and a powerful searchlight dispels the surrounding gloom. Guided by telephone instructions from below, the man on the tender lowers the sphere to position alongside the wreck. When the sphere has been properly located, the electromagnets are energized, causing the chamber to attach itself to the side of the wreck. Then by means of electrically driven machinery, a hole is bored into the wrecked hulk, and mechanism on the outside of the sphere controlled from within is operated to introduce a hook and chain into the hole. The chain is attached to a pontoon previously sunk alongside the wreck. The operation is repeated along the line of the sunken vessel as often as necessary until sufficient attachment has been made. Then the pontoons are filled with air and the wreck comes up to the surface.

It has occurred to some inventors that the best way of dealing with a ship with straight sides that are as slippery as those of sunken vessels, is to raise it as we would raise a block of ice; in other words, to construct giant ice-tongs with which the ship can be seized. Some patents provide for pontoons attached to the tongs in such a way that when they are filled with water to lower them, they will open, and when air is pumped into the pontoons the lift will close the jaws of the tongs on the wreck. Theoretically this also looks quite feasible until we consider the enormous size of a ship. If, for instance, the tower of the Woolworth Building were lying on its side, it would be considered almost an

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insurmountable task to raise so large a mass to the height of a twenty-five-story building, and yet there are many ships longer than the Woolworth Tower is high, and their cross section is far greater than that of the tower.

But so far we have dealt only with the tremendous pressure of the deep sea. An even greater menace is the danger of storms on the surface, and this might at first seem an insurmountable difficulty. But an American engineer recently devised an interesting plan for combating storm waves. It is the air that stirs up the waves in the first place, and using the homeopathic principle, he tried air to quiet them. He was led to his experiments by noting the peculiar action of a submerged reef on storm waves. Although a rock might lie fifteen, twenty or even thirty feet below the surface, it will produce a line of surf in a heavy storm which will break up the waves. He found that this was due to currents set up in the water by the obstructing rock which broke up the rhythm of the waves above and caused them to battle with themselves. This set him to wondering whether the same effect could not be produced by some artificial means, and he hit upon the idea of introducing a perforated pipe under the water through which he could force compressed air. The experiment proved highly successful. A wharf protected by such a screen of air bubbles was surrounded by quiet water, while the sea outside was exceedingly stormy. The waves would come up to the line of bubbles and strike cross currents which would break them up.

It should be a simple matter to protect salvage work in the same way. Salvage engineering has actually reached such a point now that the feasibility of raising a ship from a depth of even three hundred feet is practically assured, provided the pneumatic system of fighting the waves proves successful, and provided divers may be found who can work at such enormous depths.

Certainly German expectations are doomed to disappointment: in the first place, they are not going to have a chance at the sunken treasure; and in the second place, we may depend upon Yankee ingenuity to supply the special apparatus required.

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On this day Howard Wheeler, the editor of EVERYBODY'S, arrived in Paris, and he is sending us his own impressions of that great day as it came to the French capital. His article will appear in the

March EVERYBODY'S

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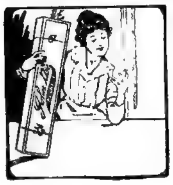


Paul Thompson.

Her Job is Being a New York Friend

MRS. LOIS PIERCE HUGHES (the taller pedestrian) says that there is always *some one thing* that every one who visits New York wants to do or find more than anything else. So she has made it her business to see to it that no stranger need go away from New York without doing or finding the "one thing."

Six years ago Mrs. Hughes came with her daughter to find her own one thing, which was a useful, congenial occupation. And the bigness, the indifference and the noise of the city terrified her. There were no neighbors, no gardens, no fences over which to chat. How was she to find in this restless, exacting city something worth while that she could do?

One evening as Mrs. Hughes, not overbrave herself, was walking with the homebound crowd, a still more timid woman, asked her the way to her hotel. Mrs. Hughes walked with her to her destination. On the way the woman plied her with questions about "these fascinating little out-of-the-way places" in New York. Mrs. Hughes told her what she could. When they parted, the woman asked for her name and address.

A few weeks later Mrs. Hughes's chance acquaintance wrote, asking her to call on some friends who were visiting in the city, and to tell them what she had told her.

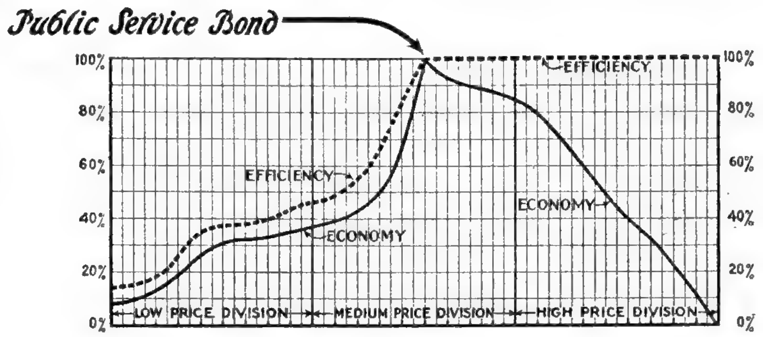
"The gratefulness with which these people accepted my advice gave me an idea," says Mrs. Hughes. "There were thousands of people like them, people who perhaps had scrimped and saved a lifetime to realize the dream of visiting New York, and who probably went away disappointed because the city had hidden from them the one thing which they most wanted. What they needed was a friend in New York! Why should I not be that friend?"

Mrs. Hughes found a home for her idea in a big centrally located New York hotel. There she has been a friend to thousands of people.

"New York doesn't belong to New Yorkers," says Mrs. Hughes. "It belongs to Americans. Visitors feel that and never forgive the city if it goes back on them."

New York is still a fairy-tale to a certain beauty-starved school-teacher who found the entrance to an undreamed-of world of art exhibits and low-rate musical and dramatic entertainment through the kindly advices of this "New York Friend."

New York is still what they thought it was to hundreds of other people—rich and poor, adventurous and timid—because Lois Pierce Hughes came and made a business of neighborliness.



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Taylor-Logan Co. Papermakers
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TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 47*)

included by the enemy in his calculation.

Indeed, the German airman is, speaking largely, a good sportsman. All that is best in the German army has gravitated to the flying corps, which in the third year of the war was the *corps d'élite*.

So much so that it ranked in social prestige above the Grenadiers of the Guard who hold a terribly high position in the military hierarchy.

Major Blackie duly recorded in his unofficial diary the fact that Billy had come and gone, and anticipating the sequel to this successful visit at a moment when the Mossy Face crowd were naturally feeling sore, he sent up a flight to patrol the area between Mossy Face and the Umpty-Fourth, and the precaution was justified, for at five o'clock that evening two German candidates for honor came speeding through the air at twelve thousand feet en route for the Umpty-fourth, followed at a distance by interested veterans who came to see the fun.

The first of the candidates was shot down two thousand yards west of the Umpty-fourth headquarters. The second reached the aerodrome and dropped a gas bomb, fell into a nose dive to avoid the attention of an aerial sentinel above and was shot down at six thousand feet by Tam who was climbing up to meet him.

So that at the end of that day the score was:

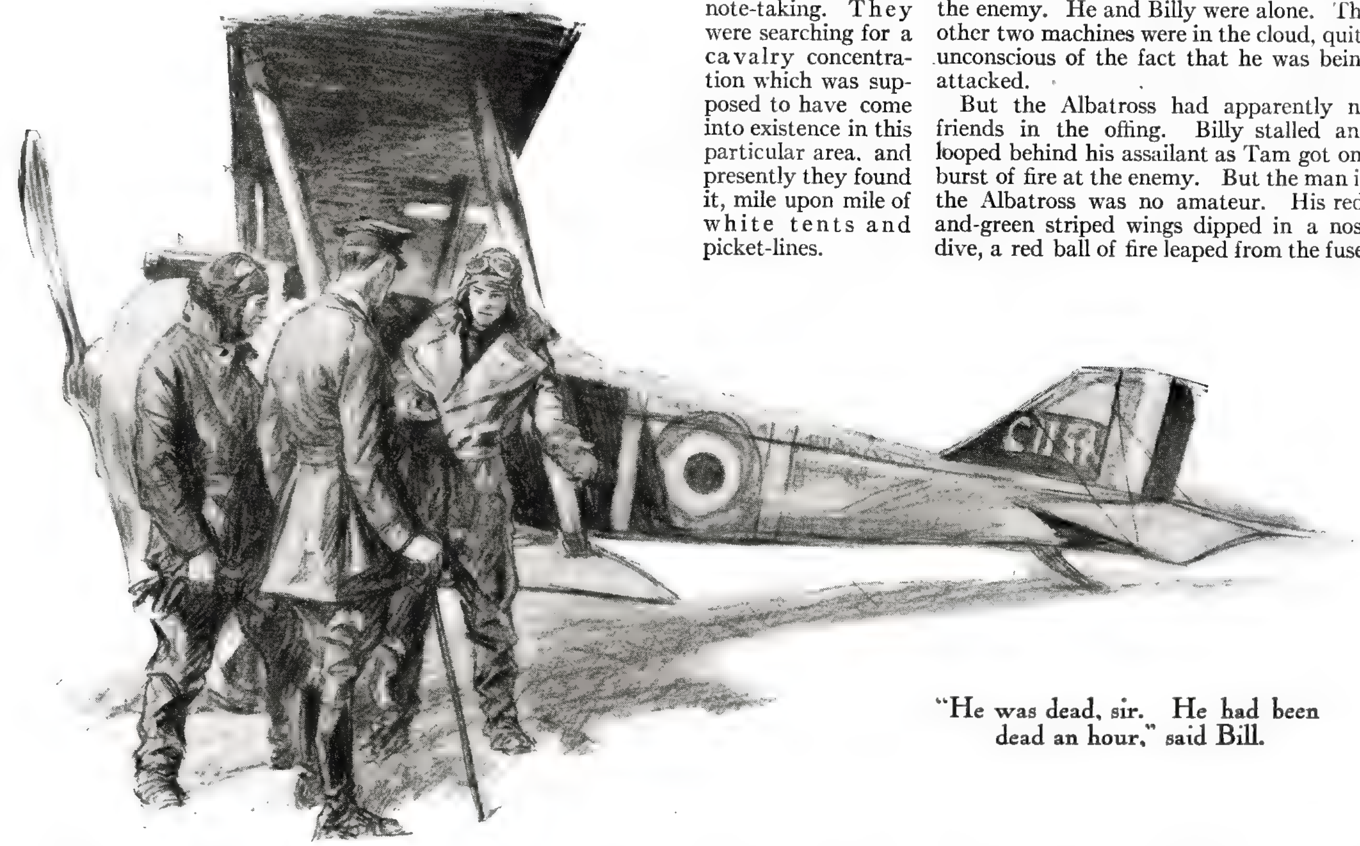
Umpty-fourth,	28
Mossy Face,	12

It was just about this date that Rittmeister von Haarden made his appearance upon the scene. In the chilly hours before the dawn, when the sky was smothered with stars and the world was still save for the never-ending thud and thunder of the guns, Tam led his flight over the lines for a three-hour reconnaissance. Four machines took part in the enterprise, and the pilots beside himself were Billy Best, Feltham and Barnstable.

They crossed the line in the dark and were some hundred miles from their base when the first rays of the sun glittered upon the white wings of the four planes. They were over a world which was singularly free from the evidence of war, a world of green checkered fields, of meandering threads of rivers, of clustering hamlets, though far away to the northwest a dull smudge of gray smoke and mist advertised the existence of a large industrial town.

There were no enemy machines in sight but the main roads were filled with transports, and Tam detected and photographed a big naval gun, admirably camouflaged, before a battery of Archies opened on his party and sent the machines rocking southward.

The light was not good for photography and much of the work was simple note-taking. They were searching for a cavalry concentration which was supposed to have come into existence in this particular area, and presently they found it, mile upon mile of white tents and picket-lines.



"He was dead, sir. He had been dead an hour," said Bill.

Since his duty was not to attack but to observe, Tam's survey was a cautious one. By this time the light had improved and the cameras were clicking busily.

At seven o'clock Tam fired the "Return" signal, and the four scouts turned homeward, devoting the next ten minutes to a very careful test of their guns—for between them and their aerodrome lay some thirty squadrons of expert aerial fighters.

The morning, however, was clouding up and reconnoitering airplanes climbed until they were within reach of cover if cover were necessary. The necessity soon became apparent. Little white dots showing against the gray-blue of the horizon began to make their appearance.

It was within the cover afforded by clouds that Tam made his first acquaintance with Rittmeister von Haarden. He was going full lick through an impenetrable wall of white fog when something leaped out of the cloud before him and passed in a flash. He had a momentary glimpse of a great Albatross, the wings of which missed his by a few yards and that was all.

The tremendous disturbance of air caused by the machine's passing made him side-slip out of the cloud into the visible range of the anti-aircraft guns. He looked round and saw a machine, which he recognized as Billy Best's, rocking and diving amidst a veritable tornado of shell. Even as he looked the firing ceased and Tam banked over, for he knew that somebody was being attacked in the air and it was within the range of possibility that that somebody was himself. He glanced sidewise and saw the big Albatross dropping straight for Billy, glimpsed the stabbing pencils of flame from its machine gun and came round on a hairpin turn to engage the enemy. He and Billy were alone. The other two machines were in the cloud, quite unconscious of the fact that he was being attacked.

But the Albatross had apparently no friends in the offing. Billy stalled and looped behind his assailant as Tam got one burst of fire at the enemy. But the man in the Albatross was no amateur. His red-and-green striped wings dipped in a nose dive, a red ball of fire leaped from the fuselage, and Archie opened almost instantly upon the two British machines.

"This," said Tam, "is where we gang hame," and "gang hame" he did, avoiding all further combats, dodging the furious barrage which was put up against him behind the lines and reaching the aerodrome in time for breakfast.

"Captain Blackie, sir," he reported (he consistently ignored the major's promotion), "there's a new feller wi' a gay Albatross painted like a sun-blind."

"Von Haarden," said Blackie; "I heard he is on this sector. You had better watch that fellow. He is the best man the Germans had on the Russian front."

"Puir lad," said Tam shaking his head; "it's an awfu' come down from Russia to Somewhere-Near-Amiens. A doot he'll miss the wee Bolchyvicks. 'Twill be a sad change after the glorious uncairtainties of war on the eastern front, not knowing whether ye'll be treated better if ye fall on one side of the line than if ye fall on the other."

"Make no mistake, Tam," warned Blackie, "this fellow is an ace. We shall see him over here—Boelke makes all his new men do that stunt."

"A'll be verra glad to meet him, and so will ma wee frien' Billy Best," said Tam loyally.

"How is that boy shaping?" asked Blackie.

"He's a fine lad," said Tam soberly. "You may think I'm prejudiced because he's a fellow Scotsman."

"Eh?" asked the startled Blackie.

"A fellow Scotsman," said Tam calmly. "D'ye think he's American because he was born of American parents in America? There ye're wrong, Captain Blackie. Speeritually he's Scots."

Blackie smiled. "You're not going to entangle me into the realms of metaphysics, Tam," he said; "I warn you and your Scots friend to look out for this fellow."

"Warn him," said Tam; "he'll need it. A'm going to tell Billy about him."

Tam shared a "bunk" with Cadet William Best, and here he found that young man stretched at full length on his bed, a suspicious-looking bulge in his mouth, his eyes glued to a paper-covered volume.

"Get up, ye lazy deevil," said Tam sternly. "Mon, if ye'd heard the things that Captain Blackie was saying about ye!"

"About me?" mumbled Billy.

"Don't speak wi' yer mouth full," said Tam. "Have ye no got over that disgustin' habit of yours? Billy, it's childish for a grown man to be chewin' goodies like a wee bairn. Faugh! Let's open the window. The place reeks wi' the faint sickly fumes of mint. Have ye eaten it all?"

Billy meekly produced a solid slab of unhealthy-looking sweetmeat and Tam nipped off a generous quantity before he spoke with the same difficulty which Billy was experiencing.

" 'Tis no' so good as the last lot," he complained; "yeer parents are neglectin' ye."

"What did Blackie say about me?" demanded the youth on the bed.

"A'd like to spare ye," said Tam, seating himself at his desk and extracting a report form. "A did ma best for ye, Billy, but though A'm puir A'm honest."

"Pure?" asked the puzzled Billy.

"Impecunious," said Tam. " 'What likes yon American boy?' ses Captain Blackie. 'He's verra young but he'll lairn,' ses I. 'Are ye lookin' after him?' ses Blackie. 'A am, sair,' ses I. 'Every morning A make him wash his neck and clean his teeth, and look after him as if he was ma own child.' 'He's a rotten flyer, A'm thinkin,' ses Captain Blackie."

"He didn't say that?" said Billy in alarm.

"Not exactly in those words," said Tam, "but from the look in his eye, A kent that was what he meant. 'He's no' so bad,' ses I. 'Give him another chance,' ses I; 'his nairves aren't all they might be,' ses I.

False Notions On Teeth-Cleaning

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

They Ignore the Film

The old idea of brushing teeth was to remove food particles. Some ways also aimed to polish teeth.

But time soon proved those methods insufficient. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. Tartar formed, and pyorrhea remained undiminished. Statistics show that tooth troubles constantly increased.

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Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus tooth troubles are largely traced to that film.

Science now has found a way to combat that film. It has proved itself to many able authorities by four years of clinical tests. Today it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a Free tube to let you prove it out.

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As a cleanser and polisher, Pepsodent holds supreme place among tooth pastes. But it also goes further.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual activating agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden.

Now science has found an activating method harmless to the teeth. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, makes the use of active pepsin possible.

Before it was offered to users, able dental authorities proved its value by clinical tests. They placed its results beyond question. Now we offer the proof to you in the shape of a home test.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

A week's trial will convince you that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. You will see that your teeth are protected as they never were before. You will not return after that, we think, to any old-time method.

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'But that's due,' ses I, 'to his practise of smoking seegairs.' 'Do something for him, Tam,' ses he; 'persuade him to give them up, Tam,' ses he, 'take 'em away from him, if necessary by force,' ses he, 'and keep 'em till he comes of age.' 'A will,' ses I."

"You won't," says Billy Best resuming his study of exciting literature. "I've already given up smoking twice at your request. I thought it was bully of you to take such an interest till I found you smoking 'em."

"'Twas all for your good," said Tam gently. "Billy, have ye got a seegair?"

Billy groaned and groped under the bed, produced a locked box and, with great ostentation, fumbled for and found a key which was suspended round his neck by a bootlace. With this he opened the box, took out one cigar, relocked the box and replaced it under his bed, Tam eying the proceedings without moving a muscle of his face.

"Ye can't be too careful, Billy; there's thieves about," he said as he smelled the cigar and pinched it. "Mon, what a surprise they'd get if the puir bodies burgled ye and got no better than a five-cent seegair. This is a shorter one than usual, Billy," he said after a pause, and when his challenge had provoked no comment, "they're robbin' ye."

"They are all the same size," said Billy thickly.

"Open the box again and let me compare 'em," said Tam.

"Not on yer life," said a voice which might literally be described as sweet, but which in fact sounded as though its owner were undergoing a process of slow strangulation. And for a few moments there was no sound but the scrape of Tam's pen and the indescribable noise of strong young jaws munching candy.

Then Billy asked: "What did you really say, Tam? I mean about me to Blackie."

"Ah, weel," said Tam grudgingly, "Ah said ye were no' so bad."

"And what did he say?" asked Billy eagerly.

"Weel," said Tam, "he just sneefed."

"But honestly?"

"Mon, ye're a vain pup and A'm no' going to make ye conceited."

Billy sat up suddenly on the bed. "What's that?" he asked.

"That's a Hun."

Tam lifted his head and listened.

"'Tis one of young Boelke's Frenchmen," he said.

HE OPENED the door and stepped out, and looked upward between his shading palms.

"Come oot o' that, Billy," he shouted, and broke into a run to his hangar, but long before he reached it von Haarden was over the aerodrome.

The bomb had exploded near the headquarter office and he was wheeling backward, fighting off the guarding patrol which had closed on him.

"I'm afraid you were too late, Tam," said Blackie, standing amidst a litter of smashed glass and shattered match-boarding which had once been his clerk's office. A mechanic was running across the ground carrying a little canvas bag.

"Hello," said Blackie, "dropped a message, did he? By the way, that was von Haarden."

"A noticed it," said Tam grimly.

Blackie took the bag and opened it, read the sheet of paper it contained and grinned. By this time he had an audience, for the mess-room and quarters had emptied rapidly at the first alarm and he was surrounded by a group of officers in various stages of dishabille.

"Listen to this!" He read:

> To-day I come once. To-morrow or perhaps next day or some other time propitious I come twice and show you that it is simple for German airmen to come. I will make a bet of gloves to do this unofficially. Soldierly and fraternal greetings. VON HAARDEN.

"Silly ass," said a disgusted voice.

"It sounds funny because his English isn't good," said Blackie, "but in reality it isn't so funny as it looks. We will watch for this fellow on the 'first day propitious.' I do not desire that he should make a merry hell of my office again."

FIGHTING squadrons of the Flying Corps have something more to do than to devote their attention to private vendettas. The work of the squadron is so systematized every hour of the day, every pilot and every machine is so occupied with the routine of war that the squadron can no more than reserve a corner of its collective brain for matters which are outside the official orbit.

Yet since the guarding of an aerodrome against hostile attacks is very much part of the day's work and, bet or no bet, Rittmeister von Haarden was a most formidable scout leader, Blackie detailed in the orders of the day two flights to patrol "if weather reports favorable."

Neither the next nor the following day did the enemy put in an appearance, but there was excellent reason. The weather had grown gusty, the sky was filled with low-lying clouds, and even the artillery planes were unable to go about their business.

On the afternoon of the third day the wind died down and the clouds rose with the barometer. Billy Best went up with Tam and patroled according to instructions. It was part of the unwritten law that the visit must be paid in the daytime, and it was an hour before sunset when von Haarden came along.

His arrival was signaled from the observation station two miles to the east of the aerodrome and Blackie hurried out to his telescope.

"That's not the game," he growled, and neither was it, for von Haarden was flying at something over twenty thousand feet.

Blackie looked round for the barrage flights. He counted the four machines of McAllister's flight, but Tam's four machines were invisible. Then presently he found them, and emitted a yell of exuberant joy, for Tam was also well above twenty thousand feet and his four planes were pinpoints of black in the sky and almost seemed stationary.

Tam was one of the few men who preferred the upper air. It was a saying of his that "Ye can fa' quicker than ye can climb." He was, in point of fact, a thousand feet higher than von Haarden in the region which would still be ablaze with sunshine when the sun had sunk for half an hour below the western sky-line, a region so bitterly cold that even beneath his fur gloves his fingers were frozen stiff.

He saw the oncoming plane and signaled "Attack." Billy Best, who was the right of the diamond formation in which the flight was moving, dropped sheer to his quarry and got in a burst as von Haarden swung his machine to avoid the attack.

Billy saw his enemy for perhaps the tenth part of a second before he fell behind and passed the tail of the *Albatross*. It was just a glimpse of a man in a fur coat, his face masked, his bent head covered with a fur and leather cap, his hands gripping the joy stick.

Tam, who followed, did not see as much. Curious things happen to machine guns in the upper air, and when Tam sighted the Rittmeister his gun behaved accordingly. There is no time in air fighting to correct the mischief of a jammed gun. Before Tam could loop over and gain the height necessary for attack, the *Albatross* had fulfilled its mission, was crossing the aerodrome amidst a pandemonium of Archie fire and was heading due west.

Tam followed in pursuit, but he had lost too much height to reach his enemy's level and after a twenty-mile run, during which he succeeded in getting his gun working, he returned to the aerodrome.

"Hard lines, Tam," said Blackie; "go over and cheer your young Scottish friend. He's disconsolate."

Billy indeed was grieved, almost to the point of tears.

"I used to think I could shoot," he said miserably: "missed him at less than fifty yards. I was your young Nimrod all right; missed him, Tam, at fifty yards, by gosh!"

"Ah weel," said Tam philosophically, "'tis nothing to greet aboot. Maybe ye scairt him. What did ye come down for?"

"Search me!" said the wretched Billy. "I just felt lonely and homesick."

"Get up," said the stern Tam. "Up wi' ye, ye whining little deevil. Is it no' twice the laddie is coming."

TAM took another machine, tested the gun and rose with Billy to join the flight. He had reached the high level when a Lucas lamp flickered from the aerodrome.

Tam read the message: "Von Haarden coming back. Get him this time."

For ten minutes Tam searched the heavens in vain and presently he saw the big *Albatross*. It was flying much lower and again was heading straight for the aerodrome. Tam shot off three rounds from his gun and then thought of Billy.

Billy should have his chance. He signaled "Nearest attack," and Billy swept down the six thousand feet which separated him from his enemy. Tam watched the planes growing nearer and nearer, saw Billy turn on a parallel course with the *Albatross*.

The boy might make sure but it was a terribly dangerous position to take. Closer and closer the planes approached one another. Billy would be waiting for von Haarden to show himself, and Tam watched as he dropped in a wide circle toward the two machines. And then an amazing thing happened. The *Albatross* and Billy's scout were running almost side by side, and less than fifty yards separated them and nothing happened.

As Tam looked, he saw Billy bank over and turn, leaving the *Albatross* to pursue its course over the aerodrome. Almost immediately Blackie signaled "Flight return."

When Tam reached the ground Billy was standing before Blackie.

"Well, Best," said Blackie, "I'm afraid von Haarden's won his bet."

"Yes, sir," said Billy simply.

"Did your gun jam?" asked Blackie.

"Did ye no' fire?" Tam interrupted anxiously.

"No, sir," said Billy. "I didn't fire and my gun didn't jam."

"For God's sake, what happened then?"

"I don't understand it, sir," said Billy, and his face was white. "It was awful. It can't possibly have happened. I saw von Haarden as plainly as I see you——"

"And?" asked Blackie.

"He was dead, sir. He had been dead an hour," said Billy.

An hour later a German *Albatross* crashed within a hundred yards of the aerodrome. It crashed because its petrol had run out. For two hours it had been moving in a wide circle that carried it from Mossy Face Wood to the aerodrome across the back areas, round to the wood again and again back to the aerodrome. It had been moving steadily, unswervingly, just so long as its petrol lasted, with a dead man's stiff hand at its control—for Billy had killed him with his first shot.

"It's a verra moot point," said Tam to Billy that night as he sat on the edge of his bed smoking a cigar luxuriously, "whether that puir body, Mad Haarden, won his bet. Speakin' theologically I think he did, and A'm goin' over Mossy Face Wood tomorrow to drop a pair of yeer gloves."

"Why my gloves?" demanded Billy truculently.

The Children

By Wilton Agnew Barrett

THERE was a time whenever autumn came
I used to think of spring's long-scattered flame;
I used to say, "So loveliness goes by,
The leaves that once were blossomy are dry"—
Oh, I was very sad and happy then,
Knowing so many springs would come again!

And now when many of those springs have spun
Their gowns of greenery and tript and gone,
Taking each one a season of my youth—
Gay little lads despite the brown leaves' ruth—
Oh, still I smile—as one for children fled
Who come each autumn laughing from the dead.

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War gave woman her supreme and glorious opportunity to enlarge her field of service. She won her share of the laurels for patriotic achievement.

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SHOP-TALK JIMMY

(*Continued from page 49*)

This, if you please, happened in July, of the year of grace 1914. A month later a nation which had talked shop during the soup, the entrée, the roast, and for hours after the dessert, pushed back the opposing armies of Belgium, England, and France, and started upon a career of scientific conquest which had not been equaled since the beginning of written history.

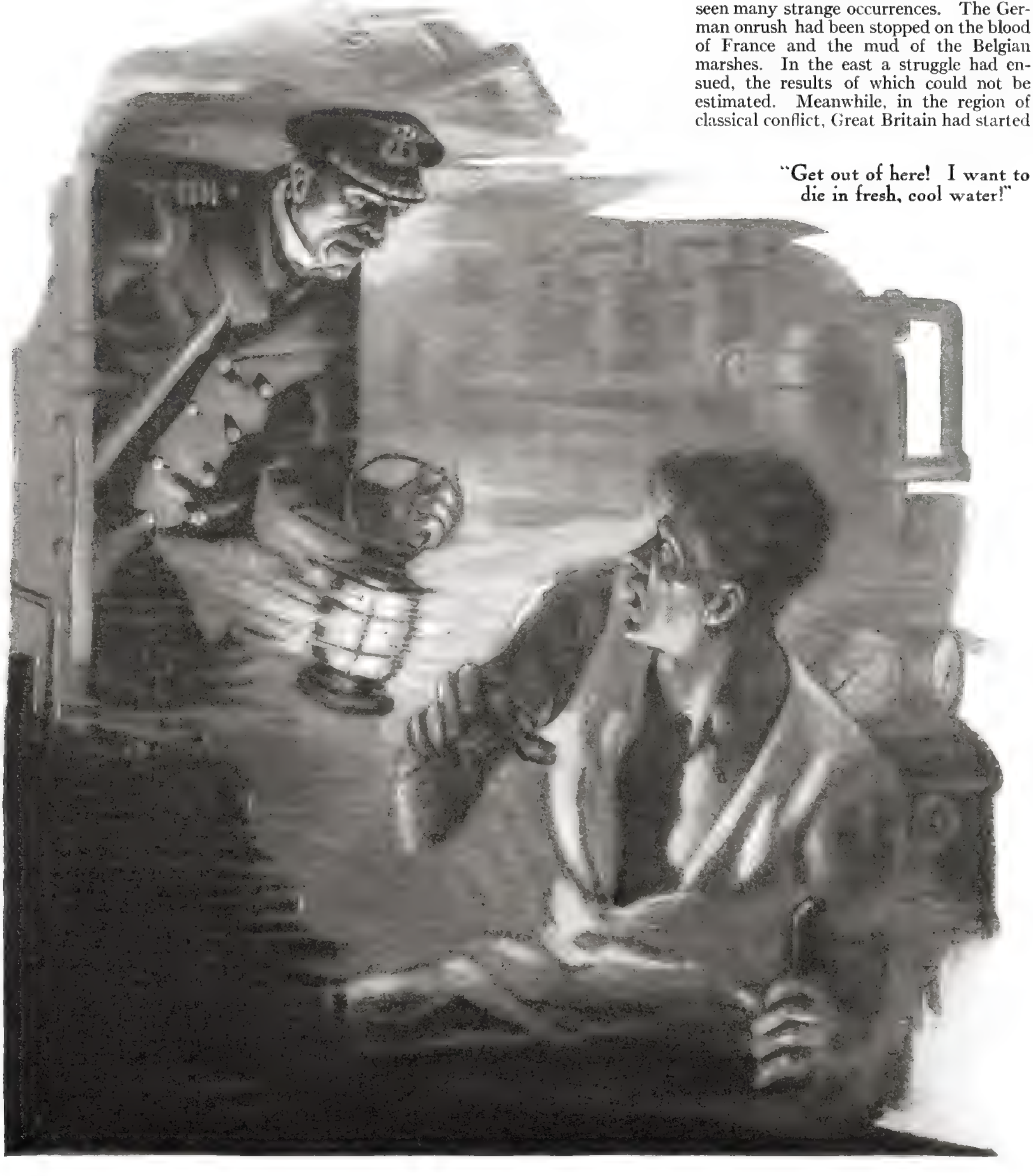
Jimmy, exposed to the sarcastic comment of his own kin, decided that he ought to be on the other side and "doing something." He had ample means. He had a broken heart. He crossed the ocean to be met with the information that no Americans were wanted in the British navy. As "Charles Smith, born in Toronto," Jimmy lied his way into the service of King George. The recruiting officer asked him whether he had a preference for any particular branch of the service. Charles Smith had none. Just then he felt exceedingly sorry for himself. He was still very much in love. He hoped that he would be killed soon and he eagerly asked, "Just give me something dangerous to do, will you?"

"That is what they all say," the officer replied. "But the dangerous job is in the submarine and unless you know all about engines and things you will do more harm than good."

"I know all about engines," Charles Smith hastened to reply. "Really and truly, sir. I have worked in an automobile shop for over five years."

Time was pressing and men were needed. No further questions were asked. Charles Smith, alias Jimmy, disappeared from the British shores. As fourth assistant engineer he was placed on board the *C*-33.

WHEN our hero returns to the surface of our little story the world has seen many strange occurrences. The German onrush had been stopped on the blood of France and the mud of the Belgian marshes. In the east a struggle had ensued, the results of which could not be estimated. Meanwhile, in the region of classical conflict, Great Britain had started



"Get out of here! I want to die in fresh, cool water!"

upon an expedition which had promised much and which, if successful, might have ended the war.

Day after day and week after week the heavy British guns pounded away at the Turkish fortresses. The result was most disappointing. The Turkish guns did not even take the trouble to answer the fire. But floating mines and torpedoes and submarines and all the hellish things of modern warfare did their work, blew up British war-ships like so many cigar-boxes, and destroyed human life at an appalling rate. Apparently this was not the way to go about the conquest of the Turkish empire. The man who had originated the plan of attack was curtly dismissed and was sent to the trenches. More competent heads were called together to study the situation and bring about the desired results.

After a week they decided to recall the cumbersome big war-ships and try their luck with smaller craft. Together with ten older submarines Jimmy sailed for Gibraltar. One of them foundered in the Bay of Biscay. The other nine reached the Rock. From there, by way of Malta, they sailed to the blue waters of the ancient Ægean. Early one morning, Jimmy, on the *C*-33, had his first glimpse of the hazy mountain tops behind Kithia. He felt very happy. He was to have his chance to get killed.

Two days later the captain climbed down through the narrow hatchway of his craft and called his men together around the periscope. His speech was short and to the point.

"MEN," he said, "the Turks have an old cruiser right behind their third line of mines. We have reason to believe that this old scow handles the electric discharge of all their beastly things. We must sink that boat. The work is dangerous. Any one of you who has a family had better stay behind. I shall not blame him. The rest of you can come with me."

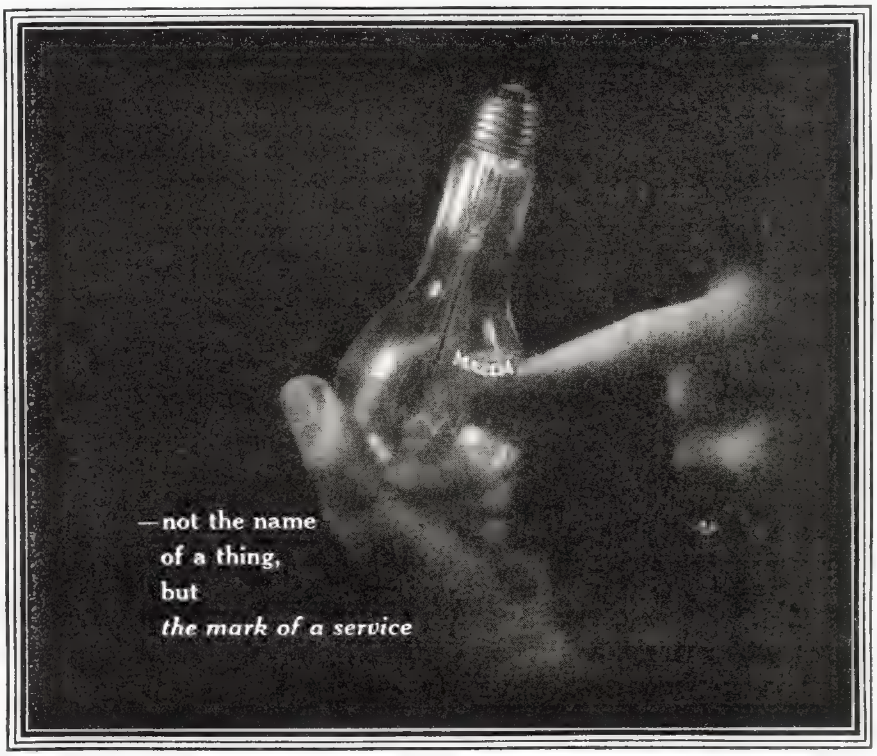
There was complete silence. The drops from the water-cooler splashed on the iron boards of the floor. "Put a glass under there," commanded the captain. "Well, does anybody want to say anything?"

Nobody did.

"All right. I will be back in an hour and then we start."

The success of this captain and his brave crew is well known to the world. The *C*-33 dived under the three lines of mines that guarded Gallipoli. A well-aimed torpedo blew the old Turkish cruiser into the Garden of Allah. Thereupon the submarine descended to the rocky bottom of the narrow strait to wait the hour of the night when the commotion should have subsided and the darkness should give her a chance to come to the surface and start upon the return journey.

The captain, with his hands under his head, was eating sweet chocolate. The air, full of a terrible mixture of oil, sweating men and cookery, was heavy and invited sleep. A single electric globe merely accentuated the darkness. From the outside there resounded the rumbling noise of the heavy stones which the racing current carried to the Ægean Sea. Some of the men were asleep at very uncomfortable angles. Smoking was not allowed. The phonograph had played its last tune three hours before. The captain felt around in his pocket for another piece of chocolate. Then he called the chief



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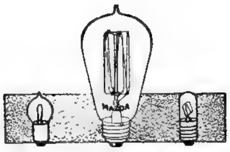

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The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1330 Schofield Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio

engineer. Out of the utter darkness of the forward part of the boat, an answer came: "Yes, sir."

"How much fuel have we?"

"Enough for about ten days, sir."

"Food enough?" came the next question addressed to the cook, wherever he might be.

"Food enough for two weeks, sir."

Another pause and silence. Then the captain slowly straightened himself like a man who has finally made a momentous decision.

When he talked he seemed to be thinking aloud. "Does anybody want to go back right away?"

"No, sir," said one of the men. "No particular hurry, sir."

Silence.

"Is there any reason why we should not go after them?"

Silence.

The captain, still in his meditative tone, came to a sudden conclusion. "All right. Set to work. We go at once."

There was a soft shuffling of feet and the sharp click as the motor caught, the long purr of the engines, and the swift sound of the pumps which emptied the reservoirs. After a few minutes the boat, which had been bending forward, began to straighten herself.

"Every man at his post," was the first order. Others followed. "Stop the pumps. Low speed ahead."

Slowly the *C*-33 began to steer its perilous course through the broadening straits of the Dardanelles. Three hours later the commander figured that his boat must have passed Burgas and must be near Lapsaki on the Asiatic side of the Straits. Slowly and carefully the boat was brought to the surface. A first peep through the periscope showed the world had grown dark and the twinkling row of lights from shore indicated the irregular houses of Gallipoli.

Apparently the *C*-33 had reached the Sea of Marmora. The famous chase of the German cruisers had begun. For two days the boat cruised upon the surface of the sunny sea and not a ship was sighted. At three o'clock of the afternoon of the third day a small black speck was seen just above the horizon.

"THAT must be the smoke of a ship," said the mate to the second officer, who was on the bridge.

"Yes. Did you think it was the Sultan smoking a pipe? That is a ship, and a damned fast one at that."

"We had better call the captain."

The captain came. Through the glass a small nutshell with four little matches stuck into it could be discerned.

"Four funnels and fast as the devil. That is she. Down we go and be quick about it."

Three minutes later the *C*-33, submerged ten feet, was approaching her prey. It was a fine clear day and the captain at his periscope enjoyed a sight seen by few hunters. Unaware of any danger, the *Karl Friedrich* steamed southward at full speed.

It happened exactly five minutes past four on the afternoon of the twelfth of January of the year 1915. The engines of the submarine had been stopped. She waited for her victim at a distance of seven hundred yards. The men at the torpedo tube were ready. Not a sound could be heard except the purring of the dynamo which was used to provide the electric light. The captain, with his eyes deeply buried in the cap of the periscope, waited the right moment. His left hand was on the signal board. At last the moment came. A short order to the men at the tube, the turning of a handle, the roar of the water which rushed into the empty torpedo tube, and then silence. Then a dull, heavy thud, a violent jerking of the sides of the boat, another sudden rumbling, heavier than before, and a quick and furious order.

"Dive! For the love of God, dive! Get the reservoirs full, damn you! Faster than that!" followed by a loud crash, a terrific swaying, crunching, and creaking of the iron walls of the ship and complete darkness while the engines died with dreadful finality.

The captain reached in his pocket for his electric lantern. He found it and made a light. "Is anybody hurt?"

Nobody had suffered except one man who had been thrown against a sharp edge of the engine and whose brow had been cut very badly.

"ALL right. Let's see what they have done to us."

Exactly what had happened no one imprisoned in that steel tube had a chance of knowing. But the rest of the world, reading the reports of the Turkish Telegraph Agency, heard the details that same afternoon. The *Karl Friedrich* had not been alone. She had been accompanied by a Turkish destroyer. This vessel, hidden behind the big cruiser, had not been noticed by the submarine. The moment the *Karl Friedrich* had been hit the destroyer had tried to ram the British boat. In this she had not succeeded. But terrible damage had been done to the submarine's upper structure and the Turks had good reason to believe that they had sunk their enemy.

The captain of the *C*-33 came to a different conclusion. A quick examination showed the following facts: "Periscope gone, but that doesn't matter. Outside walls damaged, but holding well. Part of the engine out of order. Resting on a sandy bottom at twenty-one feet of depth. Will go up as soon as the engine is repaired."

Once more the men were called together. There was no danger, so they were told. But they must be very careful. Those who did not have to work on the engines must sit down and must not talk. They must not use needless oxygen. The first and second engineers would set to work and repair the damage. All the others would sit down and keep quiet.

Three hours went by. The atmosphere was still bearable, but the air was stifling and two men fainted. The captain went to the engineers and asked them how far they had got along.

The chief engineer moved his cap from one side of his head to the other and said: "Not very far, sir."

The captain showed signs of anger. "What the devil is the matter with you?" he asked. "Don't you know your own business?"

Uneasily the engineer answered: "I think that we do, but we were never told anything about this particular emergency. It is a new engine, and they did not explain it very carefully before we left."

"Which means that you can't do it? That we must stay here on the bottom of the sea?"

"Well, sir, that is perhaps putting it a bit too strongly. We probably can do it, but we shall have some difficulty."

He asked for another half-hour and promised results. But when the half-hour had grown into two hours and forty minutes he came to the conclusion that the thing was hopeless. Apparently the engines were beyond repair.

All this time Jimmy had looked on in silence. Once he had offered some advice, but had been told to mind his own business. Involuntarily he stepped forward again.

"Will you let me try, sir?" he asked quite humbly. In the navy of every country rules are rules and discipline is discipline, even at twenty-odd feet below the surface of the Sea of Marmora.

"Step back, you little puppy!" cried the first engineer, in a sudden fit of anger, brought about by his long labors in the foul air of the engine-room. "Step back—damn you!" and then he fell heavily upon the iron floor of the submarine, drenched with oil and with the sea-water which was beginning to leak through the seams of the ruined conning-tower.

The captain knew that the time had come when naval etiquette was out of place. He turned to Jimmy. "You are the fourth engineer. The others do not seem to know their job. Do you know anything about this mess?" and he pointed to a tangled mass of wires and brass knobs wrenched from their place by the shock of the collision.

"I AM not quite certain, sir. But I can try."

"Well, then, just go ahead. If you don't succeed, we are gone. You have exactly one hour." He might have said more, but a loud bang cut off any further remarks. One of the smaller oil tanks had burst. Thank God, there was no flame, but the forward part of the vessel was filled at once with the almost unbearable smell of oil oozing from a hole in the side of the tank.

Jimmy now took matters into his own hands. "Shut the forward partition. If this stuff gets out, all the men will choke," he commanded.

"Nothing of the sort," the captain shot back at him. "If you can stand it, so can we."

But Jimmy, without the slightest respect for the golden stripes of his commander, closed the door and began his labor. He had the vision of approaching death, but he had, too, the joy of a man who knows his own powers and who feels convinced that he can succeed.

Then followed a struggle between the human mind and the inanimate matter created to serve mankind. It was so still within the small compartment that the boy could hear the ticking of the watch on his wrist. It sounded the seconds and it sounded the minutes. Soon it was to sound that hour which the captain had spoken as the limit of his men's endurance. Desperately Jimmy set to finishing his task. His many years of work and his curiosity to know things, the searching of his brain for the ultimate purpose of all things, now came to his assistance. With the last effort of his will, the cells of his brain were set to work. His nerves, the first to give way, were forced to obey their dictator.

Delicately, like a surgeon working upon a hopeless case, his eyes blinded by the sharp fumes and his lungs painfully filled with the air of the engine-room, he tried to discover the ultimate cause of the trouble. After three-quarters of an hour's steady work, part of the task was done. He turned the lever of the engine and a faint clicking answered. Life had come back. Not the throbbing life that would lift the ship to the surface of the water, where there was air and sunshine, but the life which returns only for a single moment to ebb away before the soul leaves the body. Undiscouraged Jimmy worked on. Another part was adjusted. At that moment, the electric lamp, having fulfilled its duty, went out with a last faint glimmer. The engine-room was dark. Touch alone could bring salvation, if salvation were still possible.

AT THAT moment there was a loud rapping upon the steel door. It was the captain. "Smith," he commanded, "get out of that hole if you are not dead. Two of our men are gone. Six have fainted. We have a few more minutes and we don't want to die like rabbits in a hole. I shall drown all of us. Come in here if you can. One more prayer and then we open the forward hatch."

Jimmy did not answer.

There was a louder knock, and this time the voice sounded choking. "Open, do you hear me? Open and let me get in there. I must open the hatch. Then it will be quick work."

Jimmy did not answer. Even more rapidly than before his fingers worked. There was a violent blow upon the small steel door. Badly locked, it gave way. His face red from the lack of air, sweat streaming down his forehead, his eyes wild and bloodshot, the captain crept through the opening. He was too weak to stand up straight. In his left hand he held a lantern, in the right he had a crowbar. "Get out of here!" he whispered with the heavy breathing of one who has been caught in a gas attack. "Get out of here! I want to die in fresh cool, water! Not in this foul air. Get out!"

Jimmy worked on. The captain landed his crowbar on the boy's shoulder. Jimmy fell back against the steel wall. His left arm slid helplessly to his side. Yet, only a minute more and the work might be done. He fought for life as the other man fought for death. With his right arm he hit at the captain. He missed him, but the small electric lantern was dashed against the iron floor and was broken into pieces.

Then occurred the most ghastly of all things: a fight in the dark between two men crazed with pain. A fight between men reduced to the level of suffering beasts. The crowbar won. Jimmy was caught unawares He staggered and went down to his knees. His head fell upon his chest, while his dying hand gripped the handle of the engine. Suddenly there was a purring noise. A short stop . . . a sharp click . . . a biting sound, and there followed the even vibration of the throbbing dynamo. The electric lights flickered. The ventilators began to stir the stagnant air. Finally the regular sound of the pumps and the rushing noise of the water as the reservoirs were emptied.

Then the darkness made room for a greenish light and the greenish light became very shining and white, and blue veins began to shimmer through it. With a last effort of his waning strength a sailor threw open the forward hatch. Air, fresh air, streamed into the lungs of the men. The *C*-33 floated upon the quiet waters of the open sea and the captain, cursing himself and swearing most effectively at everything in general and nothing in particular, carried the limp body of Jimmy to the deck and put him on the slippery plates, where there was room to stretch him out full length and let him breathe the fersh air and regain the life which he had almost given for the others.

THREE weeks later Jimmy opened his eyes and took stock of the strange world around him. First of all he noticed the light which played through the windows and painted queer little figures upon the white wall opposite his bed. Then he tried to lift himself from his pillow. A soft hand pushed him down.

"The doctor has said that you must be very quiet for a while to come. Do lie down again."

Jimmy looked. Beside his bed there stood an angel from heaven and Jimmy thought that he had died, but then the angel smiled and he knew that he was alive. He tried to speak, but his voice sounded queer and the words came from some distant place.

"Margaret," he said, "why, Margaret!" and then he caught himself. "I beg your pardon, Miss Margaret," and the effort caused him pain and made him very weak. "I beg your pardon, Miss Margaret. I really did not mean to be rude. I still feel a bit weak."

The girl knelt by his side and put her arm around his neck. "Jimmy," she whispered, burying her head on his shoulder, "for God's sake, Jimmy, don't be a fool. Talk shop, Jimmy, talk shop."

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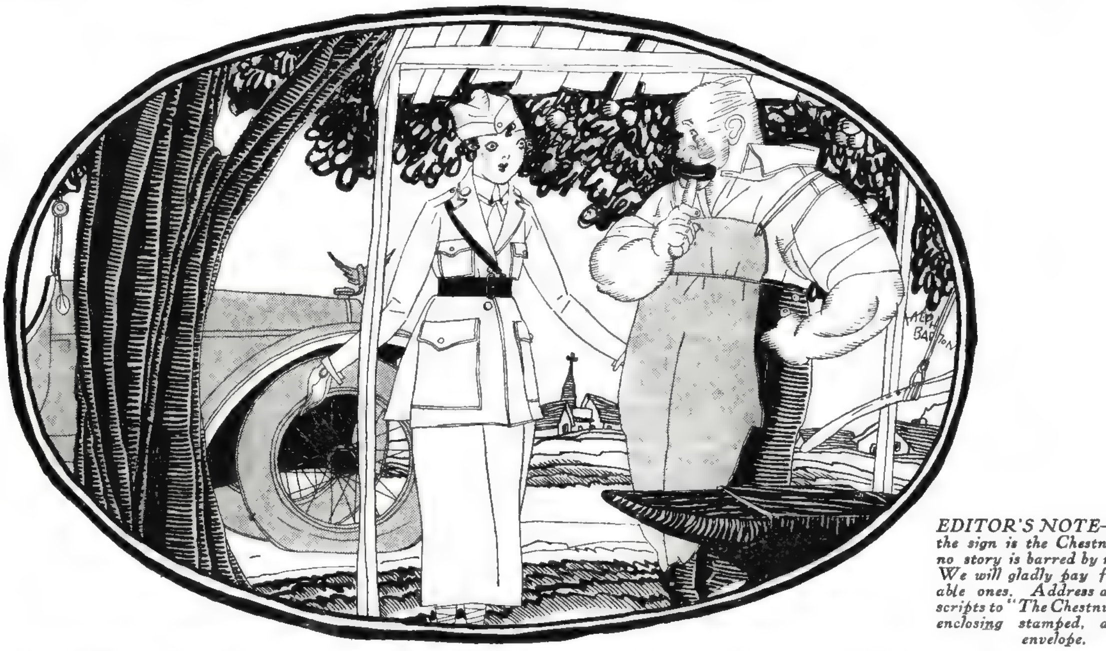
Under *the* Spreading Chestnut Tree



Drawings
by
Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THERE is an elevator boy in a New York office building, who is among a large number of public servants that resent needless questions.

One day there entered his car a rather fussy old lady, and garrulous as well.

"Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy.

"Is it the motion going down?"

"No, ma'am."

"The motion going up?"

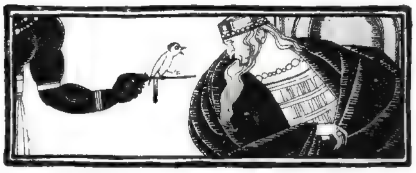
"No, ma'am."

"Is it the stopping that does it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then what is it?"

"Answering questions, ma'am."



AFFIXED to the south wall of the Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem, which occupies the site of the temple of the Jews, are four squares of veined marble so placed, that the veins, by a stretch of the imagination, represent two birds with bills together, as though talking. The Arabs tell this tale:

These birds belonged to the days of King Solomon, wisest of all potentates, and while he was building the temple he, who understood the language of beast and birds, overheard the male bird boast to his mate:

"This King Solomon thinks he is building something magnificent. When he finishes his temple, I will push it over with one foot."

Thereupon the king sent for the braggart, and so frightened him that he promised with alacrity never to say such a foolish thing again. He was allowed to fly back to his mate, but King Solomon followed, and hid himself behind one of the great pillars of the temple to learn if the bird were really penitent.

"What did King Solomon want of you?" asked his mate.

"Oh, he happened to overhear me say that I would push his temple over with one foot," was the reply.

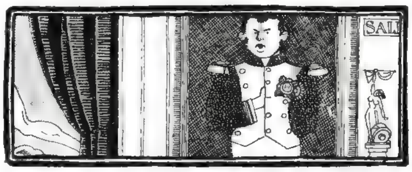
"What of it?" asked the too-inquisitive spouse.

"He made me promise not to do it."

Forthwith the impenitent bird was again summoned to appear before the mighty monarch, and required to give an account of his second offense.

"Alas! Most Mighty Monarch, Sum of All Wisdom, have mercy on me! You are yourself a man, and you will understand that the habit of boasting before the weaker sex on the part of us males is incurable."

FROM a little girl's "Essay on Men": "Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear. They don't go to church like women do. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but women sprang farther."



THE following story is an illustration of the unfailing humor of the Yankee soldiers in the trenches.

Bill, from the Bowery, busily engaged in hunting "cooties," says to his companion in misery: "Say, I knows now why dat guy Napoleon always had his picter took wid his hand in de front of his shirt!"

TWO Irishmen met at a country fair and held the following conversation:

"Ah, Pat, sure, is it you?"

"Yis; an' it's been a long time since we met. What's the news?"

"It's married I am, and I have a little boy who looks just like me!"

The other surveyed him critically for a moment and then replied consolingly, "Well, I shouldn't mind so long as he's healthy."

AN OLD colored woman met a younger friend whose husband was in the Army, and the following conversation ensued, "An' hab yo' heard f'um Jim lately?"

"Yas, jes had a lettah yestuddy!"

"An' whah is he now?"

"Well, Ah don' know jes' 'zactly. His lettah says he's somewhah in France, but he kain't tell jes' whah."

"Ah knew it! Ah knew it! Ah tol' yo' all de time dat fool niggah 'ud go ober dere an' git hisself lost."

SAID an Irish leader: "Min, ye are on the verge of battle; will yez fight or will yez run?"

"We will!" came a chorus of eager replies.

"Which will yez do?" says he.

"We will not," says they.

"Thank ye, me min," says he, "I thought ye would."

H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

Looking Ahead

THE war has opened American education to the new strong wind of world affairs and blown away forever some of the cobwebs with which it has been festooned for years. Down in Washington (one never spoke of Washington in connection with education before the war) educators are saying that reconstruction is all a matter of education. The better way to put it is to say that education now is all reconstruction. American educators are starting out with a new enthusiastic realization that it is through our schools that our biggest American problems must be solved—the problems of industry, the problems of world peace—and there is everywhere a concerted drive for the democratization and Americanization of our education and its relation more closely to American life. In a word, the center of the new educational movement is the ideal of good American citizenship.

And perhaps the greatest benefit the war has brought us is a broadening and deepening of this ideal of American citizenship. After the high plane upon which America entered the war and the ideals to which she consecrated herself in carrying it through to victory, it is no longer possible to conceive of good American citizenship as anything less than a loyalty and devotion to the interests of humanity. American education emerges from the war with the spirit of world-service as its goal.

One can not doubt now that this new educational ideal will be the guiding voice in the councils which are to decide the future policy of American education in relation to some of the big problems that face us in this period of reconstruction. Every agency which may be of value in solving these problems in a democratic American way and in the spirit of our American ideals will be greatly needed. This is particularly true with regard to what is perhaps the biggest of these problems: that of our future military policy.

The High-School Volunteers of the United States, together with the Scout movements and the plans which have been worked out by the War Department for bringing the colleges into closer relation to national needs, constitute a progressive, practical program which will provide the essentials of national self-defense and at the same time a constructive educational plan for citizenship training in accord with the new liberal educational ideals which have come out of the war. In the Scout movement and in its extension in the High-School Volunteers and in the modified Student Army Training-Corps idea are embodied the essentials of a sound military educational policy for the future, and all who approach these problems in the liberal democratic spirit of these times and this country will urge that these movements be incorporated in the permanent plans of the War Department and the Bureau of Education for the future.

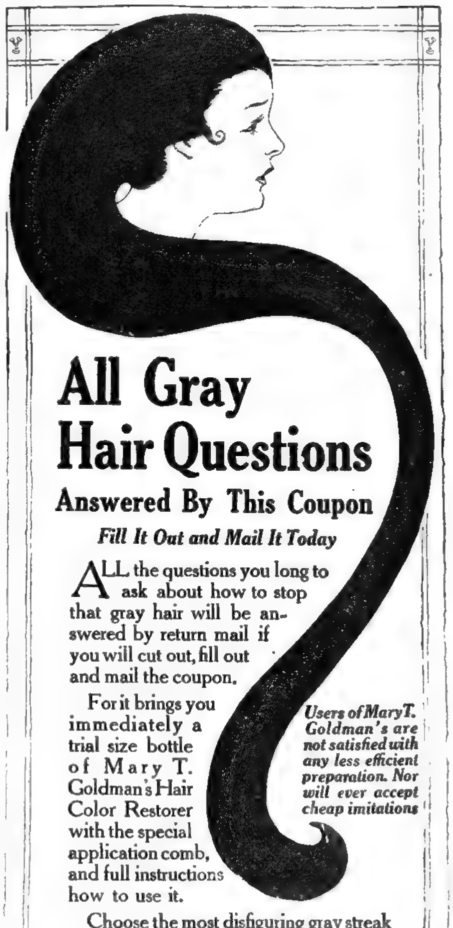
THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is a national organization of boys and girls in high schools and other institutions, and in communities, aiming to promote better citizenship by a uniform national plan of specific training, competitions, games, and in other ways.

A High-School-Volunteer Corps may be organized by any group of boys or girls of fourteen to eighteen, in any school, institution or community where the necessary equipment and an instructor or leader can be obtained. The equipment needed, the method of organizing the corps, its regulations, and plan of military activities for the first year are given in detail in the Official Handbook and Cadet Manual of the H. S. V. U. S., by Majors E. Z. Steever and J. L. Frink, published as a regular text-book by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. The Constitution of the H. S. V. U. S., membership applications, and additional instructions may be obtained from Headquarters gratis. Literature covering the community and civic activities of the corps is in preparation.

Individual members of independent corps may be enrolled as unattached members of the H. S. V. U. S. Application for unattached members may be obtained from Headquarters. Entire independent corps may become regularly associated with the H. S. V. U. S. when sixty per cent. of their members join the H. S. V. U. S.

Headquarters furnishes each individual member, regular and unattached, a certificate of membership and button insignia, and each associated corps is given a regimental designation.

For full information, write Headquarters, High-School Volunteers of the United States, Butterick Building, New York City.



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THE BRANDING-IRON

(Continued from page 40)

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Whole Duty of Woman

JOAN waited for Holliwell and, waiting, began inevitably to regain her strength. One evening as Wen Ho was spreading the table, Prosper looked up from his writing to see a tall, gaunt girl clinging to the door-jamb. She was dressed in the heavy clothes which hung loose upon her long bones; her throat was drawn up to support the sharpened and hollowed face in which her eyes had grown very large and and wistful. Her hair was braided and wrapped across her brow; her long, strong hands, smooth and only faintly brown, were thin too and curiously expressive as they clung to the logs. She was a moving figure, piteous, lovely, rather like some graceful mountain beast, its spirit half broken by wounds and imprisonment and human tending, but ready to leap into a savagery of flight or of attack. They were wild, those great eyes, as well as wistful. Prosper, looking suddenly up at them, caught his breath. He put down his book as quietly as though she had been a wild, easily startled thing and, suppressing the impulse to rise, stayed where he was, leaning a trifle forward, his hands on the arms of his chair.

Joan's eyes wandered curiously about the brilliant room and came to him at last. Prosper met them, relaxed, and smiled.

"Come in and dine with me, Joan," he said. "Tell me how you like it."

She felt her way weakly to the second large chair and sat down facing him across the hearth. The Chinaman's shadow thrown strongly by the lamp ran to and fro between and across them. It was a strange scene truly and Prosper felt with exhilaration all its strangeness. This was no Darby and Joan fireside; a wizard with his enchanted leopardess, rather. He was half afraid of Joan and of himself.

"It's right beautiful," said Joan, "and right strange to me. I never seen anything like it before. That—" her eyes followed Wen Ho's departure half fearfully—"that man and all."

Prosper laughed delightedly, stretching up his arms in full enjoyment of her splendid ignorance. "The Chinaman? Does he look strange to you?"

"Is that what he is? I—I don't know." She smiled rather sadly and ashamedly. "I'm awful ignorant, Mr. Gael. I just can read and I've read only two books." She flushed and her pupils grew large.

Prosper saw that this matter of reading trod closely on her pain.

"Yes, he's a Chinaman from San Francisco. You know where that is?"

"Yes, sir. I've heard talk of it—out on the Pacific Coast—a big city."

"Full of bad yellow men and a few good ones of which let's hope Wen Ho is one. And full of bric-à-brac like all these things, that surprise you so. Do you like bright colors, Joan?"

She pondered in the unselfconscious and unhurried fashion of the West, stroking the yellow-spotted skin that lay over the black arm of her chair and letting her eyes flit like butterflies in a garden on a zigzag journey to one after another of the flowers of color in the room.

"Well, sir," she said, "I c'd take to them better if they was more one at a time; I mean," she pushed up the braid a little from wrinkling brows, "jest blue is awful pretty and jest green. They're sort of cool, and yeller—that's sure fine. You'd like to take it in your hands. Red is most too much like feelin' things. I dunno, it hurts most and yet it warms you up too. If I had to live here——"

Prosper's eyebrows lifted a trifle.

"—I'd sure clear out the whole of this," and she swept a ruthless hand.

Again Prosper made delighted use of that upward stretching of his arms. He laughed. "And you'd clear me out too, wouldn't you—if you had to live here?"

"Oh, no," said Joan. She paused and fastened her enormous, grave look upon him. "I'd like right soon now to begin to work for you."

Again Prosper laughed. "Why," said he, "you don't know the first thing about woman's work, Joan. What could you do?"

JOAN straightened wrathfully. "I sure do know. Sure I do. I can cook fine. I can make a room clean. I can launder——"

"Oh—pooh! The Chinaman does all that as well—no, better, than you ever could do it. That's not woman's work."

Joan saw all the business of femininity swept off the earth. Profound astonishment, incredulity and alarm possessed her mind and so her face. Truly, thought Prosper, it was like talking to a grave, trustful and most impressionable child, the way she sat there, rather on the edge of her chair, her hands folded, letting everything he said disturb and astonish the whole pool of her thought.

"But, Mr. Gael, sweepin', washin', cookin', ain't all that a woman's work?"

"Men can do it so much better," said Prosper blowing forth a cloud of blue cigaret smoke and brushing it impatiently aside so that he could smile at her evident offense and perplexity.

"But they don't do it better. They're as messy and uncomfortable as they can be when there ain't no woman to look after 'em."

"Not if they get good pay for keeping themselves and other people tidy. Look at Wen Ho."

"Oh," said Joan, "that ain't properly a man."

Prosper laughed out again. It was good to be able to laugh.

"I've known plenty of real white men who could cook and wash better than any woman."

"But—but what is a woman's work?"

Prosper remained thoughtful for a while, his head thrown back a little, looking at her through his eyelashes. In this position he was extraordinarily striking. His thin, sharp face gained by the slight foreshortening and his brilliant eyes, keen nose and high brow did not quite so completely overbalance the sad and delicate strength of mouth and chin. In Joan's eyes, used to the obvious, clear beauty of Pierre, Gael was an ugly fellow, but even she, artistically untrained, caught at the moment the picturesqueness and grace of him, the mysterious lines and texture of race; the bold chiselings of thought and experience. The colors of the room became him, too, for he was dark, with curious catlike, greenish eyes.

"The whole duty of woman, Joan," he said opening these eyes upon her, "can be expressed in just one little word—*charm*."

And again at her look of mystification he laughed aloud.

"There's—there's babies," suggested Joan, after a pause during which she evidently wrestled in vain with the true meaning of his speech.

"Dinner is served," said Prosper, rising quickly and, getting back of her, he pushed her chair to the table, hiding in this way a silent paroxysm of mirth.

At dinner, Prosper, unlike Holliwell, made no attempt to draw Joan into talk, but sipped his wine and watched her, enjoying her composed silence and her slow, graceful movements. Afterward he made a couch for her on the floor before the fire, two skins and a golden cushion, a rug of dull blue, which he threw over her, hiding the ugly skirt and boots. He took a violin from the wall and tuned it, Joan watching him with all her eyes.

"I don't like what you're playin' now," she told him, impersonally and gently.

"I'm tuning up."

"Well, sir, I'd be gettin' tired of that if I was you."

"I'm almost done," said Prosper humbly.

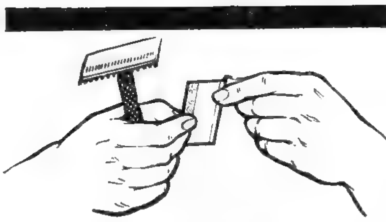
He stood up near her feet at the corner of the hearth, tucked the instrument under his chin and played. It was the "*Aubade Provençale*" and he played it creditably, with fair skill and some of the wizardry that his nervous vitality gave to everything he did. At the first note Joan started, her pupils enlarged, she lay still. At the end he saw that she was quivering and in tears.

HE SAT down beside her, drew the hands from her face. "Why, Joan, what's the matter? Don't you like music?"

Joan drew a shaken breath. "It's as if it shook me in here; something trembles in my heart," she said. "I never heard music before—jest whistlin'."

Prosper stayed there on his knees beside her, his chin in his hand. What an extraordinary being this was! What a magnificent wilderness! The thought of exploration, of discovery, of cultivation, filled him with excitement and delight. Such opportunities are rarely given to a man. Even that other most beautiful adventure—yes, he could think this already—might have been tame beside this one. He looked long at Joan, long into the fire, and she lay still, with the brooding beauty of that first-heard melody upon her face.

It was the first music she had ever heard, "except whistlin'," but there had been a great deal of "whistlin'" about the cabin up Lone River: whistlin' of robins in spring—nothing sweeter; the chordlike whistlings of thrush and vireo after sunset; that bubbling "mar-guer-ite" with which the blackbirds woo, and the



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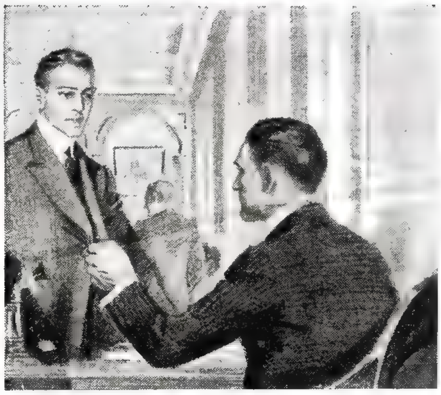
light *diminuendo* with which the bluebird caresses the air after an April flight. Perhaps Joan's musical faculty was less untrained than any other. After all, that "*Aubade Provençale*" was just the melodious story of the woods in spring. Every note linked itself to an emotional subconscious memory. It filled Joan's heart with the freshness of childhood and pained her only because it struck a spear of delight into her pain. She was eighteen, she had grown like a tree, drinking in sunshine and storm, but rooted to a solitude where very little else but sense-experience could reach her mind. She had seen tragedies of animal life, lonely death-struggles, horrible flights and more horrible captures; she had seen joyous wooings, love-pinings, partings and bereavements. She had seen maternal fickleness and maternal constancy, maternal savagery; the end of mated bliss and its renewal. She had seen the relentless catastrophes of storm. There had been starving winters and renewing springs, and beautiful autumns, the riotous waste and wantonness of summer. These had all been objective experiences, but Joan's untamed and undistracted heart had taken them in deeply and deeply pondered upon them. There was no morality in their teachings, unless it was the morality of complete suspension of any judgment whatsoever, the marvelous literal, "Judge not." She knew that the sun shone on the evil and the good, but she knew also that frost fell upon the good as well as upon the evil, nor was the evil to be readily distinguished. Her father prated of only one offense, her mother's sin. Joan knew that it was a man's right to kill his woman for "dealin's with another man." This law was human, it evidently did not hold good with animals. There was no bitterness though some ferocity in the traffic of their loves.

WHILE she pondered through the first sleepless nights in this strange shelter of hers, and while the blizzard Prosper had counted on drove bayoneted battalions of snow across the plains and forced them, screaming like madmen along the narrow cañon, Joan came slowly and fully to a realization of the motive of Pierre's deed. He had been jealous. He had thought that she was having dealings with another man. She grew hot and shamed. It was her father's sin, that branding on her shoulder, or, perhaps, going back further, her mother's sin. Carver had warned Pierre of the hot and smothered heart to beware of Joan's "lookin' and lookin' at another man." Now, in piteous woman fashion, Joan went over and over her memories of Pierre's love, altering them to fit her terrible experience. It was a different process from that simple seeing of pictures in the fire from which she had been startled by Pierre's return. A man's mind in her situation would have been intensely occupied with thoughts of the new companion, but Joan, through as a woman always is, had not yet caught up. She was still held by all the strong mesh of her young married life. She had simply not got as far as Prosper Gael. She accepted his hospitality vaguely, himself even more vaguely. When she would be done with her passionate grief, her laborious going-over of the past, her active and tormenting anger with the lover whom Prosper had told her was dead, then it



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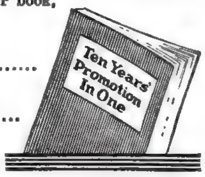
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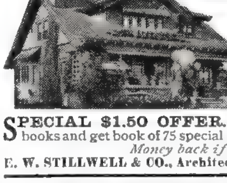

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would be time to study this other man. As for her future, she had no plans at all. Joan's life came to her as it comes to a child, unsullied by curiosity. At this time Prosper was infinitely the more curious, the more excited of the two.

CHAPTER TWELVE

A Matter of Taste

"WHAT are you writin' so hard for, Mr. Gael?" Joan voiced the question wistfully, on the height of a long breath. She drew it from a silence which seemed to her to have filled this strange gay house for an eternity. For the first time full awareness of the present cut a rift in the troubled cloudiness of her introspection. She had been sitting in her chair, listless and wan, now staring at the flames, now following Wen Ho's activities with absent eyes. A storm was swirling outside. Near the window, Prosper, a figure of keen absorption, bent over his writing-table; his long, fine hand driving the pencil across sheet after sheet. He looked like a machine, so regular and rapid was his work. A sudden sense of isolation came upon Joan. What part had she in the life of this companion, this keeper of her own life? She felt a great need of drawing nearer to him, of finding the humanity in him.

At first she fought the impulse, reserve, pride, shyness locking her down, till at last her nerves gave her such torment that her fingers knitted into each other, and on the outbreathing of a desperate sigh she spoke:

"What are you writin' so hard for, Mr. Gael?"

At once Prosper's hand laid down its pencil and he turned about in his chair and gave her a gleaming look and smile. Joan was fairly startled. It was as if she had touched some mysterious spring and turned on a dazzling unexpected light. As a matter of fact, Prosper's heart had leaped at her wistful and beseeching voice.

He had been biding his time. He had absorbed himself in writing, content to leave in suspense the training of his enchanted leopardess. Half-absent glimpses of her desolate beauty as she moved about his winter-bound house, contemplation of her unself-consciousness as she companioned his meals, the pleasure he felt in her rapt listening to his music in the still, frost-held evenings by the fire; these he had made enough. They quieted his restlessness, soothed the ache of his heart, filled him with a warm and patient desire, different from any feeling he had yet experienced. He was amused by her lack of interest in him. He was not accustomed to such *through-gazing* from beautiful eyes, such incurious absence of questioning. She evidently accepted him as a superior being, a Providence; he was not a man at all, not of the same clay as Pierre and herself. Prosper had waited understandingly enough for her first move. When the personal question came, it made a sort of crash in the expectant silence of his heart.

Before answering, except by that smile, he lit himself a cigaret, then, strolling to the fire, he sat on the rug below her, drawing his knees up into his hands.

"I'd like to tell you about my writing, Joan. After all, it's the great interest of my life, and I've been fairly seething with it; only I didn't want to bother you, worry your poor, distracted head."

"I never thought," said Joan slowly, "I never thought you'd be carin' to tell me things. I know so awful little."

"It wasn't your modesty, Joan. It was simply because you haven't given me a thought since I dragged you here on my sled. I've been nothing—" under the careless, half-bitter manner, he was weighing his words and their probable effect, "nothing, for all these weeks, but—a provider."

"A provider?" Joan groped for the meaning of the word. It came and she flushed deeply. "You mean I've just taken things, takin' your kind doin's toward me and not been givin' you a thought." Her eyes filled and shone mortification down upon him so that he put his hand quickly over hers, tightened together on her knee.

"Poor girl! I'm not reproaching you."

"But, Mr. Gael, I wanted to work for you. You wouldn't let me." She brushed away her tears. "What can I do? Where can I go?"

"You can stay here and make me happy as you have been doing ever since you came. I was very unhappy before. And you can give me just as much or as little attention as you please. I don't ask you for a bit more. Suppose you stop grieving, Joan, and try to be just a little happier yourself. Take an interest in life. Why, you poor, young, ignorant child, I could open whole worlds of excitement, pleasure to you, if you'd let me. There's more in life than you've dreamed of experiencing. There's music, for one thing; and there are books and beauty of a thousand kinds, and big, wonderful thoughts; and there's companionship and talk. What larks we could have, you and I, if you would care—I mean, if you would wake up and let me show you how. You do want to learn a woman's work, don't you, Joan?"

She shook her head slowly, smiling wistfully, the tears gone from her eyes, which were puzzled but diverted from pain. "I didn't savvy what you meant when you talked about what a woman's work rightly was. And I'm so awful ignorant; you know so awful much. It scares me, plum scares me, to think how much you know—more than Mr. Holliwell! Such books and books and books! And writin', too. You see I'd be no help nor company for you. I'd like to listen to you. I'd listen all day but I'd not be understandin'. No more than I understood about that there woman's-work idea."

He laughed at her, keeping reassuring eyes on hers. "I can explain anything. I can make you understand anything. I'll grant you my idea of a woman's work is difficult for you to get hold of. That's a big question, after all, one of the biggest. But—just to begin with and we'll drop it later for easier things—I believe, the world believes, that a woman ought to be beautiful. You can understand that?"

Joan shook her head. "It's an awful hard sayin', Mr. Gael. It's awful hard to say you had ought to be somethin' a person can't manage for themselves. I mean—" poor Joan, the inarticulate, floundered, but he left her, rather cruelly, to flounder out. "I mean, that's an awful hard sayin' for a homely woman, Mr. Gael."

He laughed. "Oh," said he with a gesture, "there is no such thing as a homely woman. A homely woman simply does not count." He got up, looked for a book, found it, opened it and brought it to her. "Look at that picture, Joan. What do you think of it?"

It was a woman, a long-drawn, emaciated creature, extraordinarily artificial in her grace and in the pose and expression of her ugly-charming form and features. She had been aided by hair-dresser and costumer, and by her own wit, into something that made of her an arresting and compelling picture. "What do you think of her, Joan?" smiled Prosper Gael.

Joan screwed up her eyes disdainfully. "Ain't she queer, Mr. Gael? Poor thing, *she's* homely!"

He clapped to the book. "A matter of educated taste," he said. "You don't know beauty when you see it. If you walked into a drawing-room by the side of that marvelous being, do you think you'd win a look, my dear girl? Why, your great brows and your great wild eyes, and your face and form of an Olympian, and your free grace of a forest beast, why, they wouldn't be noticed! Because, Joan, that queer, poor thing knew woman's work from A to Z. She's beautiful, Joan, beautiful as God most certainly never intended her to be. Why, it's a triumph—it's something to blow a trumpet over. It's art!"

He returned the volume and came back to stand by the mantel, half-turned from her, looking down into the fire. For the moment he had created in himself a reaction against his present extraordinary experiment, his wilderness adventure. He was keenly conscious of a desire for civilized woman, for her practised tongue, her poise; her matchless companionship.

Joan spoke. "You mean I'm awful homely, Mr. Gael?"

THE question set him to laughing outrageously. Joan's pride was stung.

"You've no right to laugh at me," she said. "I'd not be carin' what you think." And she left him, moving like an angry stag, head high, light-stepping.

He went back to his work, not at all in regret at her pique, and still amused by the utter femininity of her simple question.

Before dinner he rapped at her door. "Joan, will you do me a favor?"

A pause, then in her sweet, vibrant voice, she answered, "I'd be doin' anything for you, Mr. Gael."

"Then put on these things for dinner instead of your own clothes, will you?"

She opened the door, and he piled into her arms a mass of shining silk; on top of it a pair of gorgeous Chinese slippers.

"Do it to please me, even if you think it makes you look queer, will you, Joan?"

"Of course," she smiled, looking up from the gleaming, sliding stuff into his face. "I'd like to, anyway. Dressing-up—that's fun."

And she shut the door.

She spread the silk out on the bed and found it a loose robe of dull blue, embroidered in silver dragons and lined with brilliant rose. There was a skirt of this same rose-colored stuff. In one weighted pocket she found a belt of silver coins and a little vest of creamy lace. There were rose silk stockings stuffed into the

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shoes. Joan eagerly arrayed herself. She had trouble with the vest, it was so flimsy, so vaguely made, it seemed to her, and to wear it at all she had to divest herself altogether of the upper part of her coarse underwear. It seemed to her startlingly inadequate even as an undergarment. However, the robe did go over it, and she drew that close and belted it in. It was provided with long sleeves, and fell to her ankles. She thrilled at the delightful clinging softness of silk stockings, and for the first time admired her long, round ankles and shapely feet. The Chinese slippers amused her, but they, too, were beautiful, all embroidered with flowers and dragons.

She felt she must look very queer indeed, and went to the mirror. What she saw there surprised her, because it was so strange, so different. Pierre had not dealt in compliments. His woman was his woman and he loved her body. To praise this body, surrendered in love to him, would have been impossible to the reverence and reserve of his passion.

Now, Joan brushed and coiled her hair, arranging it instinctively, but perhaps a little in imitation of that queer picture that had looked to her so hideous. Then starting toward the door at Wen Ho's announcement of "Dinner, lady," she was quite suddenly overwhelmed with shyness. From head to foot, for the first time in all her life, she was acutely conscious of herself.

*The next instalment of **"The Branding-Iron,"** will appear in the March number.*

Once

By Charles W. Brackett

I USED to find, when I was young
  And shiningly unwise,
Some kingliness in every one;
  I'd magic in my eyes.

Hellenic women, athletes, heroes,
  Wits too wise to comprehend,
Dancing princesses and magi
  These I had to friend.

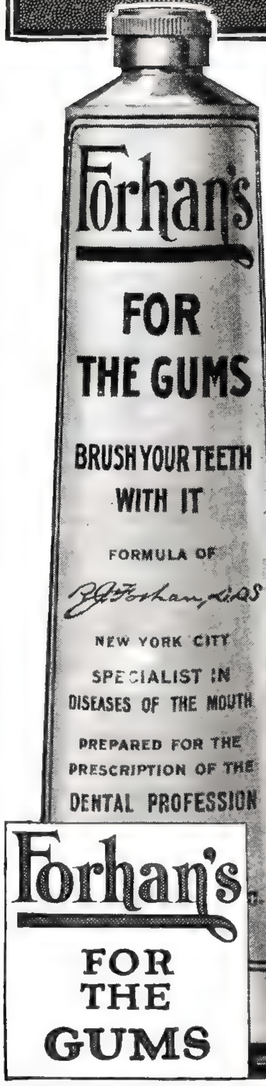
But Time, the thief of sirens,
  And light-foot leprechawn,
Set his thievery on my eyes
  And the magic there is gone.

Somehow perfection fell from them
  And under its disguise
Was something almost commonplace
  To my unlucky eyes.

Of all the things time steals from me
  Until his stealing ends
I shall begrudge most miserly
  Perfection in my friends.

The name of the author and the credit line to the publishers were, through an unfortunate oversight, omitted from the poem, "A Song of Wintry Weather," in the Khaki Klippings page of the November number. We wish now to give credit to Robert W. Service, the author, and to his publishers, Barse & Hopkins.

Gum decay causes tooth decay



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B2A

GETTING ACQUAINTED

(*Continued from page 58*)

"They meant like a fashion book my aunt takes. Only when they're done they don't look like the pictures. The pictures are all thin."

"That's where the fashion books are clever," he nodded. "I remember my mother——"

She interrupted him with a cry of dismay. "Oh, look!"

He turned. The restaurant had been rapidly filling, and catastrophe in the guise of a family of five—a mother, father, two little girls and a boy—was bearing down on them. They exchanged glances, Aspen following with a genuine little giggle; but the boy's lips were grim. However, they lingered over the unsatisfactory meal, for the room was nearly warm and the afternoon was blank. Their attempted conversation was a failure; it was as though they were alien ghosts in a family dining-room, their every move observed with awe by the children, their very presence invisible to the parents bickering as intimately as if in the sanctity of home.

Over the mince pie a rapid change arrested them. It was the head of the family who made the attack. "What'll we do till three!"

"It opens at two, I tell you. Free days at two," his wife hit back.

"Well, I hope it's heated. If it is, I'm going to camp there."

"It doesn't matter. I just want the children to see that picture of Marble Hill at sunset. Then we can go home."

"Warm reception waiting for us there!" he laughed drearily.

Aspen signaled that she had an idea. At the door she explained. "I'm sure it's the Academy they mean. I was there one Saturday. I didn't know it was open Sunday—nothing else is. It has pictures—and benches," she added.

He brightened. "Come on! But I—well, never mind. Only I wish it was summer."

"So do I."

"How much of this?" he frowned as she coughed heavily at the first contact with the wind.

"Not far."

"Better not be," he muttered. "You're coughing a lot. I couldn't stand it if you got sick."

"I won't," she promised.

A FLIGHT of ice-bound stone steps dusted with ashes brought them to a gaunt, chill interior of vaulted vistas, with slender vertebræ of benches down the long galleries.

"We'll have to keep movin' and sittin', and sittin' and movin' in here," he observed gloomily.

"Oh, well!" she answered.

"I know. It's heaps better'n nothin'! But still——"

It was clear that the sense of the flying hours was tormenting the boy more keenly than the girl. The simple intoxication of his presence had not yet worn off for her; if she could have stopped shivering she would have been quite happy; she was growing desperately tired of being cold. But the boy wanted more.

They passed in dutiful review through the first room, which in spite of the weather was filling with the motley public that attends an annual exhibit that has become a civic event. Suddenly, Aspen, the more attentive to the canvases, clutched him.

"Look!" she cried, pointing to a small square of summer hillside, a bench dappled by the sun-pierced shade of a maple, and to the far right the gleam of a distant river. "Doesn't it make you think of where I found you sitting that day in the park when I left Stella and the rest? The sun was shining and warm just like that."

He looked from the picture to the girl. "Know what it makes me think of?" he whispered.

She shook her head mendaciously. "Remember at the very end—when nobody was lookin'?"

She blushed.

"That's a wretched Carleton," pronounced a firm soprano beside them. "The sunlight's thick as dishwater."

ASPEN gave an irresistible chuckle when he echoed after a moment. "Let's sit down. You think it's funny, don't you?" he reproached.

"Not really. Only—I just can't get mad to-day. It was awful before you called up, but since then——"

Her voice trailed off, silenced by the eyes that told her nakedly what he was thinking. Unable to meet them long, her own shifted, to rest on the intense stare of the children of the restaurant; the boy was nudging his mother to witness them.

"Don't," she whispered.

"Don't what?" There was a trace of doggedness in his counter-question.

"People see you—looking at me—that way."

"I don't care."

"I do."

"Why?"

"I can't explain. I can't help it. It's just—I can't say it."

He transferred his gaze to her mittened hands twisting in her lap. "All right," he said. Her fingers relaxed as he spoke. There was a pause. "You're different from most," he told her then. "Lots of girls don't mind—people seeing. But I'm glad you're that way. I like it. Only to-day—" At this point she sneezed. "Come along! Time to move!" he ordered, drawing her to her feet, and they followed the crowd into the next gallery.

"It's funny so many folks are out to-day," she commented.

"Driven out, I guess. But I pity 'em if their houses are any colder than this!" he made weary answer.

"Ours is—lots. You don't see your breath in here. Oh, look at that one!"

She slipped into a shifting group that closed behind her. When he reached her she was standing spellbound. His eyes followed hers to the picture, and as they looked together his hand clutched her arm and held her close to his side unreproved.

A mahogany breakfast-table; a conventionally pretty young woman in lace and pink ribbons; a well-dressed young man opposite; an equally well-groomed collie at their feet; the room a model for a house-furnishing concern dealing in colonial patterns; the drawing as explicit as a catalog; the colors as passionless as enamel—in all respects it was a canvas to deplore, its presence an insult to its fellows and a mystery to all but the reception committee. But it drew sudden tears to Aspen's eyes and huskiness to Harry's voice when he spoke almost savagely:

"Listen—Aspen!"

"Yes?"

"Some day— Listen; I'm coming back. No matter what you hear about me—even if you hear I'm dead—I won't be. *I'm coming back.* It's a promise. Promise me you'll never forget you can count on me coming back." He was staring stonily at the picture.

"I promise," she breathed.

"You're shivering," he said sharply.

"It's not—shivers."

"Yes—it is—some." He drew her almost roughly to an empty space at the end of the big room. "See here, you're getting the grippe or something worse. I don't care how many there are back there, you've got to get warm. I'm going to take you home."

"No."

"Why not? We'll have to get out of here by five anyway and there's no other place then. My train don't go till ten. You're coughing yourself sick in here; you're getting white, and rings under your eyes. I hate it too, but it can't be helped."

She shook her head.

"Where'll we go then?"

Her lips barely moved. "I don't know."

HE STOOD helpless before her stubbornness, then began again gently. "I hate to have a strange gang around too; and I see how it'll make you feel if they tease. But I don't see anything else for it—unless you go on alone and I hang around the station till train-time. Even that wouldn't be as bad as getting sick. Shall I do that?"

When she shook her head violently he did not press the alternative. "What then?" There was no indication that she even heard him as she stood there with her weight on her left foot, intently watching the arc she was slowly describing on the floor with the shabbily clad toe of her right. It was a child's pose, suggesting pure unreason.

He betrayed a slight exasperation. "See here!"

At that she lifted her eyes quickly.

"Say," he cried, "is there anything wrong back there? There's something you're not telling me."

She hurried to deny that.

"Tell me," he went on, as the possibilities presented themselves to him for the first time; "is your aunt all right? Is she good to you? You've never said much about her, I remember now. I bet there's somethin' there you don't want me to know. That's why."

Aspen assured him as heartily as she could manage it that she was very happy with her aunt.

He was unconvinced. "I bet she's not your kind."

"What do you mean—my kind!"

"Oh, well. Sort of sensitive—easy hurt—and quiet. Sort of living way off inside yourself there. You're the kind that needs somebody to look after you. You'll put up with an awful lot and keep your mouth shut, but you won't fight."

"Everything's fine," she insisted.

"Then it won't be so bad there. I'm comin' to see. I got a right."

"No."

And there they were, at the starting-point again.

"You might think it was me weighed only about ninety and you that weighed a hundred and seventy," he muttered with the hostility of despair.

"Please don't get mad."

He stared at her, softening. "I'm a pretty poor sort. You put it up to me to get us out of this hole—and that's where it belongs, up to me. I'm the man—and I don't know what to do. I don't know any place I can take a girl like you. I ought by rights to take you home. And here I stand. I can't pick you up and carry you there."

At that came her chuckle, always a surprise.

"I don't see how you can laugh," he accused her tensely. "I feel like smashing things. It ain't fair. We don't deserve it. We got a right to to-day, and here it's half gone. A quiet warm place where we can—can get acquainted—it's not much to ask. There must be thousands of warm houses in this city—" He broke off abruptly, his lips parted and his eyes fixed at the blaze of some illuminating thought. It was as though a light had been switched on within him. Then it was dimmed by doubt.

"What?" she asked eagerly.

"It can't do no harm to try," he muttered between set teeth. "Come along."

"Where?" she asked, following his rapid steps toward the entrance.

"A telephone first," he replied. "I'm not goin' to get up your hopes for nothing. It's only a chance in a million."

They found a drug-store at the corner. Harry ordered her a cup of hot chocolate at the counter while he strode to the booths at the rear. As she finished he came out radiant.

"Come on!" he cried once more. "I think I can work it."

"Where?" she asked again.

"Wait and see!"

It was a strangely silent trip in the subway. Harry, who had sobered quickly, ushered her into the car with fierce tenderness and sat beside her with smoldering eyes and compressed lips. She was a little startled at this new mood; yet it caused only a faint ripple on the shining river of content that had borne her along all day. She had serenely expected a solution; and now that, driven by her faith, Harry was furnishing it she was accepting it as a child accepts a fairy-tale.

He spoke once, abruptly, heavily. "If this works out like I hope it will I won't have to worry. I'll know you're bein' looked after. I know things ain't goin' right with you, no matter what you say. It's what you don't say tells me."

Protestations died on her lips as she looked at him. She attempted no answer.

They emerged into a district of handsome residences and treacherous walking on ice-bound pavings. In the teeth of the wind, more merciless than ever, they made slow progress, for the girl was nearly exhausted from the coughing that had grown incessant as the day wore on. Harry, after scrutinizing a succession of numbers, led her

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through an iron gate and up a short walk straight to a brick house with white facings. A fearsome delight crept into her eyes as he rang the bell.

"Harry—who—how——"

He did not smile at her. "I've got my nerve with me all right," he jeered. "But I don't care," he added, as a maid opened the door not too wide.

"I'm to see Mr. Quay," said Harry. "I telephoned, and he's looking for me."

The door opened wider to admit them into a warmth whose comfort was a shock. They were in a broad hall that spread, on the right, into a large room paneled in white and silver, with a grand piano, a bevy of richly colored satin chairs, several glossy dark tables, and a fireplace where a scanty flame was sputtering from logs already whitening with ash.

The maid disappeared to the rear and Harry, his eyes still smoldering, his lips still set, ignored the surroundings that brought a gasp of delight from Aspen, and drew her across the luxurious space to the fire. "You've got to get warm," he muttered.

"How about you?" she whimpered as she held stiffened fingers too near the heat and then drew them sharply back to a milder temperature.

"I'm all right."

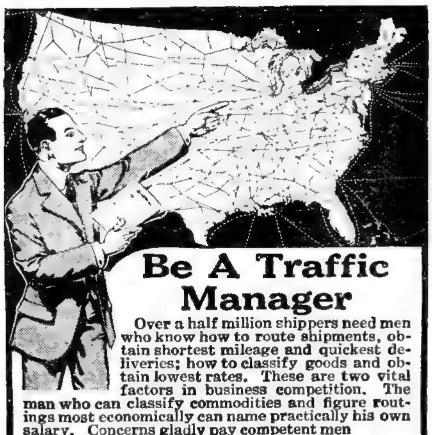
They turned at the approach of man whom Aspen liked instantly. He was roundish and baldish, with a mouth set for a laugh and eyes that missed nothing; his movements were quick, his sentences jerky and informal. He wasted no words.

"Glad to do anything I can, my boy. Want to talk to me alone? Come up to my study then. Will you be comfortable here, Miss—Aspen?—that's a pretty name. The room's not as warm as it should be, but this corner's fair."

She gave herself over to the delight of the moment, the waves of warmth surging through her as she crouched on the hearth, the prettiness that met her eyes as they wandered from object to object in the big silent room. She smiled in sympathy as a child's shout rang out from somewhere above. Then through a wide arch on the left of the front door she saw a huge table filled with books, and, lying on the floor in front of it, what looked like a sleeping baby. She rose and tiptoed into the other room, which seemed almost a continuation of the one she was in, and bent over a large girl doll that stared up at her from above cheeks that looked quite as human as her own. She lifted it, and held it, smoothing its skirts. Then the sense of her surroundings struck her with the swiftness and the poignancy of her homesickness earlier in the day. Her arms tightened spasmodically, as if by clutching the doll she could hold fast to the security and beauty enveloping her.

Suddenly she heard the voice of Mr. Quay near her, yet muffled, his actual words reaching her only in his more emphatic phrases: "Chap from the shop—told him when he left, glad to be of use and so forth. What do you suppose he wants? (Chuckle.) Wants a warm room to court his girl in!"

The words came from in front of her. She noticed now that the rear wall of the room was only a huge folding-door. Though it was drawn tightly shut the floor crack was an inch wide. She strangled a cough to listen.



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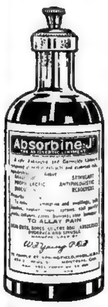

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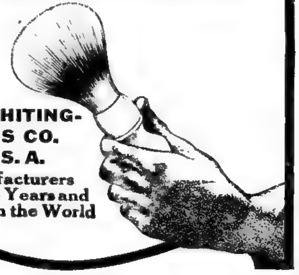

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"My hat, Bradford! Where are they?" The voice was high and sweet, the enunciation slow, according each letter its full value. It won Aspen promptly, in spite of its amusement. She sensed the sympathy that underlay their laughter.

"She's thawing out there by the fire in the front room and he's up-stairs in my study biting his finger nails, tragic as a young I-don't-know-what. Seems he's worried about her; not only the cold but—" For a while his lowered tones flowed on indistinguishably; finally words emerged again: "—only seen her for an hour before to-day. Picked her up in the park Sunday, before he went to camp."

"Bless my soul!" The woman's voice was nonplussed. Then, a little quickened by curiosity, it asked: "What's she like?"

"Oh, little Bo-Peep-Red-Riding-Hood-Cinderella—all that sort of thing!"

There was a pause till, rather abstractedly she inquired, "Is he good-looking?"

He took time to laugh at her before he replied: "Yes—nice clean-cut chap. Family resemblance to Apollo—might be second cousin, say—or even first once removed."

She had evidently been following her own thoughts through this speech, for she began eagerly: "Brad! Do you suppose she's what I've been scouring the city for to help Nanna with the children and the sewing?"

"Shouldn't be surprised," he answered airily. "Just your luck to have the round peg walk into your front hall and hang up her hat!"

"Well, if she is, I'll put her to bed in this house with a good dose of quinine this very night. I can't afford to let he get sick!"

He laughed at her again. "Running true to form, old girl," he said affectionately. "Go the limit for all of me. I don't mind being fairy godfather to a pair of blooming babes in the woods. I suppose you'll want to give 'em this fireplace and this upholstery and drive me up-stairs to a cane seat."

"You have said it, Bradford," she replied. There was the sound of movement, a log thrown on the fire, a chair shifted. Then the voice sounded with increasing faintness: "Send him down to bring her in here—look them over later—tea——"

Harry found her still clutching the doll, her face hushed. His mysterious, jubilant beckon was arrested at the sight. "What's that!" he exclaimed in a low tone.

Confused she laid it down hastily.

"Well, I'll be —!" he cried as he stared.

Then, quite a few minutes before he had planned to, he took her gingerly in his arms and kissed her.

With shut eyes she quivered closer, his clasp tightened and his head bent over hers in a splendid unconscious gesture of protection. He held her in a silence that united them more than words, till at last he uttered in a broken whisper: "I want to look out for you—from this minute on—but I guess God'll have to do it till I come home—I never really prayed before——"

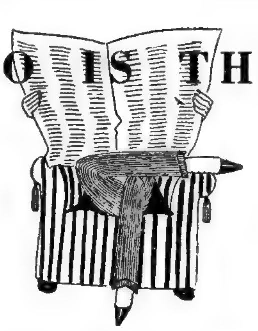
"Listen!" she whispered back, and told him what she had heard.

His taut arms finally relaxed a little as he laughed unsteadily, "I'm not afraid of anything now. Not of *any*thing—not even——"

Her surprising chuckle interrupted him, she had not been listening.

"What?" he asked.

"I was just thinking," she replied. "It looks as though we got *sort* of acquainted—after all!"



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POETRY *of the* WAR

Victory Bells

By Grace Hazard Conkling

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I heard them ride the plunging breeze
Above the roofs from tower and spire;
And they were leaping like a fire,
And they were shining like a stream
With sun to make its music gleam.
Deep tones as though the thunder tolled,
Cool voices thin as tinkling gold,
They shook the spangled autumn down
From out the tree-tops of the town;
They left great furrows in the air,
And made a clangor everywhere
As of metallic wings. They flew
Aloft in spirals to the blue
Tall tent of heaven and disappeared:
And others, swift as though they feared
The people might not heed their cry,
Went shouting *Victory* up the sky.
They did not say that war is done,
Only that glory has begun
Like sunrise, and the coming day
Will burn the clouds of war away.
There will be time for dreams again,
And home-coming for weary men.

A Tale of To-morrow

By Lon Brier

IT WAS cloudy yeste'day
'Fore the letter came,
But the sun shone, right away,
When we read his name.
Them few lines was magic ones—
Magic, through and through:
"Dear Folks—When to-morrow comes
I will be with you."
Ma went smilin' through the hours,
Trembly, but spry;
Cleanin' all the bureau drawers,
Rollin' out a pie.
When the day had crept away
Sufferin' for joy;
Spent and sleeplessly she lay
Thinkin' of her boy.
Onct I heard her make a prayer;
Sounded like "Lord, keep—"
Onct she reached and touched my hair,
Seein' if I was 'sleep.
Sometimes, with the night's black sea
Pilin' in between,
She would sob, and ask of me:
"Pa, was it a dream?"

Mornin', comin' starched and glost,
Finds me young agin
If it wasn't for this frost
Hangin' on my chin.
I must git to buildin' on;
He will need a home,
Find a wife and settle down,
Now that he is grown.
'Pears like I'm a-gittin' numb,
Don't know what I'm 'bout;
Lug my milk-pails on the run,
Milk a-sloppin' out!
Somethin's startin' down the street,
Headed by a drum;
It's the "tramp! tramp! tramp!" of feet—
"Ma! Hey, Ma! He's come!"

"Vive le Roi!"

By Amy Landon Gurlitz

THROUGH the cobbled streets of a Belgian town
Ride the King and Queen and Brabant, their heir;
No need of scepter and orb and crown,
So high the mien of the royal pair.

The Duke will inherit a holy name,
For the King has dowered the ancient state
With honor, glory, reverence, fame;
Found it little and left it great.

The dead have risen, they follow their king;
They live again to share his hour.
For them, O death, where is thy sting?
For them, O grave, where is thy power?

His people surge to his bridle-rein,
Lift high their babes that they may see;
They sob with a joy that is close to pain
At the end of their foul captivity.

Oh, bow your head and bend your knee!
Cover your eyes at a face too bright!
One who has walked with God is he,
Prince and Gentle and perfect Knight.

Broad were the lands of the Russian Tzar—
But in their midst the Tzar lies dead.
Wide was the realm of the Emperor Charles—
But his people curse him and cry for bread.

On a palsied arm a withered hand
Beckons the way for the German hosts.
They pass down into a twilight land,
Hellish, gibbering, unshrived ghosts

But out of the ashes of Belgian towns
Rises a phœnix on silver wings,
Drops like a plummet on Belgian downs—
The sovereign returns to the halls of kings.

L'ENVOI

Prince, ride on with the Queen, your wife.
The world is better because you came.
On a golden page in the book of life
Men read and bless your deathless name.
A prince of the church anoints your head,
Clasps the Golden Spurs upon your heels,
While from vanished tower and carillon
Chime ghostly bells in sweet, faint peals.

Her Soldier

(For C. W. D.)

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll

BECAUSE she has no tall young son to go,
Because, in all that long brown marching line,
No brave eyes leap to meet her eyes that shine
Full with the glory that the women know—
Mothers of soldiers, turn you not away;
Oh, when the troops pass, let her stand with you;
Her heart and yours may beat alike to-day
Because, though all unvisioned by your eyes,
There with the others, where the high flag flies,
The son she never had is marching too.

MASARYK

(Continued from page 43)

is himself a Puritan and more than a Puritan in self-denial. One does not know that one has met an ascetic. One sees only a very dear and very charming old gentleman smiling oddly with the smile of a boy from the height of his age and authority.

Thus he appeared to the Czecho-Slovaks assembled in arms near Kief in 1917 and in the early months of 1918. And the question was: War or Peace?

Germany was certainly triumphant on the eastern front now. No Russian army was left. And how could fifty thousand Czecho-Slovaks resist further? And an emissary came from Vienna and approached the Czecho-Slovaks and said:

"Make peace, and come back to Bohemia, and you will be amnestied and forgiven, and we will grant Bohemia an autonomous government."

But Masaryk said to the Czecho-Slovaks:

"At one place in the world it is still possible to die with many comrades fighting Germans. That place is France. Turn your faces eastward. Cross Siberia. Cross Russia. I will try to have ships for you at Vladivostok. And on the western front, if the Allies perish, you perish. But if the Allies win, then you will have the only Bohemia ever truly Bohemia—a Bohemia not 'autonomous' under the Hapsburgs, but wholly independent with a Government all its own."

So for the second time, when small diplomacy might have bargained, Masaryk's diplomacy stood fast for a single, simple principle and made a straight, complete choice between right and wrong, and stood to get everything or nothing.

The March of the Czecho-Slovaks

IT WAS everything. The Czecho-Slovak army did what Professor Masaryk told it to do. It marched. On that night Masaryk's aids saw something happen to him that they did not think possible. They saw him cry. Bohemia was prostrate and in torture at home. And Bohemia's army was at Valley Forge—at a Valley Forge in a foreign, strange land. But it marched. And it took Siberia. And it was recognized by all the Allies and by the United States. And Bohemia became a belligerent, a recognized belligerent, on the side of the Allies and of the United States, with an army and with a Government. And Masaryk became President. And the two decisions which made him President and which made his nation again a nation were those two acts of faith at Paris and at Kief in the light of the spirit and in a great blackness of all physical fortune.

For those two acts his whole previous life was preparation.

In his youth he had known his own drift toward public affairs. He decided that he would become a diplomat. He was a student then at the University of Vienna. He was in his twenties. And there was a school at Vienna for the study of Oriental languages. To that school went young men who were getting ready for a diplomatic career in the countries of the East. And it gave certain courses even for outsiders. Masaryk, as an outsider, took a course in Arabic. And then he tried to be allowed to take all the courses. But there was a difficulty.

In Bohemia, and particularly in the Moravian part of Bohemia, there are great estates. These estates are owned for the most part by Germans who took them by force from Bohemian noblemen centuries ago. On them to-day live great families with such names as Lichtenstein and Loewenstein and Thun-Hohenstein and Schwarzenberg. And many of these estates are owned directly by the Hapsburgs. They are imperial estates. They are the pleasure-grounds of the foreign German emperors of Vienna, rulers and chief robbers of Bohemia. And on such an estate Masaryk was born.

He is a Slovak. The Slovaks, by circumstances of Austrian and Hungarian politics, have been kept at a lower level of education and of property than the Czechs. Masaryk's father was a Slovak workman, working on the land of the Emperor Francis Joseph; and to that land, from time to time, to hunt and to be merry, the emperor would come with princes and archdukes and counts.

Now it was for such persons and for their relatives and for their friends that the School of Oriental Languages at Vienna existed. It was for them that all courses were open and a diplomatic career possible. But not for Masaryk. He could not be admitted.

Thereupon he went back to his determination to be a scholar. In his boyhood he had enjoyed two years in a village school. Afterward, having worked for a locksmith and then for a blacksmith, he had become a pupil-teacher in another school near by. By tutoring duller or younger boys he went along through his lower studies and came to his upper studies and to the university. And he grew into being a teacher, first at the University of Vienna and then at the University of Prague.

As a teacher, as a professor, he now accomplished many years of sheer scholarship. He laid out the paths and the fields of his encyclopedic knowledge. He reached into the theological controversies of the France of the seventeenth century and wrote a book on the writings of the French philosopher Blaise Pascal. He reached into the sociological controversies of his own century and wrote a book on the statistics and on the moral causes of suicide. His chair at the University of Prague was a chair of philosophy; but, more precisely, it was a chair of *applied* philosophy. In Masaryk's hands the subject of applied philosophy seemed to be a distilling and condensing of all other known subjects. And then he was elected, in 1891, to sit in the Parliament at Vienna for a Bohemian district.

It may seem strange that such a man, studying logic and Pascal and suicide in a university, should be urged by his fellow-citizens to serve them in public life. But in Bohemia it aroused no comment of surprise. The Bohemians do not look down upon a man because he is a professor. On the contrary, they look up to him. And the natural result is that men worth looking up to are more likely than they

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otherwise would be to become professors and to become the intellectual leaders of the nation. And it happened during the war that all three of the managing members of Bohemia's Provisional Government were professors.

This Provisional Government was brought into existence at Paris. Masaryk was its head. Professor Bennes, also of the University of Prague, was its secretary. And its vice-president was Dr. Milan Stefanik, an astronomer, director of the observatory near Paris at Meudon. Stefanik became also an aviator in the course of the war, but his occupation was the mathematics of the sky. And to these three scholars the whole Czecho-Slovak nation and the whole Czecho-Slovak army gave an implicit political obedience.

But it was not an obedience of ignorance. There were no illiterates in the Czecho-Slovak army. From top to bottom that army was an educated army—so much so that Masaryk did not bother to protect it by censorships from German and Bolshevist "propaganda."

An Educated Army

AT KIEF the Bolshevists wished to address the army of the Czecho-Slovaks and convert it. Masaryk told them to proceed. For several days they harangued and argued, publicly and privately, in perfect freedom. At the end of that time, out of an army of fifty thousand men, they took away two hundred and fifty converts. Masaryk was rid of two hundred and fifty unreliable soldiers and he had forty-nine thousand seven hundred and fifty soldiers left whose minds as well as whose bodies were utterly ready for every possible attack.

Among such a people, so given to argument and to respect for argument, Masaryk became a politician, a Member of Parliament, quite naturally. But he soon retired from Parliament. He had not found the political party, he had not found the intellectual movement, to which he could give his full support. And he determined to make an intellectual movement and to make a political party of his own. And to this labor he now gave another long term of years.

He wrote books, and he inspired newspapers and periodicals, and he delivered lectures, and he gathered up his interpretations of the history and of the religion and of the industry and of the national character and destiny of Bohemia into a movement which he called the Realistic Movement and into a party which he called the Progressive Party. And the question he always asked was:

"What is there in Bohemia which makes it worthy to live again as a nation among nations?"

The great German historian, Mommsen, visiting Austria, had said:

"In order that the Germans may drive on toward the east, it is necessary to break these Czechs."

Masaryk inquired:

"If the Czechs should be broken, what would be lost?"

And he wrote his works on "Jan Huss" and "Karel Havlicek" and "The Czech Question" and "The Soul of the Nation" to make all Czechs see what would be lost and to give them their reason in their instructed hearts for surviving. And it was necessary for them to live up to that reason. For, as he said to them

"You were indeed a nation once. But if you would not die, there must be something—some old thing or some new thing, or some old thing and some new thing put together, which you can give the world. You can live only by giving it."

And he saw in Bohemia an instrument for the whole world against autocracy. Hedged in by the three autocratic Governments at Vienna and at Budapest and at Berlin, the Bohemian people by history and development were and are a democratic people. And he made his party a party friendly to democracy, to democracy not only political but industrial. He made his party the most industrially democratic party of all the Bohemian middle-class parties. It stood between the middle-class parties and the parties of the workingmen. And, in 1907, sixteen years after his first entrance into Parliament, he returned to Parliament from the district of Valassko as leader of a practical political enterprise which he had created out of the world of books and pictures and poems and statistics and working-class manifestoes and medieval religious wars and modern novels and religion and music. He boldly said:

"Politics is the sciences and the arts."

And he made his saying good. He continued to represent Valassko in Parliament without opposition. The Social Democrats would run a candidate against him for form's sake; because their constitution demanded it. But there was no genuine opposition. His place in politics was uncontested and secure. He began to be called "the conscience of Bohemia."

And the war came.

At once the leaders of various political parties in Bohemia met together to choose one of their number to go into the countries of the Entente and to be the representative there of all Bohemia and of all Bohemian difficulties and aspirations. They chose Masaryk. On him the middle-class parties and the working-class parties, confident of his fairness, could unite. And he got across the frontier, with one of his daughters, and proceeded to France and to Italy and to England and began his great mission.

In the language of business, he was to "sell" Bohemia and the Bohemian idea to the Allies. In the language of present politics, he was to do Bohemian "propaganda." And he turned out to be the most successful salesman and propagandist that has appeared during the war. But he certainly did it by a method all his own.

"Selling" Bohemia

HE WOULD arrive at a new city—London or Paris or Washington or any other. He would settle down in a little room which at once became a study. His first task seemed to be to go out and buy some books for this study. On his table in Washington one would notice a nice fresh line of authoritative books on American history and government. One would also notice the complete works of Woodrow Wilson. And sitting beside them one would see a man who apparently had very little to say. His attitude was that of a person engaged in expecting somebody to say something to him.

Then people would call on him, through letters of introduction, and ask him to dinner and ask other people to come in to meet him. They would come in, quite sure that they were about to be buttonholed by a revolutionary agitator and have leaflets slipped into their pockets. Through the first part of dinner they would look at Masaryk with manifest distrust.

In return Masaryk would do nothing. He would agree that the weather was wet and he would not dissent from the opinion that the Germans on the western front were pretty violent. But he had no opinions to offer on the subject of Bohemia. Bohemia had not been mentioned. His host and hostess had not mentioned it. He had not mentioned it. And it would finally become quite comfortably clear, that unless somebody asked him a definite question about Bohemia, the whole evening would pass by without any propaganda.

But it was impossible not to be inquisitive about him. He looked so unlike a dangerous person. And a lady would presently say:

"Oh, Professor Masaryk, is it true that you are condemned to death by the Austrian Government?"

And Professor Masaryk would say yes it was, and he would politely relate the circumstances and, having related them, stop. And he would look about agreeably for the next question. And it would come. It could not help coming.

The Man of Truth

TO SEE this man was to feel and know that in him there was a great store of achievement and knowledge. But it was not a fountain. It was a mine, a sort of magnetic mine, in which you could not help digging. And people would begin to dig. They would ask him question after question. And Masaryk would unroll the great pageant of Bohemian history and of Austro-Hungarian tyranny, point by point, but always stopping when the point which the question had drawn out was finished. And it was clear as day that everything he said about Bohemia and Austria-Hungary was said from the standpoint of the man of science, the man of scrupulous, ascertained truth.

And it would get to be late. And still Masaryk had never raised his voice above the level of a man discussing the politics of ancient Egypt. Only in his gravity, only in the perfectly tragic and therefore perfectly serene sadness which lived in his eyes, could one see the man who suffered and the nation which for five centuries has every year and every day suffered from the Austria, never better described than when it was called "assassin of the spirit."

And at the end of the evening people would say:

"Really, you must lecture about this."

And Masaryk would lecture. In England he was appointed to a chair at King's College in the University of London. He lectured there and he lectured in France and he lectured in America. He lectured among us on Bohemia. He would have a great map and a long pointer. And he would relate the history of Europe, in relation to the history of Bohemia, through all time, just exactly as if the people before him were engaged in studying for their degree of Doctor of Philosophy. And they would not be thrilled. He did not want to thrill them. He wanted to inform them. And he succeeded. They were informed and they were convinced.

And by precisely that same method he ultimately convinced the Governments of Britain and France and Italy and the United States. In appealing to them he used their own history and their own character just as much as he used the history and character of Bohemia. And he would put footnotes to his diplomatic communications, just exactly as if he were writing a treatise in historical science.

History and Diplomacy

AN EXTRAORDINARY instance of this habit of his occurred in one of his memoranda to our own Government at Washington. It leaked out among the newspaper reporters who frequent the State Department. and it filled them with amazement. Masaryk was quite familiar, apparently with the colonial pre-revolutionary history of the United States, and he seemed to regard it as quite important for present purposes; and so, in course of showing why the United States should regard Bohemia as a good and useful ally in the world war, he delivered himself as follows:

"The history of Bohemia is permeated by the religious element, which brings us into close spiritual relationship with England (John Wyclif of England and Jan Huss of Bohemia in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) and with America. And I would especially point out that for us Czechs there is a foundation of sympathy with America laid down by the fact of the development of American democracy out of church organization. (*See the well-known works of Borgeaud, Jellinek, etc.*)"

To the learned eyes in the White House we may assume that the "well-known" works of Borgeaud and Jellinek were familiar objects. To most of the rest of Washington they were a bit novel. And Masaryk went on to say:

"America and Europe have to choose between the liberation of seven oppressed nations in Austria-Hungary and the perpetuation of the degraded Hapsburg dynasty, covering its crimes with the sacrilegious pretense of being a chosen instrument of God. No! 'God is not an Austrian' (Byron)."

This is probably the only diplomatic document that ever ended with the word "Byron." But we have to remember Masaryk's theory. "Politics is the Sciences and the Arts."

In the fall of 1916 the Allies committed themselves, in their December manifesto, to the liberation of Austria-Hungary's oppressed nations. Into that manifesto, directly through the influence set going by Masaryk, the French Government inserted the specific word "Czecho-Slovaks." In 1918 the United States also abandoned the idea of preserving Austria-Hungary and consented to its dismemberment and disruption. And in the meantime, largely because of Masaryk's successful diplomacy, the various political parties of Bohemia, back in Bohemia itself, had been able to pursue a united policy. And now, coming together, all of them, they united and unanimously summoned Masaryk to return home to guide Bohemia through the present European tempest as its first president and really as its dictator, a dictator freely chosen and universally loved, but a dictator supreme and virtually absolute for the maintenance of law and order and for the solid establishment of a democratic republic.

So Masaryk became Bohemia's Washington, summoned as only Washington before him ever was by all parties without opposition to be the first head of his new country's new Government.

So he prepared to leave Washington. He appointed Charles Pergler to be the commissioner of the Government of Bohemia, to speak for it to the Government of the United States. And he assembled his books and his manuscripts and his notes. And the last day of his stay in Washington came. And he sat in the front room of the new Czecho-Slovak Legation at Washington, facing a plain wooden table with little methodical pieces of paper on it and pencils. And it was a violent day of horrible hurry for almost everybody else. But Masaryk turned to receive his visitors with the same apparently endless leisure which superficially had always been at his disposal.

The fact is that he never stops working. But the fact is also that he never hastens. He does a million things and goes on instantly to the next one in complete calm.

The Father of His Country

CZECHO-SLOVAK officers came in breathless and told him their tales of decisions needed, and Masaryk tapped on his table with his pencils and, after listening long, said three words or five and the Czecho-Slovak officers went away. And the evening came. And Prince Lvov of Russia was to come with it to see Masaryk at the legation. And at Pergler's house, some distance off, there was a little evening tea, where those who were to accompany Masaryk to Europe and those who were to stay behind were saying their farewells, quite aloof from presidents.

But there was a little tap at the door. And President Masaryk came in. And he sat quietly with his cup of tea and said a few words when anybody reverently said a few words to him, and slowly pulled out his watch and said, "I must go now," and went unhurriedly back to see Prince Lvov punctually at nine. And those who were to be left behind said, "Well, Father Masaryk is gone."

He is "father" not only to his country, but to the men and the women and the children, the individuals, of his country. He will leave his country a greater legacy than greatness. Forever and forever in Bohemia every mother will say to every boy on her knee:

"You can try to be like him. No matter how small you are, you can try to be like him. He was a great man, but more greatly still, he was a simple man and a true man and a good man."

AFTER PEACE—?

A regular department, begun nine months ago, for the discussion of the problems of reconstruction, includes this month important statements from Samuel Gompers, Louis F. Post, William B. Colver, James P. Munroe, Irving T. Bush. See page 59.

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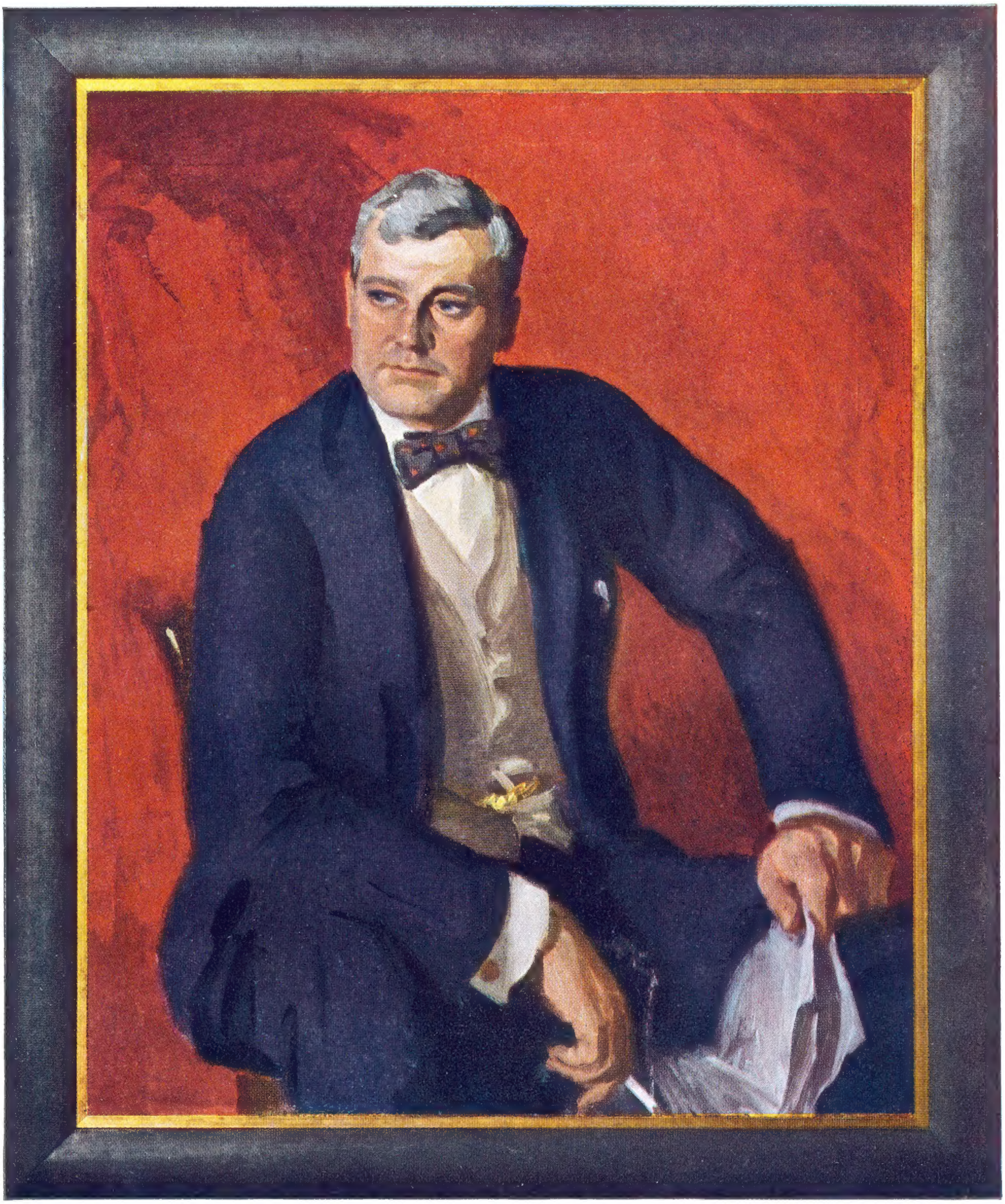

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